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DIMINISHING RETURNS IN MODERN LIFE

A Word to the Apostles of Progress

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Booze and Business . . . . . *Jesse R. Sprague*

A Defense of French Morals . . . . . *Mary Borden*

Dissenting Opinions . . . . . *Joseph M. Proskauer*

The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup . . . . . *Stuart Chase*
Reflections on a National Disgrace

Philip Snowden. *A Portrait* . . . . . *Harold J. Laski*

The Barren Twig Protests . . . . . *Anonymous*

Molten Steel . . . . . *C. J. Freund*
The Making of a Foundryman

Education: Savage and Civilized . . . . . *John Langdon-Davies*

"American Crude" . . . . . *Frances W. Prentice*
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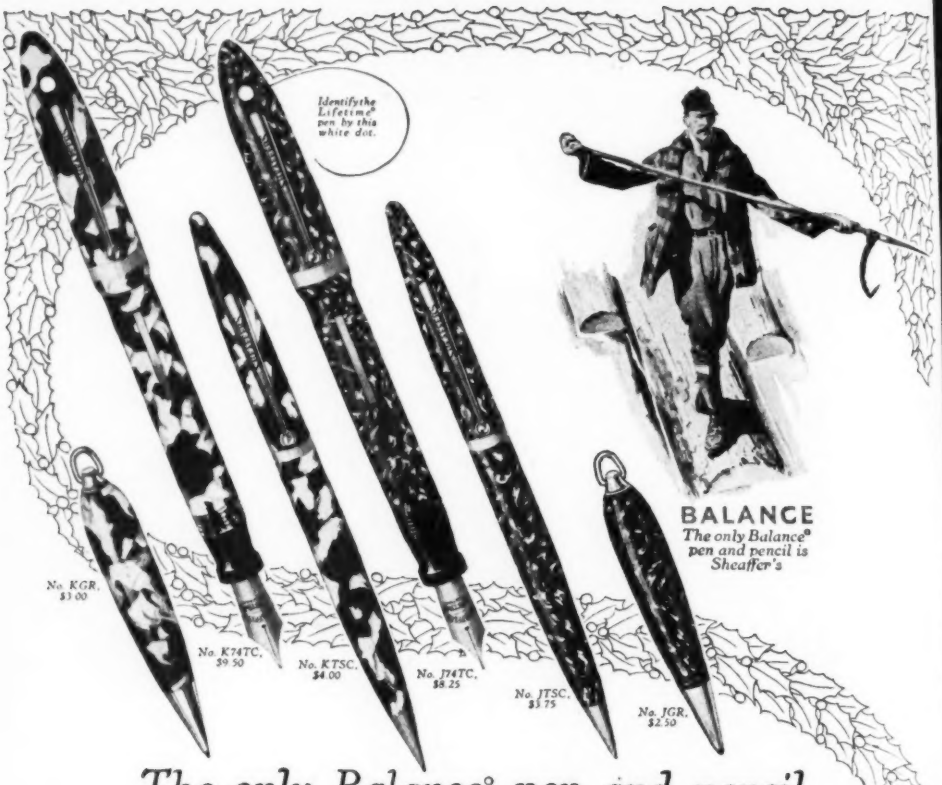

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Harper's Magazine

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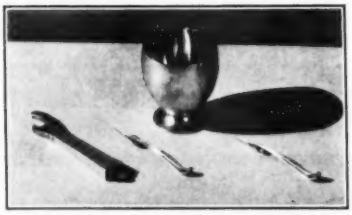

The smallest piece of Georg Jensen silver is a veritable *objet d'art* — as a gift it is always certain of becoming a treasured possession. The three small pieces illustrated are typical, sterling of course, and hand-made in original designs. The cocktail cup is hammered, and is priced at $12.00; the bottle opener, in a modern design, is $5.00; and the graceful little cherry or olive sticks are $1.75 each. All postpaid.

"Jean." An etching by Margery Ryerson which was chosen as one of the "Fine Prints of the Year." Size 7½" x 5¾". $15.00. Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries, which have a wide selection of these appealing child studies by Miss Ryerson.

Two of Crichton's inimitable reproductions — at the left a silver mustard pot reproduced from a George I model showing the beauty of design achieved by the master silversmiths of that era. 3⅞" high, $75.00. The mustard pot at the right was reproduced from a George II model, with hand-wrought decoration typical of the period. 3" high, $35.00. All of Crichton's reproductions are of sterling, made by master craftsmen from the original models, and are quite unsurpassed as a choice for a gift of distinction.

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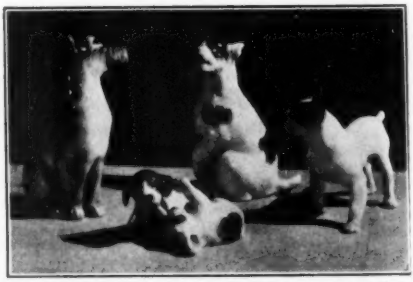
A shop devoted to the work of master craftsmen in various lines has these really exquisite trays, decorated after the antique tole trays by a master in this art. They come in antique yellow, antique red, or black, with decoration in gold, and each one is signed by the artist. They are of an ever-useful size, 13" x 9" overall, and are priced most moderately at $10.00, plus 50 cents postage outside New York City.



Royal Copenhagen Porcelain is probably recognized as the finest work of its kind in the world — certainly it is rarely beautiful. The underglaze process gives it an especially fine finish, and the workmanship is superb. These appealing dogs are as lifelike as they are artistic and anyone with a taste for fine things and a weakness for dogs would welcome one. The Schnautzer is 6" high and priced at $16.00; the Wire Haired Terrier 5¼" high, $16.00; the Bull 4¾" long x 4½" high, $13.50, and the irresistible romping puppies, 4" long x 2¼" high, $13.50. All postpaid.

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At left—CELLINI—a replica of a key design by Cellini, from a French museum piece. Hand made. Three tine fork.

Left center—PISTOL HANDLE RAT TAIL—Seventeenth Century design of unique, interesting character.

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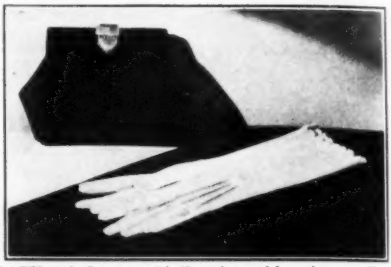
At left—ONSLO—distinctively patrician pattern used in Windsor Castle. Hand made.

Easter Accessories



BLACK satin bags are "in" again, and here is a small pouch shaped one, quite plain except for a fancy green stone clasp, that will add a note of chic to your Easter ensemble. Lined with gray, and containing mirror and attached centre change purse, 5" wide, $8.50. Postpaid.

The ever popular slip-on glove of washable suede, in the new 4-button length — a necessary accessory, what with sleeves being any and all lengths. In shades of beige, $4.75. Postpaid. Please specify size in ordering.

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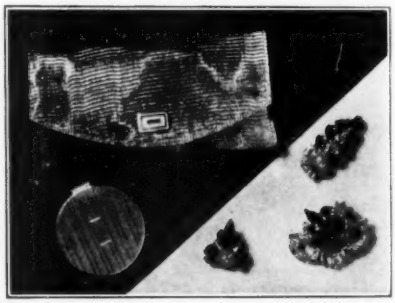

FOR evening, a vanity case of pastel colored metal cloth, silk-lined, and flat and compact as one could wish. Measuring only 5" x 2½" when closed, it contains a powder compact, rouge compact, lipstick and comb! The fittings are nice and the whole is very neat and attractive — a grand Easter gift for a girl. $5.25. Postpaid.

Bijoux fleuris — those pins and brooches and buckles of rhinestone baguettes and colored stones in floral and fruit basket effects set in white metal — seem to be the most popular of the new novelty jewelry, and very decorative they are, certainly. The brooch is priced at $6.75, and the small clip — of course you know what a vogue there is for clips — at $11.50. The smaller brooch, after having its picture taken, was found to be out of stock. Sorry!

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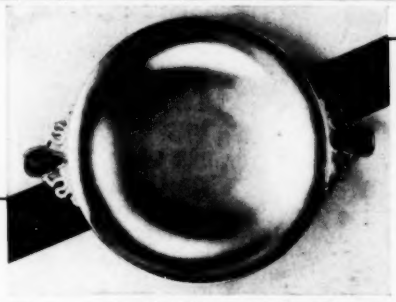

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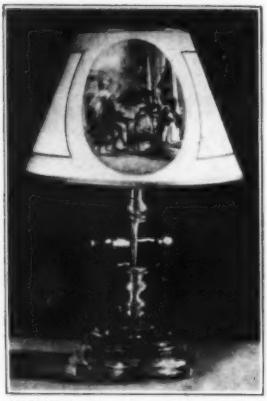

Shopping for the House with Jane Loring

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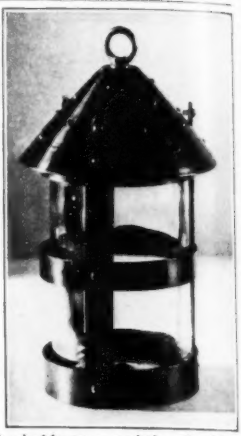


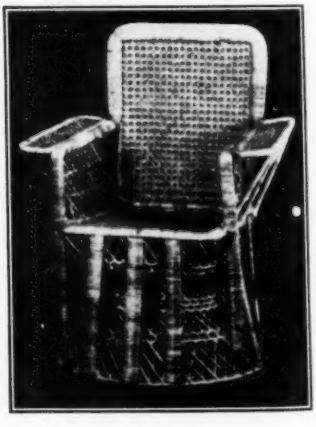
THERE are places where only a glass lamp will fit and we have found a charming one, Colonial in style, which is nice looking enough for your home right now, and inexpensive enough to be quite perfect for a summer cottage. The base is clear glass, the font may be had in amber, green or clear, there is a brass turning between the two, and the parchment shade is decorated with a French print and may be had in yellow, with the amber font, green, with the green, or any color with the clear. 13" high overall, wired for electricity, $5.50, complete. Express charges collect.

WE are very fond of lanterns and thought this a particularly good-looking one. Finely made, of heavy brass, it is first copper plated to withstand weather, and then bronze plated and polished, giving a lovely finish. And the style is most attractive, don't you think? Over the front door, on a porch or in a suitable interior it would be extremely effective. 10" high, and 5¼" in diameter, wired for electricity and complete with bracket to hang on, it is priced at $8.00, or $15.50 the pair. Postpaid.

THIS attractive Windsor bench reproduction is one of our prize finds, a piece that is endlessly useful, very nice-looking, well made, and amazingly inexpensive. It may be used as a bench for dressing table or fireside, and it is also just right for a coffee table — agreeably versatile, you see. Solid maple top, hard wood legs and stretchers, hand-rubbed to a mellow maple finish, 14" x 20" x 18" high. $7.50. Express charges collect.

CHINESE rattan furniture is very much in demand nowadays, not only for porch and terrace, but for summer homes throughout, and an occasional piece may even be used to advantage in more formal settings. Gunn and Latchford, Oriental importers, have a splendid collection of this furniture, of the finest grade obtainable, typical of which is the *Hour Glass* chair, with comfortable arm rests. 38" high, seat 17" x 17", $14.50. Express charges collect.

OCCASIONAL tables are absolutely indispensable in the modern scheme of comfort — wherever we sit we expect to have one handy for tea cup or cocktail, for ash tray and matches, for books or cards. This *tilt top* table is quite ideal for almost any purpose; it folds flat against the wall when not in use, it comes with round, oval or octagon top, it is finely made, and — very inexpensive! Of solid maple, hand-rubbed to the deep, dull finish of Early American furniture, in Golden Honey, Spanish Brown or Autumn Brown finish, 27¼" x 21" x 21", $10.50. Express charges collect. Be sure to specify shape top and color finish you desire.



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WHERE TO SHOP

Your Family Portraits Restored, Reproduced

Julia Ward Howe

From old daguerreotypes, tintypes, faded photographs, snapshots, etc. Have them reproduced privately in

The Copley Prints

Send picture, old or recent, of your mother for us to reproduce for MOTHERS' DAY

Send for Free Portrait Circular

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It is a little handbook of American Art
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Dept. A-71, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Antiques and Reproductions in Brass, Copper, Pewter and Iron

No. PC636 — There is a rare degree of charm and grace in this lamp of beaten brass or copper. Height 10½". Wired and ready for use. Postpaid. **$3.00**

Mail orders receive prompt attention

B. PALESCHUCK

"The House of Metal Ware"

22 Allen Street **New York City**

Send for catalog P9

IN YOUR OWN COLOR

This print, suitable for curtains, furniture covering or a wall panel, will be matched to any color you submit. It is a cotton fabric, hand-blocked by a real craftsman. 36 inches wide, $4.50 per yard, and washable.

Sent anywhere postpaid

J. W. BRAUNECK
Interior Decorator and Designer
231 East 60th St.
NEW YORK

MAPLE BENCH

As a coffee table — or an aid to the bridge table — or a bench before the fireplace — or an elbow table. How many uses there are for it.

Solid Maple, hand-rubbed to a dull finish in Golden Honey, Spanish or Autumn Brown. Top 28" x 13⅛"; 17½" high. By express collect..... **$13.50**

Portfolio upon request

SOMERSET SHOPS
79 WATER STREET **FAIRFIELD, MAINE**

Winthrop Reproductions of Early American Furniture

No. 6008

Duncan Phyfe Drop Leaf Table

Mahogany with wide strip of satinwood marquetry around the edge of the top. Drawer fronts inlaid with satinwood and ebony. This piece is appropriate for living and dining room. Size 39 inches wide, 52⅛ inches long, 29 inches high. 14 inch drop leaves.

PRICE $98.00

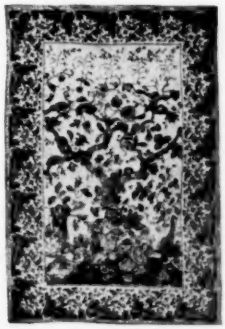
$20.00 deposit with order. Balance upon receipt of merchandise. Freight allowed to all points in U. S. Safe arrival of Winthrop Furniture is assured. For folders descriptive of the Winthrop line of Early American Furniture address Dept. P, stating what type is of particular interest.

Descriptive portfolio of Plymouth Pewter (manufactured by a subsidiary of Winthrop Furniture Co.) sent on request. Address Plymouth Pewter Co., Dept. H, 424 Park Sq. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

WINTHROP FURNITURE CO.
424 Park Sq. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

India Prints Tree of Life Design

Cream or white grounds. Sizes and prices as follows: 1½ x 3 yards, $7.50; 2 x 3 yards, $10.50; 2½ x 3 yards, $12.50. Postage Prepaid. Also Persian Prints in all sizes.



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Call or write for our 214-page *Encyclopedia* of the *World's Best Recorded Music* — containing thousands of discs of over 200 of the greatest composers from before Bach and Beethoven to Strauss, Strawinsky, Bartok, Hindemith, Honegger, Malipiero, Poulenc, Satie, etc. Price 25c. Postage prepaid. *All New Type Electrical Recording.*

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP, 47 East 47th St., New York City

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GARDEN SCISSORS

In keeping with the latest vogue for colors, even the humble pruning shears have donned a resplendent coat of red. They are made of the finest steel, most attractively set off by red lacquered handles.

$1.50 the pair

YAMANAKA & CO.

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CHICAGO WASHINGTON BOSTON

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THE ARTISTS' SHOP

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Alice H. Marks Shop

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New York City
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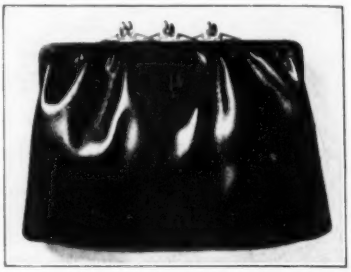
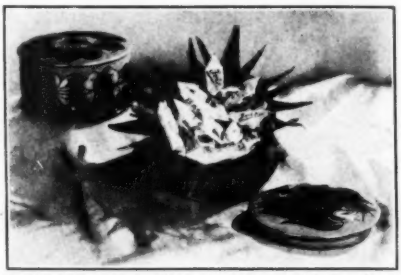
Easter Greetings



MOST women like a good, roomy hand-bag for general daytime use — here is a three-section one that should just fill the bill. It is a nice, average size, about 8" x 6", and yet it will hold an exceptional amount — a combination often difficult to find. Of black, blue or tan calf leather, lined with silk moiré, there are two deep, roomy compartments, and a centre section which is divided, one side for change, coins, and keys, the other for powder, etc. And all this for just $5.00. Postpaid.



HAHLOMA Boxes, gayly decorated as is this Russian ware, and of a size suitable for powder, candy or nuts. It is interesting to know that these boxes are finished by a waterproofing process known to a few people in a small region of Russia; no one man knows the whole process and each one hands his part down to his son. The box is priced at $1.50, and if you wish it sent as a Bon Voyage gift, for instance, you may have it filled with imported Russian candy and attractively gotten up for $2.75. Postpaid.

HAVE you tried the new *Yardley* all-purpose complexion cream, that truly English cream that does the three-fold job of cleansing, nourishing and forming a powder base? A boon to the woman who wants one simple, but effective cream, and most delightfully scented with lavender! Best of all, it comes in a jar that is absolutely irresistible. The design was taken from a jar in the British Museum, and, with its color and texture of old ivory, the jar becomes a treasured adjunct to one's dresser. Yardley has considerately placed its label inconspicuously on the bottom, so that no advertising interferes with the permanent use of the jar. To introduce this new product, it is being presented in a combination package with a box of Yardley lavender face powder for the astounding price of $1.50. Postpaid.

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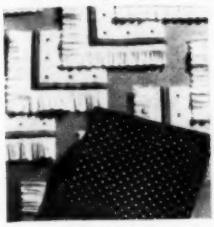
Lovely—as fine linen



These imported paper serviettes are in four colors

48 IN A BOX
assorted

Sold in exclusive shops or direct.

$1.15
postage paid

BRIDGE . . . COCKTAILS

AMY DREVENSTEDT
31 East Tenth Street New York

for spring

the lovely lamp and roomy fagbox are in turquoise and ivory crackle. lamp 14" high with parchment shade is 13.00 prepaid. the delightful wirehair covered box is 5.50

at exclusive shops or direct write for catalog

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incorporated
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12 PRIZE DAHLIAS

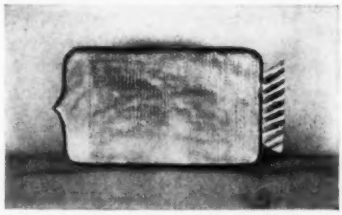
at one-third their real value

A remarkable opportunity! These are all named exhibition varieties — Decorative, Peony-flowered and Cactus types. *List value $15.00.* Rare and exquisite coloring! Splendid roots! We can offer a limited number at

$5 *a dozen*

Send for our "Book for Garden Lovers" — 35c a copy — free with first order.

616 Madison Avenue **Schling's Bulbs** Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc. New York City



2077 Fish Cocktail tray (chromium plated) 14 x 7¾ inches, $18.

RENA ROSENTHAL
520 Madison Avenue New York City

If You Love to Garden

you will find things aplenty here to delight you. Here are a few shown in our new Garden Tool Catalog, No. 332, free on request.

Grass Sign

These humorous and dignified signs when stuck in the grass or when anchored with cement add charm to your lawn and save it from being worn away by thoughtless persons.

Modeled in bas-relief, cast aluminum, and finished in dull black with lettering in pure gold leaf. Non-rusting. 9¼" wide. Each..... **$3.00**

(Design Copyrighted by Household Patent Co.)

Garden Hose Faucet

Very smart looking is this water faucet for the garden, with dove handle interchangeable with ordinary faucet. Finely made of highly polished solid brass. Comes also in bunny, dog, horse, chanticleer and elephant designs.

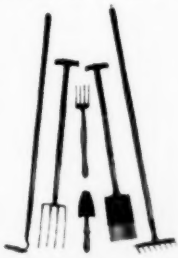
Each..... **$7.50**

Utility Carrier

Indispensable for the gardener — gathering rubbish, leaves, weeds, twigs, etc. Imported from England. It is made of woven rush, lined throughout and bound in homespun.

27", lined with Hessian cloth..... **$2.25**
30", lined with Hessian cloth..... **2.75**
30", lined with leather..... **6.75**

English Garden Set



Imported from England, for men and women who like to do their own planting and cultivating. Light but strong, of specially tempered Sheffield steel, with finely finished ash handles. Set includes spading fork, hoe, rake, spade, trowel, hand fork.

Adults' Set, as shown ... **$9.75**
Ladies' Set, D Handle ... **7.75**
Child's Set, 4 pieces, D Handle (hoe, rake, spade, fork).. **$5.50**

Send check, money order, C. O. D. instructions, or charge account references

Hammacher Schlemmer & Co.
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NEW YORK CITY
Telephone; VOLunteer 4700

Delivery Prepaid within 100 Miles— To Points Beyond, Charges Collect.

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MAYFAIR
CUDDLE BUNNIES

THERE are no prettier or more finely finished Bunnies in America or abroad than these beautiful, soft, white ones featured by Mayfair.

Made of fine Mohair Plush, featherweight, with jointed arms and legs, and movable head. Splendid finish thruout.

17 inches tall.....$4.00
28 inches tall.....$12.00

Also **Dressed Bunnies** in dainty bright dresses very well made of excellent plush. **Boys and Girls, 20 inches tall, each $6.00**

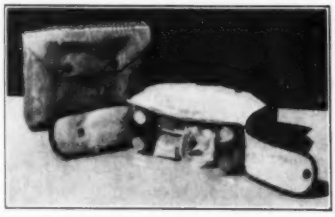
Hundreds of other appropriate Easter Gifts . . . Toys, Games, Playthings from the master-craft shops of the world.

Send for Easter Folder and later Spring Catalog

Mayfair Playthings Store

9 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

J.P.H. FOR TRAVEL COMFORT



A Toilet Case of moiré, rubber-lined and containing in separate compartments 4 non-leakable bottles, face cloth, soap, cold cream and tooth paste; also pocket for toothbrush or comb. Fastens firmly and folds flat for packing. Rose, green, blue or black, 6" x 7". $8.00. Postpaid.

JEANNE P. HODGMAN
689 Madison Avenue **New York City**

Wrought Iron Candlesticks

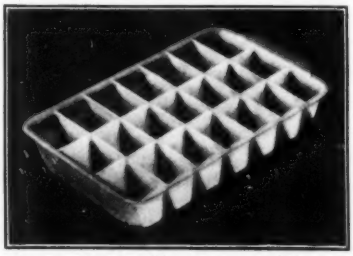
of unusual charm, for mantel or console. Bases may serve as ash trays. 9" high. $2.50 each; $4.75 a pair. Postpaid.

THE IRTÉ JOYS
C2-337 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Boston, Massachusetts

Copy of "Gifts That Give Joy to Giver and Receiver" sent on request

Jane Loring's Shopping Service

THIS attractive jar of clear crystal, with its close fitting top, is indeed a jar of many uses. Always decorative, for men it becomes a distinctive tobacco jar; for women a beautiful rose bowl. 6" high and 4¼" wide, $2.75. Express charges collect.



IF you have an electric refrigerator you will be interested in *Flexo* trays for your ice cubes. Made of pure crêpe rubber, they fit inside the metal trays, and overcome all the usual obstacles of removing the cubes. The cubes do not stick to the rubber, it is not necessary to hold them under water to loosen them, you may remove all or a few easily. And of course the trays are easy to wash. In sizes to fit Kelvinator (old and new style), Copeland, Frigidaire, General Electric (old and new style), Servel and Electrolux. In ordering state make of your refrigerator and number of cubes in tray. $2.00 each, except for the Frigidaire 24 cube which is $2.25. Plus 15 cents postage outside New York City.

BROTHER and Sister bunnies, all dressed up for Easter and ready to delight any boy or girl who is fortunate enough to become their proud possessor. Devoted as they are and handsome as they look together, they may be purchased separately. They are soft and cuddly, prettily dressed, and utter endearing squeaks when squeezed. 20" high, $6.00 each. Postpaid.

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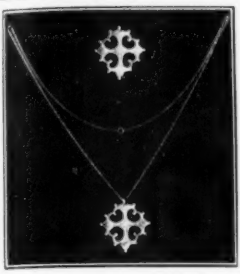
WHERE TO SHOP



Russian Handcrafts

Russian Peasant Cross

Handmade Silver
$3.00

Silver Chain
30" — $2.50

Catalog

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CONSTRUCTIVE AND INSTRUCTIVE TOYS

We give professional help in selecting the right toy or book for your child.

TOYS FOR INDOOR PLAY
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NURSERY SCHOOL EQUIPMENT

Travel boxes sent to steamers and trains contain attractively wrapped "do-with" toys. Boxes planned for various ages. $2, $4, and $5.

Write for Our Catalog of Graded Toys

THE PLAYROOM, 220 West 98 St., New York City

Iron Flower Pot Brackets

Hinged

10½ inches long
$1.50 each
13½ inches long
$2.00 each

Sent Postpaid

Mitteldorfer Straus
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WRITE FOR WHOLESALE CATALOG

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NEW YORK SCHOOL *of* INTERIOR DECORATION
578 Madison Avenue, New York City

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"That BEST EASTER GIFT of All"

"Who gives this book gives Joy!"

"Of the many Easter gifts from you during these years, the one that is my cheeriest daily companion is my book of Jesus' Sayings. It is so comfortable in my hand, and so light, that to hold it does not tire me while reading."

"Dear Peg: May this little book bring you a measure of the comfort and peace it has brought to me."

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"I cannot use my eyes much, but I pick up the 'Sayings' several times a day and read a few passages."

"To me, kept here in my room, this little book is priceless."

"I have it on the table by my bed — a priceless book. I want to tell my friends."

"There has not been a day that I have not read in the little book of 'The Sayings.'"

"What more precious gift than this little volume! I read from it constantly."

The Complete Sayings of Jesus

A Glowing Short-Story

A fine *gilt-edge* small book with clear print on exquisite Bible paper: ALL the Sayings, separate, in joined but lucid sequence, yet authentic because *verbatim*. Read it through in *four hours!*

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Leather	(black)	edges gilt, *de luxe*	1.60
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Morocco	(blue)	edges gilt, *de luxe*	3.75
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Pierpont & Co. **Williamsburg, Mass.**

ZIP—and there they are

Just hold the case in one hand — toss in your dressing things, and in half a minute — Zip — it's closed, into the bag it goes and you're off.

The special feature is the zipper down the side, which makes it so easy to get at everything — yet nothing can fall out.

The size— 8 x 15 in. and only 1¼ in. thin. Fitting snugly to the side of your travelling case, taking practically no room.

The case is made of fine shark-grained leather, black or brown. It is lined with moisture-proof cloth, with a side pocket for face cloth and soap. The fittings each have a place — solid back military brush with good bristles, tooth brush tube, comb, shaving brush tube, toilet water bottle and covered box for shaving and dental creams — all are there — and there is room, too, for other small personal articles to be tucked in.

A timely case, saving you money at $6.95.

DANIEL LOW'S ***Gifts for Sixty-Three Years***

Daniel Low & Co., 310 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen: I enclose my (check), or (money order), for $6.95 for which please send me one Zipper Case, color..... I understand that if I am not pleased with it I can return it to you at your expense, and that you will refund my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

(Please print name and address)

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"Through Your Neighborhood Shop—or Direct"

A New Candleholder —by Daniel Boone

For tall taper candles on dinner tables — or anywhere — this simple, hand-forged iron Candleholder enhances the charm of candle light. Rust or Black finish. Height 4½". No. 839.

Priced per pair postpaid in U. S. A. **$5.65**

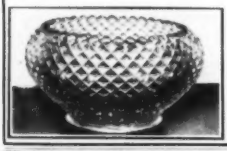
The TREASURE CHEST
Asheville, North Carolina
Originators of "Aunt Nancy" Hand-Hooked Rugs

Brightly colored Spring Flowers in a shining black vase create an interesting contrast. 9" high.

$3.50 *each*

THE FUGUET'S ANTIQUE SHOP
Edgewater Park, N. J.

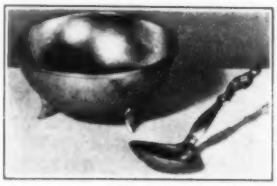
Mail orders filled
No C.O.D.'s
Express charges collect



Clear Crystal Glass Rose Bowl in Early American pointed hobnail design, 7½" wide, 4½" high.

$3.00 *each*

HANDMADE STERLING SILVER, FLATWARE, JEWELRY AND PEWTER



Pewter mayonnaise bowl, 4½" x 1½", and ladle, 5" long. $10.00 the set.

THE DANISH & SWEDISH SILVERSMITHS, INC.
159 West 57th Street **New York City**
Telephone Circle 10,000

BOOK-ENDS

What is more charming for an occasional gift or home decoration especially when so unique a subject as a Chinese Romance is delightfully wrought in gleaming solid brass. Illustrated set A213; 4¾" x 5", $3.25 Postpaid.

Ask for Catalogue BB4

ADOLPH SILVERSTONE
Established 1898
21 Allen Street **New York**

For the Hostess

THIS bowl of solid hammered brass was made by Russian peasants, and is of that ever-useful size for fruit, flowers, nuts or what you will. The handles make convenient hangers for nut crackers, such as these solid brass ones, which are priced at 50 cents each. The bowl is priced at $1.50, and 25 cents should be added to your order for postage outside New York City.

FOR those who are particular about their salad dressing, here is a bottle for oil and vinegar, with marks to indicate the proper quantities of these two ingredients. It is of engraved crystal and is as pretty as it is novel. $6.50. Express charges collect.

Enamel and gold plate make a charming sandwich fork, with a special arrangement whereby the sandwich is easily pushed off the fork. Incidentally it could be used for pickles or lemons or any of the things for which one needs a small, odd fork. $5.00. Postpaid.

WE are very partial to ink wells — we like to dip our pen, and consider an ink well a most decorative bit of desk equipment. Consequently we were charmed with this modernistic round one of black pottery, with an odd handle of turquoise blue on the lid. A striking color combination. Inside, of course, is a removable glass well. 3" high x 5" in diameter, $4.50, plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

Are You a JANE LORING *Shopper?*

APPARENTLY most HARPER readers are, to judge by the mail Miss Loring receives each day from the four corners of the earth.

¶ Every month, more and more readers of HARPERS MAGAZINE succumb to the enticements of the "Where-to-Shop" Section and to the tempting offer of Jane Loring to relieve them of their Shopping problems. And once they avail themselves of this helpful service the habit is quickly formed, and there you have another Jane Loring Shopper!

¶ You know, of course, that HARPERS MAGAZINE conducts this service for its readers entirely free of charge, and that Miss Loring is aways at your service, to shop for you or with you; to make your life a bit easier by suggestions as to what to buy, and where.

¶ It's a good idea to read the "Where-to-Shop" Section thoroughly — you're apt to find the solution to most of your shopping problems in its pages. And if, by chance, you don't find just what you want, Miss Loring probably has the very thing in mind and will be glad to order it for you.

¶ Incidentally, because of our extremely large number of customers, it is absolutely impossible for us to carry charge accounts, and where purchases amount to more than $25.00, we find it advisable to verify the check before placing an order with a shop. Therefore, to hasten the receipt of your purchases, if your order amounts to more than $25.00, and you are in a *hurry*, we suggest the use of a Post Office or Western Union Money Order.

¶ Whatever your problem, address your letters to Jane Loring, care of HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, and see how pleasant it is to be a Jane Loring Shopper.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

"Fifth Avenue" STATIONERY

is now offered in the ever popular Granite paper Monarch Size. A stylish long single sheet, 10½ x 7¼. Folds twice in envelope 4 x 7½. Our Monarch size has proven most popular with men and women.

MONOGRAM OR NAME AND ADDRESS
Lustrous raised letters (like die engraving) (not printed) In Black, Blue, or Green Ink

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Sent postpaid within a week. Enclose check or M.O. West of Miss. add 10%. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THE first of the new books dealing with Clemenceau is *Georges Clemenceau* by Jean Martet, translated from the French by Milton Waldman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) M. Martet joined Clemenceau as secretary in 1915 and served as head of his secretarial staff during the pivotal war years and until Clemenceau's retirement from public life. In 1927 it suddenly dawned on him that he should have been taking copious notes on Clemenceau's remarks. From that time on he visited Clemenceau with what might be called the attitude of the historian, and received numerous confidences. In addition, Clemenceau gave into his possession documents bearing on his career. These deal with the days of the Commune of 1871, the War, and the peace negotiations.

It would be possible to summarize some of the comments Clemenceau made, but it is best not to anticipate the reader's pleasure. The best thing about this book is the repartee, the rapid give-and-take in the conversation of Clemenceau with M. Martet. He may be discussing the past of his family in the Vendée, the ruined temples of Greece and Egypt, the living conditions in India, the tenacity of the Germans, the days when he taught school in Stamford, Conn., his views of Bismarck, Edward VII, Monet, Foch, Wilson, Lloyd George, Petain, Mangin, Poincaré, Gambetta, Briand, Millerand—in every case he is quick-witted and sparkling. At all times he sees the planet as an extraordinarily queer object, human beings as strangely at odds with fortune. He is skeptical of men's intentions, ironic in discussing the ways of the world, intensely loyal to France. He blames the rapid rise of Germany after the War, and the inactivity of the French, on French leaders, and he wishes he had the strength to arouse the nation to its opportunities. His object during the War was victory, and nothing but victory. As Mr. Waldman writes: "Ruthlessly, arrogantly, but with supreme self-confidence he pressed to his goal. He supported the unified command, as he explains, though he disliked the commander—a bitter pill for him to swallow, but a necessary one. And he achieved victory—it is fairly safe to say that no one in his place could have done as much. He wrangled, bargained, threatened, even compromised his way through the peace negotiations. Then he resigned and fell quickly into oblivion." And again, as Mr. Waldman points out, despite his active life, his real life was in his mind, "the rest was only a process of illusion and disillusion." M. Martet is to be congratulated on his success in drawing out the old fighter. Clemenceau's comment is so direct, so open, and so vigorous that the book clears up many obscure passages in recent military and diplomatic history.

A MEMOIR OF C. E. MONTAGUE

C. E. Montague was one of that small and talented group of English journalists, which includes H. M. Tomlinson and H. W. Nevinson, whose comment on the War may in future times be pointed out as the first sane war correspondence of an enlightened nation. For years he was associated with the *Manchester Guardian*, retiring in 1925 to devote himself entirely to writing books. He died

Among the New Books

in May, 1928. *C. E. Montague: A Memoir* has been prepared by Oliver Elton and gives the reader a well-rounded picture of the early years, journalistic training, and final victories of Montague's career. Descriptive passages are varied with extracts from letters and diary entries. Mr. Elton writes: "The principles of the *Manchester Guardian* are well known; enough to say that Montague was one of its chief spokesmen. One tenet, which could be debated without end, was, in his own words, to bring all political action to the same tests as personal conduct. This canon governed all he wrote on public matters. It certainly inspired all that he was to say on the Boer War, and on the Great War; although, in the latter case, it will be seen that he was aware of a cruel moral dilemma." The unusual fact in Montague's life was that he was a stylist, a man in love with fine writing and, at the same time, an expert journalist, who taught himself to say what he meant with exactness, and who wrote so much daily copy that he postponed his books for a long time. A fellow-worker on the *Guardian*, Herbert Sidebotham, said of him, "He used to quote to me Arnold's dictum that knowledge and specialization were the salvation of journalism. He loathed mere glibness and facility more than anything else in writing. If he saw a man struggling with the expression of his ideas he was sympathetic. . . . He loved to see a man honestly hammering out his own style for himself."

HAROLD LAMB
Author of "The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints"

The memoir contains extracts from comment by H. M. Tomlinson and H. W. Nevinson. It is more than a memoir; it will give those who do not know Montague's books, *Disenchantment*, *A Hind Let Loose*, *Fiery Particles*, *Rough Justice*, an opportunity to follow the development of a leader in English political thought. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

LECTURES BY GENERAL SMUTS

That levelheaded South African, Gen. J. C. Smuts, has some effective arguments to advance against the war madness of nations in the course of the Rhodes Memorial Lectures which he delivered at Oxford in November, 1929. These lectures and others delivered in Cambridge, Glasgow, and London, have been bound up by the Oxford University Press under the title *Africa and Some World Problems*. He discusses the conditions of settlement in Africa, native and foreign policies and their reconciliation, and world peace. He holds that old political standards are passing and that democracy is menaced from the inside by forces that arose under it and are getting beyond control. Publicity and the influencing of mob-opinion are to him more dangerous than unskilled diplomacy; and now that industry is going beyond the boundaries of nations to make its own terms in spite of governments, he believes the latter must become scientific and businesslike and less political in the old sense. General Smuts's views on the future of South Africa have long been regarded as of importance in British councils.

"THE WOMAN OF ANDROS"

Thornton Wilder's new novel, *The Woman of Andros*, is a short tale written with classic simplicity and describing life in ancient Greece shortly before the beginning of the Christian era. With a calm disregard of prevailing fashions in novels, Mr. Wilder writes lucidly and with restraint a story dealing with the fortunes of Pamphilus, a Greek youth on the island of Brynos, whose life is affected by the wisdom of Chrysis, a courtesan. Chrysis gathers about her the youths of the town and teaches them that life is a precious treasure to be enjoyed, the bitter

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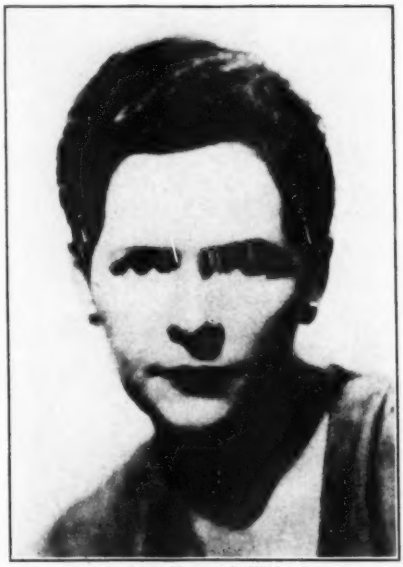
with the sweet; that unalloyed happiness is not to be desired because life in its ideal state could not be endured by man. Pamphilus, who is to marry the daughter of a neighbor, according to Greek custom, falls in love with Glycerium, the sister of Chrysis, and breaks with his father because he cannot bear to see her suffer for his love. But a reconciliation is effected, and Pamphilus looks forward to endless bliss when his spirit is tried again by a most severe test—and he draws on this experience anew for a guiding philosophy for life. Whether a philosophy can be distilled out of human experience without reliance on the gods is the modern aspect of Mr. Wilder's problem. For the outlines of the tale he has drawn on Terence, the Latin dramatist, who in turn drew on two plays by Menander in order to write the "Andria." Characters and treatment are often similar, but Terence's play ends rather stupidly in a pre-Christian version of the discovery that the beggar maid is really the duke's daughter; Mr. Wilder has improved on tradition. His is a lovely tale, not long nor arresting, but a relief and joy to read in these times of incoherent novels. It differs from *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* as that differed from *The Cabala* and indicates that, although Mr. Wilder is not going to be disturbed in his calm writing, neither is he going to repeat what he has done before. (A. and C. Boni.)



FAITH BALDWIN
Author of "The Office Wife"

"THE PARIS GUN"

The mention of war books invariably emphasizes the human experience in the War, whether in fiction, as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, or reminiscence, as *Good-bye to All That*. Here is a book about heavy artillery—*The Paris Gun*, by H. W. Miller, lieutenant-colonel of ordnance, U. S. A. Although dealing entirely with the long-range guns used by the Germans to bombard Paris at a distance of seventy-five miles, it is one of the most thrilling expositions of war episodes that have been written. It has the element of mystery, enhanced by novelty; for the actual story of how the guns were assembled, placed, and fired, and what precautions were taken by the Germans to screen them from Allied observers, has never been told with such detail and exactness. Colonel Miller was expected to know everything he could about these guns in 1918. The subject fascinated him so that he kept on looking for the solution of the mystery after the War. The Germans worked two or more guns from different emplacements at different times and, despite the necessity of special railroad trucks to carry the monsters, and the difficulty of transportation, each gun was removed before the Allied troops reached the emplacements. None ever fell into our hands, and the secret of their manufacture was never divulged. Yet Colonel Miller is able to give a detailed story of how they were fired, what calculations entered into the firing, what shells were used, and what rectifications in measurements were established as the guns sent their missiles into the heart of Paris, scattering death and destruction even in churches. Colonel Miller has combined this story with an account of the military movements which took place simultaneously, with which the bombardment by these guns was associated. They fired shells for the greatest distance ever covered in a bombardment, so far that measurements had to take account of the rotation of the earth and the curvature of the earth's surface. Colonel Miller's book is a war chapter that will have to be preserved. (Cape and Smith.)

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because I have been reminded that the artist, Tait McKenzie, is a Canadian, and Canadians refuse to be Americans. *Tait McKenzie: A Sculptor of Youth* is the title of the fine critical and biographical study by Christopher Hussey which the J. B. Lippincott Company has issued in such admirable form. McKenzie has made the athlete his particular study, with the result that he has become a master of action and health in bronze and stone. His figures, when in repose, seem animated by a desire to spring into action; when portraying motion, every contributing muscle, every gesture and attitude seems to help the figure to overcome the limitations of the medium. McKenzie carried forward the ideal of the Greeks but added something of the energy and alertness of his own age. Mr. Hussey relates how the War almost brought the sculptor to an *impasse*, for it seemed that his art would be pushed to one side by the war-making needs of the hour; but soon came the demand for memorials, and in medals, reliefs, and statues McKenzie began to express the spirit of the fighting man. His best-known and happiest achievement is "The Home-coming," in Cambridge, England, a statue of a fine East Anglian fighter returning garlanded to his city; the same motive has been used in a statue for Woodbury, N. J., which differs in that McKenzie first made a study of the American soldier before attempting his task. Mr. Hussey has described the artist's achievements, ideals, theories of sculpture, and life, and the publishers have made a handsome volume of the work, embellishing it with numerous photographs and drawings.

"HUMANISM AND AMERICA"

The theory of humanism as applied to literature, of which Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard is the chief spokesman, is explained in a symposium called *Humanism and America*, edited by Norman Foerster for Farrar & Rinehart. This book will give the lay reader an idea of the chief contentions of humanism, as well as its attitude toward science, religion, naturalism, Rousseau, modernity, psychology, and social science. Humanism professes to be the theory of the thinking man, who wills for himself, thus defining him as apart from supernaturalism on the one hand and naturalism on the other. But it leans on authority, and hence some of its followers accept certain implications of the supernatural, and even in one or two cases defend the position of an authoritative creed. Humanism seeks to refer problems in life and literature to the wisdom of man, accumulated in past ages, and man's intuition; this results in Professor Babbitt's law of measure, restraint, and decorum for literature, which frowns on free expression, over-emphasis of one aspect of life in relation to the whole of life, naturalistic writings from Rousseau down through Zola to Dreiser; spontaneity as against disciplined writing, and lack of poise. Thus humanism is admonitory; it seeks to limit and select, to give play to the reason rather than the emotions; it refuses to accept the theories of biology that man is what his glands make him, or of psychology that he acts according to his inhibitions and fears. Humanism enthrones reason, but like those of all cults, its high priests set up an arbitrary standard of ethical conduct, with the result that its chief influence on art is negative. The book in question contains articles by Norman Foerster, Louis Trenchard More, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, G. R. Elliott, T. S. Eliot, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Alan Reynolds Thompson, Robert Shafer, Harry Hayden Clark, Stanley P. Chase, Gorham B. Munson, Bernard Bandler, II, Sherlock Bronson Gass, and Richard Lindley Brown. The present reaction against extreme naturalism is to some extent responsible for the renewed discussion of humanism among our intellectuals.

REMINISCENCES

Two oldtimers whose paths crossed in the West when it was wild are Frank Harris and Frank Tarbeaux. Harris, now seventy-five, put in a lifetime writing about the authors he met in his youth; he has now recalled his days in the West in *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*, one of the Paper Books published by Charles Boni. Tarbeaux, who put in most of his life as a horse-trader, gambler, and con man, is now seventy-seven. He has told his story to Donald Henderson Clarke and it now appears as *The Autobiography of Frank Tarbeaux*. (Vanguard Press.) As a young man, Harris was a cowpuncher. His book, which is written with his characteristic vigor and clarity, describes his adventures after he left Chicago, where he had a job as a hotel clerk, and reached the land of the Rio Grande. Cattle raising was a hazardous occupation in those days, and cowboys had to fight Indians and gunmen. Harris became acquainted with Wild Bill Hickok on his travels and experienced the usual adventures of the cowpuncher, rounding up cows, witnessing border

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fights, hunting buffalo. Harris's adventures will be cheerful reading for those who enjoy tales of the days before fences came to the West. Tarbeaux's chronicle is of another order. By his own confession he liked to "gyp" people and he seems to have done so with much success. His adventures take him from the Wild West to Australia, South Africa, Monte Carlo and the Riviera, Paris and London; and games of chance and horses play a great role in them. Tarbeaux also ran across Wild Bill Hickok, and he says he was an unpaid and unattached scout for Custer at the battle in which Custer lost his life, and which Tarbeaux escaped because he was on an errand to General Terry. Tarbeaux contradicts various men who have written about him, notably Frank Harris and Sir Gilbert Parker, who used his episodes as the basis of fiction. He also seems eager to deflate the reputation of Buffalo Bill as a scout, declaring that he was "made" by Ned Buntline and Nate Salsbury. It is to be expected that Tarbeaux draws a long bow, but his comments on "hoss-trading," one of the customs of the countryside that has found no successor, throw much light on a quaint and by no means innocent practice.

"JUNGLE PORTRAITS"

Jungle Portraits by Delia J. Akeley has a flavor all its own. Mrs. Akeley accompanied her husband, Carl Akeley, to Equatorial Africa on his early expeditions and viewed people and scenes with a trained eye, so that her chronicle is neither self-exploitation nor gossip. Its compactness shows that she knows her subject and does not need to elaborate the facts. Many of her adventures differ from those experienced by other travelers. There is a section devoted to the crocodiles, another to the flamingos of Lake Hannington in East Central Africa. This lake is fed by boiling springs. The Akeleys reached it in 1905 and then saw for the first time the magnificent sight of innumerable flamingos in their native haunts. Apes, monkeys, and elephants were also objects of the Akeley quest, and one of the latter badly trampled the explorer himself. The human beings which interested the Akeleys most were the pygmies of the Congo region, and their mode of life is carefully described. Although these people have appeared in recent travel books, Mrs. Akeley is able to make her own experiences into an original and convincing narrative. (The Macmillan Company.)

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Note: New titles in THE TRAVELLERS' LIBRARY: "Orient Express," by John Dos Passos, "Napoleon: The Last Phase," by the Earl of Rosebery, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce, "The Enormous Room," by E. E. Cummings, "When the Bough Breaks," by Naomi Mitchison, "Stories from de Maupassant." Each $1.00. Send for complete list.

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cently reached my desk. *African Horizons* by John Cudahy, deals mostly with lion hunting for the purposes of photography, although other African animals also come within range of the camera. Mr. Cudahy is a Milwaukee man who ventured into Tanganyika and went on safari on the Milwaukee Public Museum Expedition with which Burt Massee was associated. His style is vivid and colorful, rather than scientific. There are illustrations from photographs and drawings by H. B. Rowntree. (Duffield & Co.) With the British, game shooting is much more popular than photography. *The Hunting and Spoor of Central African Game* by Denis D. Lyell approaches Africa from the hunter's standpoint. It tells how to shoot the beasts and how to track them. The frontispiece is a diagram of an elephant's skull, showing the exact location of the brain, for purposes of the brain shot. Whether many Americans will find time to go big game hunting is a question. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"IN SEARCH OF SCOTLAND"

For the travel book of the month I should like to nominate *In Search of Scotland* by H. V. Morton, and I hope that this title will be remembered by those who take ship for Caledonia in the summer. Its outstanding quality is that it makes the Scottish trip a personal discovery. Baedekers are entertaining, with their mass of historical facts, but they lack human interpretation. Mr. Morton tells all that one may hear and see, but he reveals it in dialogue with the inhabitants, in discoveries of his own. Nor is his narrative without color—"It is strange," he remarks of the palace of Linlithgow, "how the tears of women work their way into the stone of buildings." And when he tells the story of a great historical episode, such as that of Bonnie Prince Charlie, he adopts the historical present and gives the reader a dramatic rendering of the campaign that ended at Culloden—"a hopeless piece of gallantry, if ever there was one." But it united the Lowlands and the Highlands, and Mr. Morton reminds us that as recently as one hundred and eighty years ago Scotland meant only the Lowlands—the Highland region was an unknown wilderness. Many pages of Scottish history are a part of the American tradition, and it is in the United States that Mr. Morton's book should be read with pride and understanding. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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Among the New Books

"LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG"

Dr. William E. Barton's new book, *Lincoln at Gettysburg*, should have had mention in the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, but it came into my hands too late to be included. Yet timeliness of subject-matter should not stand against this book, for the theme it elaborates is a part of American history, and of perennial interest. Doctor Barton has followed a by-path leading out of his inclusive "Life" of Lincoln and described the origin of the Gettysburg address and the circumstances surrounding its delivery. To me such narratives have all the suspense and fascination traditionally attached to fiction. Here we have the beginnings of a speech which will perhaps be more representative of American democratic government in times to come than it is even to-day. It will be quoted through the centuries as an inspired summary of the aims and ideals of the nation. It was delivered at a time when audiences were used to addresses of one and two hours in length; consequently, many of those who heard Lincoln felt that he had finished before they had become accustomed to his voice. The great orator of the day was Edward Everett, and in recent times it is sometimes said to his disparagement that he was a long-winded and flowery orator with a great ego. Yet nothing was further from the truth. He was an orator after the fashion of the day, but his address is regarded as an expert summary of the Battle of Gettysburg, and it is to Everett's eternal glory that he, more than anyone, recognized the quality of Lincoln's address, and knew even better than Lincoln how eloquent it was. Doctor Barton recounts the story of the various versions, the changes in texts, and the incidents of the great day. This book belongs in every Lincoln library; naturally, also, it belongs in every school which makes books on American history accessible to its pupils. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

OLD MASSACHUSETTS HISTORY

Another biography of Anne Hutchinson, the stormy petrel of Massachusetts Bay Colony, has just been published by Brentano's. It is *An American Jezebel*, by Helen Augur. It is a careful exposition of Anne Hutchinson's movement for greater religious freedom and describes in detail the various court sessions and negotiations over Anne. Puritanism and Calvinism can hardly be understood without taking into account the

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weakest part in their armor—their inability to face "the nightmare of doubt." This book is the better of the two biographies I have opened this season which give the religious quarrel in greater detail. But both this author and the author of *Unafraid*, Winifred King Rugg, agree that Anne was a forerunner of freedom and tolerance, a pathfinder who dared challenge the hard, stern domination of the males of the Boston church.

Cape Cod is another fascinating spot for the historian. *Cape Cod: Its People and Their History* by Henry C. Kittredge is a new publication describing the people of the Cape from the earliest approaches of the Pilgrims to the cutting of the canal that now makes such a saving of time for mariners. Cape Cod has had a share in every phase of American history, and its tombstones attest how many of its settlers led a seafaring life in the days of whaling and clipper ships. Even the old churches have a tale to tell, and Mr. Kittredge has described some of the men associated with them.

THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

Both the laity and clergy seem agreed that hell exists for the most part on earth and that the devil is an uncomfortable gentleman bred of our own innermost repressions and neuroses; at least, this is the testimony of two most readable books, *The Devil* by two Frenchmen, Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon, and *What Is Hell?* a symposium by a group of thinkers. The devil is a Christian invention made very necessary by the recognition of evil. His character has changed throughout the centuries, but gradually men have come to see that those possessed are really more ill than filled with devils and, therefore, in need not of punishment but the kindest treatment by priest and physician. In fact, these authors seek the co-operation of both; the demoniac who relies on the supernatural needs spiritual guidance, whereas psychic disturbance due to physical conditions may best be corrected by medical advice. It has taken centuries for common sense to break through superstition and prejudice and, although learned men have always taught that devils and witches were delusions that should be cured by means other than punishment, the world until recently has given small heed to their advice. *The Devil* is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. I am bracketing *What Is Hell?* with it because the latter deals with the devil's abode. Va-

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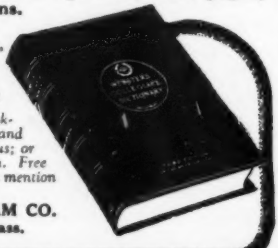

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rious clergymen and philosophers have contributed to this book, including Dean W. R. Inge, Abbot Butler, Sir Oliver Lodge, Warwick Deeping, James Moffatt, Annie Besant, Sheila Kaye-Smith, W. E. Orchard, F. W. Norwood, Irwin Edman, and others; and I am surprised at the unanimity with which they agree that hell must be located on earth, the punishment of an uneasy conscience. Not one of them attempts to portray a real hell or say that any traveler has ever returned to tell us whether Dante was right.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

In the February HARPERS we made the statement that we had come to the conclusion, after much research, that Wilkie Collins had not written an ending to Charles Dickens's famous unfinished book, *Edwin Drood*. This has brought down upon us a small avalanche of protest and even material proof to the contrary. Page T. Hoagland, Oak Hill, N. Y., was the first. He stated that he owned a copy of a book with this title page: "*John Jasper's Secret, Sequel to Edwin Drood,* by Charles Dickens Jr. and Wilkie Collins." Similar letters came from Mrs. George W. Blake, Grantwood, N. J., Mary F. Crellin, Chicago, Ill., and Etta L. Matthews, Tallahassee, Fla. These writers sought to help us, and we wish to acknowledge their letters and their kindness. But we offer further proof than even the actual possession of such a book that we were correct in our first conclusion. This has come indirectly to us from Mr. Edmond Perret, Galveston, Texas, who is an authority on Droodiana. We quote excerpts from his letter. "The printed matter on this subject runs into the hundreds of books, pamphlets, etc." He is the fortunate possessor of nine of these volumes, "among the nine a *fictional* continuation of Dickens's story, entitled *John Jasper's Secret.*" Mr. Perret gives a quotation from a compilation of P. W. Matz, a past president of the Dickens' Fellowship in London. The gist of this quotation is that *John Jasper's Secret* appeared anonymously in 1871–72 in America and England. In 1901 a second edition was issued "with the astoundingly false announcement on its title page that Charles Dickens the younger and Wilkie Collins were, in collaboration, its authors." Mr. Perret further states that the authors of this book were an American journalist, Henry Morford, and his wife, who, he believes, are both dead. Wilkie Collins

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and Charles Collins were not related to each other in any way, and Charles was the brother-in-law, not the son-in-law (as we stated in our February issue) of Charles Dickens. The original cause of this discussion, Florence Foster, Foster's, Ala., has received all of this information and feels that her search for this volume has come to an end. For her benefit we quote that all (save one) of our correspondents agreed that the book *John Jasper's Secret* was a very unsatisfactory finish to the Dickens novel. And now, unless some really important information which casts further light upon the "mystery" comes forth in any later correspondence, we shall consider the matter closed, and perhaps our first "protester," Mr. Hoagland, will find in it the answer to his question, "How?" . . . This brings us to the new requests for information. The *Works of Lucian,* requested by P. C. Gross, McComb, Ohio, are published by the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City. These are in four volumes, are translated by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler, and sell for $5.35 the set. . . . Mr. Casimir Gonski, Milwaukee, Wis., is anxious to obtain a copy of *Siberian Garrison.* This book is by Rodion Markovitz and published by Horace Liveright, 61 West 48th St., New York City. If Mr. Gonski will forward $2.50, plus a few cents for postage, the publishers will be glad to send the book to him if he is unable to locate it in a book shop near-by, now that he knows the correct title and author and publisher of this book. . . . An anonymous request from New York City has come in for the book containing a poem quoted each Sunday evening in a broadcast over the Columbian Broadcasting System during the hour known as "Arabesque." We quote the letter received in reply to our request for information addressed to the station sending out this hour: "I am very sorry but no copies of the poem 'Drifting Sands and a Caravan' are being sent out. Very soon a book will be published containing all the plays and the poem. As soon as the book is released I will notify you.—Yolande Langworthy." Till then our nameless correspondent will have to be content with learning the poem over the radio. . . . Mrs. LeRoy Percy, Athens, Ga., has to write a paper on Ludwig Lewisohn as a literary critic and wants any data on the subject. We can tell nothing particular about his career as a critic save that he was at one time dramatic critic for *The Nation* and later literary critic. Perhaps his book *A Modern*

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Book of Criticism, now published in the Modern Library edition, will give the necessary information about this critic turned novelist. The address of Modern Library, Inc., is 20 East 57th St., New York City, and the price of all the volumes published in this edition is 95 cents. . . . Several questions have been asked by D. E. Ackerman, Staten Island, N. Y., one of which we are unable to answer. This is for a dictionary in German-English which contains "words and phrases in common use, slang and other types of words used in popular speech and novels, but not recognized by formal dictionaries." We know of no such book. A highly recommended German-English Dictionary is Cassell's, put out by Funk and Wagnalls Publishing Co., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City, priced $3.00. Books which are neither classical nor modern German are not published in America, but are imported from Germany by various dealers in foreign publications. We advise our reader to go to Brentano's at Fifth Ave. and 47th St., or write to them, as they deal in foreign books of all kinds. For the last request, D. E. Ackerman wants to know who are the publishers of books such as *The Story of Philosophy* by Will Durant, in moderate priced editions. There are two such firms, The Modern Library, Inc., 20 East 57th St., New York City, whose volumes are priced at 95 cents, and The Star Dollar Series, Garden City, New York, whose volumes are priced at $1.00 each, as their name implies. . . . A list of the best fiction of 1929 is wanted by Mrs. George H. Thompson, Julesburg, Colo. Some of those most talked of and most popular are: *Hudson River Bracketed* by Edith Wharton, D. Appleton Co., 35 West 32nd St.; *Fugitive's Return* by Susan Glaspell, Frederick Stokes, 443 Fourth Ave.; *The Miracle of Peille* by J. L. Campbell, E. P. Dutton Co., 300 Fourth Ave.; *Field of Honor* by Donn Byrne, The Century Co.; *The Galaxy* by Susan Ertz, D. Appleton Co.; *They Stooped to Folly* by Ellen Glasgow, Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y.; *Ultima Thule* by Henry Handel Richardson, W. W. Norton Co., 70 Fifth Ave.; *Roper's Row* by Warwick Deeping, Alfred Knopf Co., 730 Fifth Ave.; *The Beautiful Years* and *The Pathway*, both by Henry Williamson, E. P. Dutton Co. Each of these books sells for $2.50. *Good Companions* by J. B. Priestley, Harper & Brothers, sells for $3.00. Unless otherwise specified, the publishers of all are located in New York City. In our list of outstanding novels we

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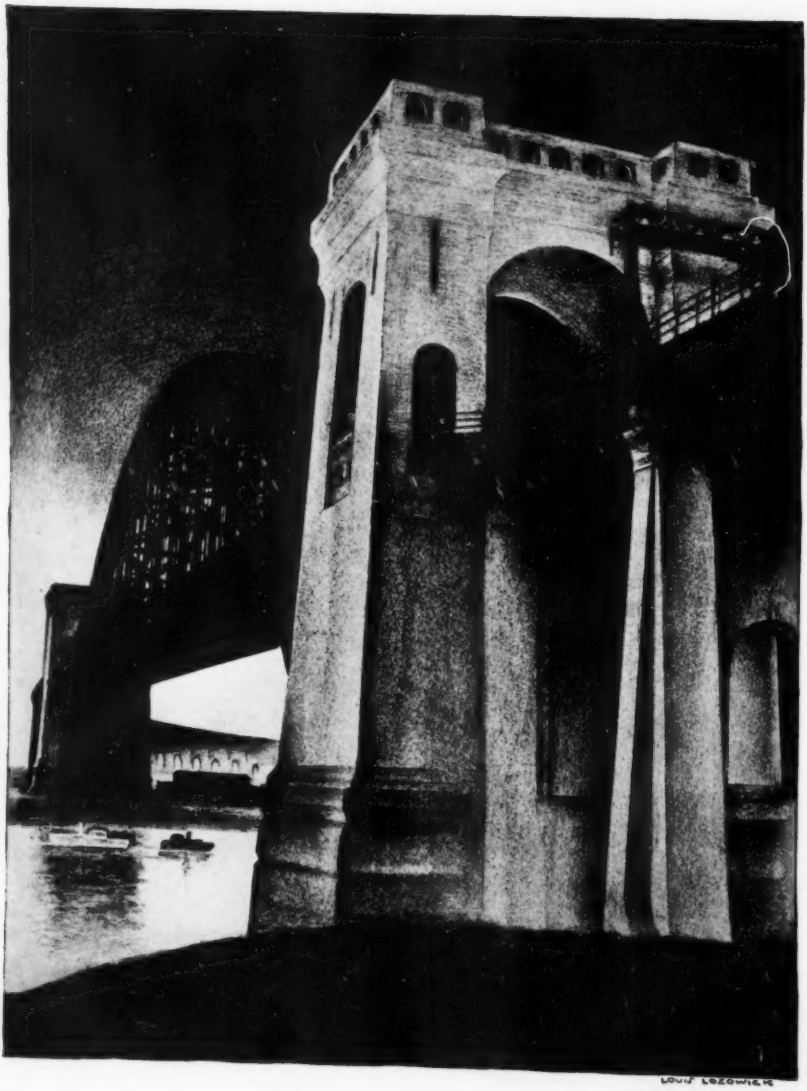
cannot leave out the novels of the War such as: *All Quiet on the Western Front* by Erich Maria Remarque, $2.50, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., *Zero Hour* by Georg Grabenhorst, also $2.50, Little, Brown Co., both translations from the German, and *God Have Mercy on Us* by William T. Scanlon, $2.50, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., an American book. . . . The only way to obtain information about the life of an author is to write to the publisher of his book who will send all available information. Therefore, we can only advise Mrs. Philip Herrin, Villa Grove, Ill., to write to Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y., for information about Mme. Sugimoto, the author of *A Daughter of the Samurai*, which is their publication, selling for $3.00. . . . Mrs. R. Caswell Sims, Tucson, Ariz., is planning a motor trip through Spain this summer and read of a book which describes such a journey made by two women. There are two books on this subject. We believe, however, that Mrs. Sims has reference to the first named. These books are: *The Road Through Spain* by Dorothy Giles, $5.00, Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and *Motoring Through Spain* by A. L. Kramer, $2.50, The Southwest Press, 1212 Allen Bldg., Dallas, Texas. . . . Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City, has called our attention to the fact that they are the publishers of the original edition of the book, *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* by Peter Mark Roget, $2.50, india-paper edition $4.50, which we advised one of our correspondents to use in our February answers. May we thank them for calling our attention to this statement? . . . As we are about to list the landslide of letters which we received in answer to our last request for the writer of a poetical quotation, we feel very courageous. For when we wrote the lines, "O! Iron nerve to true occasion . . . etc." we did not dream that they were by an immortal Victorian bard, and that his admirers would come so forcibly down upon our head. We publicly apologize. Some of our writers were mildly sarcastic, and others not so mild, but the majority were very gentle and wrote their letters in the spirit of helpfulness. We wish to thank all of those who were kind enough to respond.



HELL GATE BRIDGE
By Louis Lozowick

VOLUME 160 APRIL 1930

Harpers Magazine

DIMINISHING RETURNS IN MODERN LIFE

A WORD TO THE APOSTLES OF PROGRESS

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THROUGH increasing knowledge of natural laws man has enormously increased his control over his environment. This is so obvious as to make any amplification of the simple statement unnecessary. Our type of culture to-day is based solely on power, the power hidden in coal, steam, electricity, or the chemical combination of atoms, and is due to our having discovered and utilized natural laws. Because of the enormous increase in our control over the environment due to such knowledge, we have come instinctively to think of the discovery of each additional law as enlarging the possible scope of human life and activities. We never think of them as indicating limits. The changes realized have been so overwhelming that the possibilities have come to appear illimitable, and scant attention is paid to those laws which put definite limits to our advance in any desired direction. They are brushed aside, and any discussion of them is as unpopular as was conservative economic reasoning at the top of the recent bull market. Unfortunately, the unpopular laws as well as the popular ones are ceaselessly at work, as the enthusiastic speculators found, and disregard of them is bound to end in trouble. Laws are merely formulations of the ways in which things invariably and inevitably happen or act; and to get in the way of a law of nature which does not work the way we should like, and to insist on having our own way is about as futile as for a cow on the track to dispute the right of way with the Chicago Flyer at sixty miles an hour. The laws of nature do not work for us. All we can do is to find out how they work, to make use of some of those going in our direction, and to get out of the way of others as fast as we can.

So far, most of the laws discovered belong to the physical sciences. Psychology, economics, politics, sociology, and the others are grievously behind. Any astronomer can predict with abso-

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lute accuracy just where every star in the heavens will be at half-past eleven to-night. He can make no such prediction about his young daughter. From this fact—that one group of sciences has got entirely out of step with another—our civilization is becoming warped out of shape. For a good many centuries, in spite of defects, the social and political life of peoples fitted on the material base almost as neatly as the top layer of a chocolate cake fits on the bottom. To-day the top layer has altered little, but the bottom one, the material base of our life, has gone spinning, with grave danger of ruining the cake and losing the chocolate. The cake is, in fact, acting like a thing bewitched, and if we are to make it stick together again we have got to do something with the upper layer, for the under one has clearly gone too far to get it back in its old place if we would.

It is clear that we have got to know a great deal more about psychology and sociology than we do now, keeping them "ologies" and not making them "isms." Our chemists and engineers will look after our T.N.T.'s and dynamos, but we must learn how to use them, and come to some new terms with our ethics, politics, and social life in the largest sense. A chemist who tried to make T.N.T. according to his emotions and not his science might bring it off but, a million to one, would more likely be brought off himself. It is the same with our social and institutional life. If, on the scale of modern nations, we try to adjust them only to our vague emotions and callow aspirations, something very violent and unpleasant can be rather certainly predicted. We must hunt for laws to guide us—Nature's not lobbyists'. It is also essential to find the unpopular as well as the popular ones, those which tell us what we cannot do as well as those which tell us what we can. The Garden of Eden and the flaming sword were myths—excellent ones, by the way; but a definite limit here and there to self-expression and undirected aspirations is not. I do not pretend to be a scientist, but when one observes the cow on the track and the Chicago Flyer coming one does not have to be one to predict that something is going to happen immediately to the cow. I wish, in a word, to call attention to what is an apparent law, and about as unpopular a one as could exist.

II

Economists, observing the way things happen, have established what they call "the Law of Diminishing Returns." I shall not try to give it in scientific terms or bother with graphs. Briefly it is that working in a given direction there is a point up to which profit increases and beyond which it inevitably declines. Let us illustrate this with a few examples comprehensible to every practical man. I once lived in a farming community. The farmers would figure very carefully how much to spend per acre in fertilizer. Twenty-five dollars per acre would increase the value of the crop so much, less cost of fertilizer. Fifty dollars would do so to a greater extent, as would a hundred dollars; but two hundred would not. There was a point at which the cost of fertilizing, profitable up to then, overtook the increased value of the crop, and became unprofitable. The wise farmer, who knew his land, his fertilizer, and his crop, knew just how far to go and where to stop to get the last dollar out of all three—perhaps I should say cent.

Let us turn to another great industry, mining. Gold is found in rock, a very small amount of gold to a fearsome amount of rock. To extract it requires costly machinery and labor. Up to a certain point an increase in outlay on the best machinery will pay, but beyond that it will not. There is a relation between the percentage of gold in the rock and the cost of getting at it, as I once found out.

Let us consider our pet toy, the skyscraper. I used to have an office at 2 Wall Street. Across the street there was a lot with a four-story building on it, forty feet square. It has been called the most valuable piece of real estate in the

world. Indeed, I was told as a boy many years ago that the then owner was asked what he would take for it, and answered that his price was the sixteen hundred square feet covered with gold dollars. This was figured out, and the offer made, whereupon he smiled and answered, "I meant, stood on edge." However that may be, it did change hands, and a high building was put on it which became known as "the chimney." I have forgotten how high it was, but here is the point: its height was limited by the fact that it could have only one elevator; and architects tell us that although up to a certain point every floor you add to a building increases the rental, there is a point, given a certain ground space, at which the space required for elevators to carry people to the added floors will offset the increased rental space gained by adding such floors, which sounds reasonable. Of course, you can buy the adjoining lots, tear down the old buildings, and build a higher, but the limit is the city block, and there is a point at which the increased rental space will be offset by the increased lost elevator space.

Let us take one more illustration. Everyone who builds a house for himself has the same problems I had. There was the question, for example, of the cost of the copper sheathing I was to put around my windows and the copper gutters under my piazza floor. Knowing I wished to cut cost as much as might be, the architect suggested copper of a certain thickness and cost. The builder suggested that it would last only so many years, whereas the shingling and piazza floors would last longer. If I spent more on the copper I should save in the long run. I, therefore, added to the weight, but it was quite obvious that there was a point beyond which to add to the weight and cost would cease to be profitable and prove merely loss. It was our job to determine that point.

Perhaps these illustrations have made my basic point clear. Let us now work toward somewhat broader problems.

I suppose it will make me seem antediluvian to the young generation but I well remember when taxis were introduced into New York. As a matter of fact, it was not so long ago in spite of the fact that most young people to-day cannot imagine Peter Stuyvesant getting about in any other way. At first they were a great help in saving time. When one was in a great hurry one took a taxi and swept along Fifth Avenue at what seemed a terrific rate. But taxis multiplied like rabbits in Australia with the result that to-day when I am really in a hurry I now have to walk to get from Thirty-Third Street to Forty-Second. It once took me twenty-five minutes in a taxi. In other words, as a time-saver, when there were few taxis and few of us used them, they served their purpose admirably. Now that there are, apparently, millions of them and the million use them, they are of no use, for that purpose, to anybody. It is not that the mob has got what a few used to have, but that nobody has got anything, in this particular aspect.

In 1913 I built a house at the east end of Long Island. Cars, of course, were coming into use by then but there were still comparatively few of them. Ten years before that the only way to get to that beautiful bit of wild scenery, Montauk Point, had been to take a train to Amagansett, and then get a "rig" to drive one across the mosquito-infested Napeague Beach and about ten miles or more on to Montauk, a slow nag plowing through heavy sand. The road was improved, and I had my modest little car. It was delightful to make Montauk in an hour, without mosquitoes, and enjoy the beauty and solitude without all the old discomfort. But what has happened? The last holiday I was at home before I sold my place there were said to be two thousand cars at the Point. I admit that according to the Declaration of Independence and the New Testament there was no reason why only a privileged few should enjoy the solitude and beauty of the Point. Theoretically

there is no reason why the whole million cars of New York State should not have been there instead of the half dozen of the earlier days.

Theory, however, has nothing to do with it. The plain fact is that those eight thousand people, allowing only four to a car, were not sharing what I had enjoyed before. There were no longer the empty spaces, the moorland hanging over-cliff to the sea. Instead of solitude, there were eight thousand people; instead of bare rolling downs, there was a landscape littered with lunch boxes, papers, and ginger ale bottles by the thousand. I have not the slightest objection to people enjoying themselves as they will. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* The point is that by the mere fact that eight thousand people tried to enjoy the solitude and beauty of Montauk at once, the solitude and beauty evaporated. They did not get what I had had. It was simply that none of us got it. I am not discussing whether it is better for eight thousand people to have what our English cousins call "ginger-pop" and sandwiches in a mob and the fresh air than that a few should enjoy the stillness of what used to be one of the few unspoiled spots in New York, or not. The point is that "the many" did not get what "the few" had had. Up to a certain number they might have done so. Beyond that the law began to work; and to turn eight thousand people loose on a quiet beauty spot of nature and expect returns was as absurd as for a farmer to put a thousand dollars' worth of fertilizer on every acre, or for the owner of 1 Wall Street to have built fifty stories on forty square feet only to find that all his floor space was taken up with elevator shafts instead of offices to rent. What the many got was something entirely different from what the few had got. Which of these, for the whole human race for generations to come, might be the better would baffle the mathematics of even an Einstein to figure out.

Let us take the old English inn, one of the most delightful places, when it is good, in which a wayfarer can find rest and simple comfort at a reasonable cost. It is clear that an increasing number of guests, up to a certain point, adds to the value of the inn for the guests themselves. One which had only a stray guest every few weeks, and did not pay, could not offer the facilities and ready service of one that was daily prepared for the few guests who could be relied upon to turn up from somewhere. If, however, there are too many, the place ceases to be one of comfort. If we succeed in getting a room only once in a dozen times; if every chair in the lounge is occupied; if we have to wait an hour for a meal until the mob ahead of us has eaten, not only is our comfort destroyed but that of everyone else. If, as would inevitably happen in America, the owner should add to the building, and then again, until, as I have seen so often in the last thirty years, a comfortable inn has grown into a huge caravansary housing hundreds of guests, the inn has really ceased to exist. The old Mitre at Oxford, for example, could conceivably have added a couple of hundred rooms and changed the small coffee room with its dozen chairs by the fire into a lounge that would seat a hundred. But by doing so it would have subtly ceased to exist, and the three hundred tourists who would put up at it to get the flavor of the old Mitre would seek in vain for something which their own numbers had destroyed. They would get shelter and meals but they would not get the Mitre.

In the rise of a city there is a point up to which the gain in comfort and interest is steady. We get paved streets, sewers, lights, better schools and shops, a few good theaters, perhaps, as in most European cities, an opera, a museum, and so on. Traffic is easy, people are not too crowded in their housing, can live comparatively near their work, and the advantages have not been counterweighted with serious disadvantages. But as the city growth continues, as in the greatest of modern cities, the disad-

vantages begin to weigh more and more heavily. It becomes more and more difficult to secure decent living space at any price that most can pay. Land becomes so valuable that houses give way to apartments, and large apartments are subdivided into small ones, in the process we have come to know so well. People have to live farther and farther from their work, while, owing to traffic congestion, it becomes harder and harder to reach office or home. Owing to increasing costs of all sort, the expense of doing business mounts. For many, the point has been reached at which the law has worked and the return for living in a city has begun to diminish. Individuals move into the suburbs. Factories, in many cases, move to smaller towns.

III

Let us look at labor-saving devices in the home. In order to avoid complicating the case with any question as to man's and woman's work, let us suppose a woman is earning her own income and running her home herself. The labor-saving devices she can install are already innumerable, and almost every month brings a new one. She can put in an electric washing machine, a dish-washer, vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerator, and so on indefinitely. Every one of these things is admirable in itself and undeniably saves her trouble in connection with its specific function. But there is another point. A vacuum cleaner is infinitely preferable to a broom, but it costs about sixty times as much; old fashioned dish-washing was boring and hard on the hands but cost nothing, whereas a dish-washer is expensive; the new refrigerators are much handier than the older type, but whereas they used to cost, say, about thirty dollars, the new cost about three hundred. Garbage incinerators and various delightful and tricky contrivances in the newer apartments save trouble but mean higher rents to be paid. Now somewhere along the line there is a point up to which it will save this woman labor to work so that she can pay for all these labor-saving devices; but somewhere the law we are discussing will begin to work, and she will begin to expend so much energy and anxiety in trying to make the extra money needed to save labor in one department of her life that she is expending more than her nature permits in another. The devices, although still saving labor in one sphere, have so added to it in another that, taking life as a whole, they have ceased to function profitably.

The law works in the same way with a lot of our modern contrivances to give pleasure. Up to a certain point the possession of our modern toys, radios, cars, and so on adds to our pleasure, as do increasing numbers of bathrooms, increased luxury in hotels for those who like it, more gorgeous theaters, more costly scenery, and magnificent offices and shops; but there comes a point at which the increasing and in many cases intolerable burden of cost necessitated by these advances in number and quality of things used becomes so great as to destroy the pleasure or offset it by a still greater anxiety. In some cases the result will be to deprive the person of the pleasure entirely. For example, the opera of to-day in New York is far better than that of fifty years ago. For the ordinary music lover, who is apt not to be a hard-headed successful maker of money, there was a point somewhere where the increase in quality was not neutralized by the increase in cost; but there was also the fatal point at which the law began to work and at which the cost became so great that for him the opera, as a regularly recurring pleasure in his life, ceased to exist as completely as though there had been none at all.

Let us consider another type of case, that of the birth and up-bringing of children. The medical care surrounding childbirth is infinitely better than a generation ago, and about fifteen times as costly. The opportunities for the child in school, summer camp, mental and physical activities of all sorts are also

far greater and more costly. Somewhere along the line there was a point up to which these new advantages were clear gain, like the fertilizing by the farmer, but a point was reached at which the added cost has resulted not in better and happier children but in many a family not being able to afford one. By trying to make the child, like the opera, too fine and luxurious, it has in all too many cases ceased to exist at all.

Take the involved problem of woman in business. For a while it seemed all clear gain that the unmarried woman not financially independent, the widow who had to support children and herself—all, in a word, who had to earn money—should have the whole business field open to them. But it was impossible to draw a line at which money-making ceased to be necessary and was merely desirable. As business opportunity for those who needed it became wider, more and more flocked to offices. The competition for jobs with men became keener, and as married women added their earnings to those of their husbands, the standard of living in such households was raised. The burden on the man who was trying to support a home single-handed in competition with the "two-worker" homes became greater. It may be asked, for the women themselves, whether the point is not being reached at which the law is beginning to work. On the one hand, the lower type that used to do household work is not only competing with the cheaper-paid type of man in factory or office but has thrown the manual labor of the household, which she used to do, on the higher-type woman who is capable, given time and strength, of doing something more worth while for social life as a whole than cooking and cleaning. On the other hand, the steadily increasing strain to maintain the single-worker home is forcing more and more women who would much rather be in the home than out of it to go to work; and the vicious tendencies are strengthened while the competition becomes fiercer and fiercer. There would seem to be already clearly indicated the working of the law and the fact that there is a point somewhere at which the gain to woman of having business open to her will be offset by the loss.

IV

Let us finally consider briefly the problem of democratic government, simplifying it as much as possible. If we have government solely by an oligarchy, an aristocracy, or an upper class, there will be evils. With the best intentions, it will be to some extent a class government. It is obvious that there will be gain if other classes or interests have representation. In all modern democratic countries this representation has been given and steadily increased until we have practically universal suffrage, tempered by influences wielded by certain groups, influences losing power as democracy increases. With universal suffrage, however, the control of votes lies with the laboring class, which is the most numerous. As this class comes to realize and exert its power, the legislation becomes again class legislation, of which we have a glaring example in the steadily widening and increasing dole in England. What we do is to substitute one class for another, the so-called lower for the so-called upper. Both classes when in power will unconsciously think in terms of their own class, but the upper class is bound to have a better understanding of the extreme complexity of modern civilization, and the exercise of their power has limits in the very numbers of the lower class. A socialist government, for example, might well lay a capital levy of fifty per cent regardless of the fact that it would mean ruin for the whole country, poor as well as rich, whereas the upper class would never think of making a "labor-levy," taking fifty per cent of the labor of the country free. Somewhere along the line increased representation was an all-round gain, but we reach the point where the law begins to

work, and increased representation, instead of doing away with the evils of a class government, begins to substitute the evils of government by another, and on the whole, for governing purposes, a less able class.

The possible existence of this law in all social life is not a mere theory to be toyed with. It is of just as much practical importance to us in considering our institutions as it is to the farmer in considering his fertilizing. Consider, for example, the situation in English education at this very moment. I take England rather than America because we have ignored the possibility of such a law entirely, as well as a certain range of human values, whereas in England those values, if not the law, are recognized by many. There seems to be a general impression at home that English education for the masses is a very poor affair, so far as it may be existent at all. Of course, this is not the case. There is a good system of public education, and every child has to attend school up to the age of fourteen, soon to be made sixteen. There are also the great and rapidly growing "provincial" universities, access to which is practically as easy as to our own, State and other. There is no difficulty in England for a poor boy, if he has a mind, to get an education including a university course.

But obviously, a boy from a meager home background, who has to count on his education (and his degree) getting him a remunerative job in as many days after graduation as may be possible, requires and will insist upon a different sort of education from one whose home background is rich in the best sense, that is one who has opportunities for good social and mental contacts, travel and other sorts of informal education outside his school and university, and who, while expecting to make a career later, does not have to look upon his education as narrowly heading toward some very special remunerative job but can regard it as a general broadening and developing of his mind and all his nature. That, in the past, has been the ideal of the great endowed schools like Eton and Harrow, and the universities of Oxford and, to a lesser extent, Cambridge. Such a group of students and such an ideal have created a certain type of teaching and a certain atmosphere, alien to that in most American institutions and to the public "job-training" institutions in England. To anyone who wishes to understand the situation and problem better than it can be touched upon briefly here, I commend a small volume just out called *Isis, or the Future of Oxford*, in the excellent "Today and Tomorrow" series, which should be read by American educators as well as English Labor politicians.

There is at present a good deal of agitation in England on this subject, the agitators claiming that the special atmosphere and opportunities of Eton, Harrow, Oxford, Cambridge, and such places, should not be confined only to the few but should be enjoyed by the many and that, in some way, the State should make it possible by financial acts of some sort for large numbers of the poorer classes to attend these institutions. A few do now, but it is quite clear, if the Laborites have their way, that the law we have been discussing will also have *its* way, and that instead of the masses enjoying Eton and Oxford, Eton and Oxford will merely evaporate. Swamped with students of the same type as those who now attend the State schools and universities, they will become like them; and instead of the many enjoying the privileges of the few, those privileges will have disappeared for everyone.

In some of the above instances I have, perhaps, stretched the strict letter of the Law of Diminishing Returns but I have, I think, indicated that there is some general law at work that is worth our studying and recognizing. It appears to be a very unfortunate one for idealists, but we did not make the universe. Such as it is we have to accept it and work with it, not against it. It is to be regretted that, having found a profitable

lead, we cannot follow that lead forever but instead find that it invariably turns back on itself at some stage and gets us into trouble. It is also to be regretted that everyone cannot have everything, that eight thousand people, for example, cannot enjoy the same solitude at the same spot at once, but there seems to be something in the foundation of the universe that prohibits it, and there is no use in our insisting that the contrary is true and that the thing is possible. The cow can insist that it has as much right to follow the track in its direction as the Chicago Flyer has in its, but that does not prevent the catastrophe to the cow.

In the last century and a half we have heard a great deal about rights—"natural rights," the rights of man, woman's rights. The word is an unfortunate one for it carries an implication that somehow the universe is back of the human wishes and desires embodied in the word "right." There are, of course, no "natural rights." Nature knows nothing of rights. She knows only laws. Man, on the other hand, has ideals and aspirations. These, however, can be fulfilled only when they run with, not counter to, nature's laws, and there is no use blinking that fact.

Because a hundred dollars an acre in fertilizer will double the crop, it does not follow that five hundred dollars will quintuple it. Because a thirty-story building on a given lot is more profitable than a ten, and sixty is more profitable than thirty, it does not follow that a hundred is more profitable than sixty. Because a hundred motor cars on a given road will give people pleasure, it does not follow that a thousand will give ten times the number pleasure. Because twenty people can enjoy a beauty spot, it does not follow that two thousand can. Because going into business may benefit some women, it does not follow that it will benefit all. Because government becomes juster if the laboring class has some votes, it does not follow that it will become still juster if we give them still more. Unfortunately the reverse seems true. There seems to be a law also that although up to a certain point we can increase the number of people who can have, see, and enjoy, if we go beyond a certain point, instead of giving everybody everything, nobody has anything. A Labor Government could destroy Eton and Oxford. They could not, with all the power in the world, give Eton and Oxford to the mob. The universe would say "you are paying no attention to my laws," and the real Eton and Oxford would disappear under the very eyes of the mob which had gone to look for them.

Is it not time that we recognized more clearly the law, or perhaps two laws, hinted at in this article? They are laws that are unfortunately hostile to many of man's aspirations and especially to much of the democratic doctrine, but that has nothing to do with their existence and power. If they are there we have got to recognize them or suffer the consequences. We have refused so far to recognize them for the simple and childish reason that we do not like their implications. We do so to some extent in our economic life but not in our social and political. May not we account in some part, at least, for the rise and fall of civilizations in the past by the working of these laws that man has declined to recognize, the law, if we separate them, that returns increase up to a certain point and then decline, and the law that if too many people strive to enjoy the same good, that good disappears? The farmer, the miner, or the business man studies to find the exact point at which, according to the law of Diminishing Returns, advantage begins to turn into disadvantage. If there is any chance of regulating society scientifically and saving it from the recurring cycle of the rise and fall, have we not got to seek the same point for our political and social tendencies as our "practical" men do for our economic? If the farmer, the miner, and the manufacturer pay no attention to this law, they go bankrupt

and are sold up. If society pays no more attention to it in the future than in the past, it will do likewise, as it has a thousand times before, and no amount of declaiming about "rights" will save it for a moment longer than the law will take to work out its own inevitable end. The rights of man, the rights of labor, the rights of woman as expressions of ideals to be worked out in harmony with nature's laws are beneficent concepts. When, however, they are proclaimed as superior to her laws they are of no more avail than the twittering of sparrows on the roof when Ætna breaks loose and the lava flows over the house.

SPELL

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

UNDER the edge of this light canoe
The water is quiet and deep; the hue
Of emerald matrix or malachite,
Green water lit with a green light.
Like a wide pool it is smooth and still,
It draws me with a resistless will . . .
A sudden move and I could be
Plunged in the depths of this quiet sea,
Slipped like a long fish under the wave
Into a gleaming, shimmering grave,
To lie and rock till my whitened bones
Fall into hollows under the stones . . .

The water is lovely and dark and deep
And I could fall asleep, asleep.
With nothing to feel and nothing to know
Only the long tides' ebb and flow.
Never to watch life break and change,
Words grow bitter, and eyes grow strange,
Or know love, like the falling sands
Slipping away between my hands.
No more to know defeat, or pain . . .
I shall not look at the water again.

FLEDGLING

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

THEY had reached the dessert of stewed prunes in silence, at least as far as conversation was concerned. A meal at the Handel home could never be said to have passed in complete silence, although it was usually conversationless. But it is hard to eat quietly when one eats fast, and there was hardly an opportunity for the violation of mealtime quiet which Mr. Handel omitted. He always ate fast because he had left the clerk in the store for the few moments he allowed himself to go home and eat, and he had never yet found a clerk who was trustworthy. These summer days, when business in the grocery lagged, and every cent of profit was doubly important, he could still less permit the clerk long unguarded periods with the cash register.

The noonday dinner was the major meal in the Handel home, and Mrs. Handel made a heavy meal of it regardless of the heat and regardless of the fact that her husband's standstill habits of life had allowed layer on layer of quaky flesh to impede the activities of his short body, even the activity of breathing. She herself was not thin, but she had more bone to bear it and more height. It was only her big face that betrayed the superfluousness of most of her weight.

Dolly Lynch, Mr. Handel's sister, was the first to speak this noon. Leaning her frizzled henna head in the direction of the young man who sat opposite her, she said:

"Well, Albert, have you come around yet to seeing that you really owe your father and mother two more years of your life?"

"Of course he has," blustered Mr. Handel, breathing with difficulty, as usual. "Of course he has. Any human being could get around to seeing that. And what do you mean by 'two more years of his life,' Dolly? Doesn't a child owe his whole life to his parents?"

Albert noticed again the uneasiness with which his father argued the subject. And dispassionately, as he always judged his parents, he saw that the lack of fineness in his father made the nervousness a far from subtle thing. The man was actually making eyes at his sister to warn her to keep away from the subject. Albert laughed to himself again at the stupidity of his father in thinking that such primitive tactics of suggestion would bring him to change his mind. But even while he was amused at the stupidity he was hurt that his own people should be capable of it, and suddenly for a moment he was doubtful of his own capacities. This was his father, this mentally impotent man. How could he dare to dream his dreams?

"Ed is right," said his mother. "Why, to hear you talk, Dolly, a person might think that when Albert finally does go away to college he will never come back. You're really very funny."

Albert was sure that as she passed by her sister-in-law in collecting the dishes his mother had stepped on her foot in another warning to change the subject. He rose.

"You're all taking too much for granted," he said. "I haven't made a decision of any kind." Silence followed his words, but as he pushed open the screen door to the front porch he heard the beginning of the daily dialogue.

"Let me help you with the dishes, Grace."

"Don't you dare, Dolly. You're a visitor. You go right out on the porch and rest."

Of course his mother would win. Or rather, lose. It was she who did want help with the dishes, and Dolly who did not want to offer it. There was none of the genuineness in his mother's refusal to let the other woman help her that there was in her refusal to let him help her. She all but threw the dishpan at him whenever he made the suggestion. That was the way in which she expressed her admiration for his talent, or ambition, or whatever it was. Well, it would make a good novel eventually, he thought. Eventually, when he was out of all this. There would be the picture of the two, father and mother, idolizing him for what he was able to do yet wanting to keep him tied down to their own lives.

As he stretched out on the porch swing and took up his volume of Nietzsche again the humor with which he had been surveying the situation suddenly left him, and he remained with the more familiar feeling of apoplectic revolt. He heard the back door close as his father went out of the house, to take the short cut through the alley to the grocery store. Then the inside of the store was around him—grayness, smells, and everything, just as it had been all the seventeen years of his life. From the house on the right came the tinkling of a piano that was obviously an experimentation with note sequences. Selina Mack, with a narrow red ribbon tied around her colorless hair, was probably trying to compose another waltz. Good Lord, did she ever hope to finish it? It had taken her fifteen years, between pupils, to finish the first one and a good part of her savings to have it published. And after all that, she had sold only the copies which she herself had peddled among her neighbors and her pupils.

And on the lawn to the left Mrs. Chester was romping with her poodle. Putting pep into herself, probably, before her boarder came home from his post-office job. Wouldn't that husband of hers ever find out that the two older children were instructed to shout "Mother, may I come in?" and to wait for a positive answer before they opened the door?

And they wanted him to stay here, to take the first two years of his college life at Junior College—here, among these people, when there was a world to see! Why didn't they make it easier for him? Why didn't they admit the inevitable, so that when he went away—to Chicago, or New York, or Paris, or wherever he would go, he would not be burdened with memories which would make him feel like a criminal?

He had buried his head in the musty padding of the swing. The slight creak of the screen door told him that his Aunt Dolly was coming out to entertain him with her lament about the ingratitude of her daughter, about how she had refused to marry again, refused to join bridge clubs as other women did, only in order that her daughter might always have her when she needed her. And now, after all that sacrifice, her daughter had married against her wishes and married, of all people, a poor young lawyer, when she might have had her choice of any of a number of wealthy business men.

It was to forget this blow that she had come down from Chicago to Kansas City two weeks ago, at the end of June. She had not made the trip in twenty years, and since his father and mother had not been out of the city either, she had never seen him before. From the moment of her arrival she had subjected him to endless scrutiny until he wriggled under it.

And she had become ridiculous in her attempts to find resemblances between him and his parents.

"Your mouth is set just like your father's," she would say, or, "Your forehead is just like your mother's."

No one liked her. She had only to open her mouth and remind them of her presence, when the antagonism against her became an almost audible thing. The same antagonism came over Albert now, as soon as she had sat down in the rocking chair beside the swing. He had made a move to get up, so that she could sit down in the swing beside him, but she had motioned him down again.

"Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't think of disturbing the young genius in his thoughts."

He did not answer but let his eyes pass hurriedly over her face, in which the wrinkles were filled with fresh pink powder. People were powerless before her, he thought, just as he was powerless before her now. She enveloped one like an octopus. She enslaved, and she did it by poisoning the veins of vanity. One knew the disgrace of his own submission, but there was nothing to do about it.

She sat rocking back and forth. Each time he let his glance approach her face, he saw her looking at him, with a smile that struck him as being artificial. It began to disturb him; he fidgeted. Finally she said:

"You do want to go away to college this year, don't you?"

He sat up. There had been the promise of friendliness in her voice. He knew it would betray him—that if he talked to her she would not understand him—yet the urge to talk was too strong to resist.

"I do. I want terribly to go away. I need it, Aunt Dolly."

She nodded her frizzled red head. "I know," she said. "I can understand it."

His disbelief grew still weaker. He felt that in another moment he would begin to tell her things which would sound crazy to his own ears, and certainly to hers.

Suddenly she got up from the chair and sat down on the swing beside him, putting her hand on his.

"Albert, I want to talk to you."

He noticed that her eyes were a nice shade of gray. But there was fear in them now. And the fear he saw in her eyes stirred fear in him. They continued to look at each other, the fear in each of them rising.

"I've been acting as if I was against your going away, haven't I?" she said suddenly, talking fast, and hardly waited for him to nod before going on. "Well, I'm not. I can understand you. You believe that I can, don't you?" He nodded again. This time she waited a while before going on, in the meantime rubbing her hand up and down over his. He was never sure, afterward, whether she actually made a sound as she said the next words; it was only the movement of her lips he remembered.

"You can go, Albert. They have no right to keep you. They're not your parents. You're adopted."

It seemed to him now, and even later, that nothing had happened to him at that moment, yet the woman recoiled, drawing her hand away from his and spreading it out on her breast in self-protection.

"They found you outside the store one morning," she went on, very rapidly. "You were only a week old."

Now he was aware that at some time before this he had stopped the swing, that he was pressing down hard on the porch with his toes, and that they were hurting him. He lifted his feet; the swing started forward with a jerk.

"Who am I?" he said.

"For God's sake, Albert, don't talk like that!"

"Who am I?" he repeated. He did want to choke her; that was true.

"Nobody knows. Nobody ever found out."

He found himself standing, then beginning to walk away.

"Albert, where are you going?"

He did not turn his head back to the

direction from which the wailing question had come. "I don't know," he said. "Somewhere. To be alone."

As he walked down the steps and out to the sidewalk he was conscious only of the melodrama of his last words and of a tang of artificiality in them. It made him ashamed; he wanted to run away. He began to walk fast and soon he was conscious of nothing except the movement of his body as he strode along. When he reached 31st Street he took a street car. He would go out to Swope Park.

Rising in him now was a feeling of release and, with it, a desire to laugh. So simple was life! So ridiculous! The keys to its secrets were lying all about; one had only to recognize them, to be clever enough. If he had not been clever enough to be kind to Aunt Dolly and to listen attentively to her she would never have come to him with this gift of release.

Aunt Dolly? But she was not his aunt. He had no aunt. He had . . . no one. For a moment the world was washed away from around him, and he was riding alone through a nothingness he had tried so often to imagine and never succeeded in doing. But it lasted only for a moment.

He was going! He was free of them!

And suddenly a new cause for joy burst on him. There was no more reason to be doubtful of his capacities. He did not need to be afraid that he was going to be limited by hereditary stupidity. They were stupid. He could think the thought frankly now. Stupid! And he was not theirs!

A bastard, like the greatest of men. A love child, endowed with divine talents to compensate for the lack of human permission to exist.

He began to look out of the window keenly, taking leave of the streets the car was passing, almost shouting his farewells as it sped along. He remembered childhood days when he had actually shouted in street cars, glorying that no one heard him. Once his father had seen him with his mouth open and slapped him. Even then they had not been able to understand him; his imaginativeness had been too much for their minds, his gusto for their anæmia.

But suddenly he remembered how rapidly his father had drawn his hand back to himself after hitting him, how rapidly he had always drawn his hand back. And there had been times when he had started to hit him and had stopped himself.

No wonder he had not dared to touch him! And what would happen when he told them the news? The scene of the final parting was about to form itself before him, but instead there rushed over him again the solitariness he had been deluged with a while before. The surrounding world disappeared; he was left with no one and nothing.

This time it did not pass so soon, not until he was out of the car and striding through the tall grasses in the woods. Here, gradually, it began to seem to him that the energy of striding through the grass symbolized the energy with which he was going to stride forward from now on, through less tangible grasses that were just as entangling as these and under which the ground was just as soggy and unknown. It was here that he realized he was still clutching his Nietzsche, and the book, too, became a symbol.

By the time he had got off the street car again, near his home, he had resolved to tell them to-night. To tell them simply, without drama, that he knew now he was not their child, he was only adopted. His Aunt Dolly had told him, and he was very grateful to her for it. So, in view of their admission that they had no right to ask him to stay, he was going. He was appreciative, certainly, of what they had done for him. He could understand their desire to keep it a secret as long as they could. He loved them as much as any son could love his parents, he would come back to stay with them whenever

he could (he would dedicate his first novel to them, but he would not tell them that to-night), but he could not stay any longer. That was all.

His Aunt Dolly was walking up and down the block when he approached, straining her nearsighted eyes, on which she absolutely refused to put glasses, to see whether he was coming. When he came finally into her range of vision she took the few steps toward him hurriedly, her whole strangely unpowdered face set for speech. But he spoke first.

"I had a nice afternoon in Swope Park," he said, gaily.

There was no need to confide his plans to her; she had finished with her role in his life. He had no more to do with her.

"It was quite cool in the woods," he went on.

With typical Handel slowness, she could not find anything to say, but trudged beside him up the steps to the porch. She was staring at him, he felt, although he did not turn to look at her.

His mother was in the kitchen, mixing salad for supper.

"Where did you go off to, son?" she said.

He turned away, besieged with the realization that she called him "son" whenever she could. He imagined, too, very clearly, how her face would look when he broke the news—her fat cheeks sagging with incomprehension, her natural slovenliness turned suddenly into the expression of despair.

"I went out to Swope Park," he said, unable to gauge his voice and hoping for the best. "It was nice."

"Hungry?"

"Not yet."

"Take a banana. They're nice and cold, the way you like them. I've got them on the ice."

He took one and went out on the porch to eat it. But he had to force it down. His Aunt Dolly was sitting on the swing watching him without let-up, and he made believe he was reading, remembering to turn the pages with definite frequency.

All during supper his mother had to keep urging him to eat and, try as he would, he could not swallow half the amount of food he would ordinarily have eaten.

"It's the heat," said his father, angrily. "You had no right to go out to the park to-day. Won't you ever get any sense into your head?"

Albert started to become angry; he was on the verge of blurting out something. But he caught the beginning of a conspiratory glance from Dolly, and his anger turned against her. After supper, he thought, would be a better time to say what he had to say—when they were all sitting on the porch.

But Martin Tolman, who had been in his class at high school and who lived down the block, came by in his father's car and asked him whether he wanted to go out. Thankfully, Albert went. They picked up two girls and drove far out into the country. All through everything Albert felt again, as he had felt that afternoon, that he was taking leave of these things. When he got out of the car he stood for a moment with his hand on the closed door and his eyes to the ground. Verbally he was saying goodnight to Martin, actually he was taking a much more permanent farewell. He did not look up at Martin's face, because they never looked at each other after such an evening and never saw each other for a few days afterward.

The house was dark. Smiling to himself at the quality of the thing that had made him postpone his plans (that, too, would make a good point in a novel some day), but too tired to conceive, definitely, exactly what it was all about, he went to bed and fell asleep.

He awakened with a jerk. It was still dark. He knew that he had not slept more than an hour.

And a moment later he was sitting up in bed, completely wet with a sudden hot sweat. His whole body was burning. "For God's sake, who am I?" he shouted and pressed the spread fingers of both his hands slowly backward down

his scalp. "For God's sake, who am I?" This time he said it more softly, for he had remembered there were people asleep in the other rooms. But the question in him had not grown softer; it was rising to a greater clamor. He drew his hands down his face, his neck, his body, each finger digging a painful path in his flesh, as if to pull an answer from it. Then it began to seem to him that he was choking; his hands moved helplessly over the loose collar of his pajamas, trying to clear it still farther from his hot body. "Who am I?" he was saying. Finally he threw himself back into bed and tossed from side to side, beating his fists into the pillow each time. "Who am I?" he said, over and over again. "Who am I?"

More than once he was sure that if he did not get up, rouse the others, make them tell him what they knew, he would go crazy. But he could not lift his body. Eventually dullness came over him. The hall clock struck four. He lay awake, his eyes open, waiting for the gray of dawn. He saw it come, he watched it turn to a sunlit morning, he heard the others up and about and still, for a long time, he lay without stirring because he did not have the strength to raise himself.

That day it did not even occur to him to try to say something to his family. From morning until night he was insensate. Most of the day he lay stretched out on the porch swing, still making a pretense of reading because his Aunt Dolly, herself, showing the marks of a sleepless night, did not leave him by himself for a moment. Several times he went out for a walk, but could not manage to do more than circle the block. He went to bed early and slept at once.

The next morning his awakening brought him, slowly, a clearer realization of what had happened. And as soon as it was clear to him there followed close on it the decision that he would break the strain to-day. He jumped out of bed. He had let two days pass without doing anything. He was a fool. The insensateness of yesterday was unreal to him, he was sure it had been the delusion of his own cowardice. Before the night came he would be on his way.

But the night came, and he was not on his way. Every time he looked at his father or his mother the unity of his resolve collapsed, and in its place rose the question "Who am I?" To-day it was a rhetorical question, without any of the hysterical accompaniments that had tormented him two nights ago. But it disseminated his ability to talk, nevertheless, and he was quiet.

The next day the question began to have meaning again. His throat shouted it over and over from the moment he awakened, even though he made no sound. There was a resumption of his physical suffering, too. He wanted to be alone, because he never knew at what moment he would find himself clawing his own flesh again, with the need to pull some answer from it. He remembered that on the day his aunt had first told him the truth—was it only two days ago?—he had been exultant with the certainty that his blood was better than that of the people who had brought him up. To-day he wanted to beat himself for his conceit, and actually, at one moment while he was staring at himself in the mirror, he slapped himself with uncontrolled force. His blood was not better than theirs; it was worse. He had not inherited genius, but insanity. There was lowness in him and disease. A negro passed, he ran into his room to look into the mirror again, to verify his sudden certainty that there was black blood in him. But the vision of his soft, straight chestnut hair, his hazel eyes, his light skin flung derision back at him, and he crept away, all the more certain that in another moment he would go crazy.

But there were moments when it all dropped from him and he sank weakly back into the knowledge that all this would stand him in good stead, later, for his work. Vague visions played around him of the glory that would be his, in

return for the power he displayed. In all the intermittent times, no matter how far down he had been flung into wretchedness, he never quite lost hold of these moments.

On Sunday he awoke with the resolve to go to church, dressed hurriedly, and started out. But when he came to the building and saw the simple beatitude on the faces of the people who were going in, he turned back, afraid that if he entered he would find what he was looking for and knowing, without any doubt, that it would not be the most admirable way of getting it.

Then the clerk in his father's store became ill, and he spent the greater part of two days meting out sugar and beans and coffee.

"You're getting better," his father said to him. "You're learning in your old age. I thought you would never be able to pour something from the scale pan into a bag without spilling half of it."

Albert had no desire to answer.

Selina Mack, the piano teacher from next door, came into the store. She told him he was not looking well and asked him what was the matter. He was about to answer meaninglessly when the thought suddenly came to him that she was his mother. He could hardly wrap up the loaf of bread she had bought. When she had gone he remembered a hundred moments of gentleness and concern for him that she had displayed. The story was very simple. She had given birth to him in secret somewhere and left him outside the store, knowing that they would probably keep him and that she would have him near to her. To-night, when she was sitting alone on her porch, he would rush up to her and greet her with "Hello, mother!" Perhaps he would not be a writer, after all, but a composer.

As the afternoon passed he became more and more certain that he was right. But as he was hurrying home he remembered that Miss Mack had not moved into the house next door until he was four years old, and that before that she had lived in Rosedale.

He was weak with relief. The hours during which he had imagined that he had the solution now appeared to him in all their unreality. There was comfort in being back where he had started from.

Over what swirling secrets human beings could live quietly, socially, he thought, as the days went on. Here again was something he would have to draw on in later years. The prospect made him happy the first time the thought came to him, but gradually he began to know a richer happiness than that which came out of dreaming of his fame. He was becoming aware of new depths in himself, and the awareness alone was what gave him that richer happiness. He did not know whether these depths had existed before or whether they had been created for him by the experience he was going through. He did not care. He knew only that, sleeping in the bed he had always slept in, eating the same kind of food he had always eaten, walking the same streets, he was changing into a different person. There were still moments each day when he asked himself who he was, but the need to have an answer was becoming more dim. Occasionally he tried to force himself to worry about it, but he could not. Somehow, it did not matter.

For several days his aunt had showed the signs of sleepless nights and had hounded him with fearful glances all day long. But he had sustained the air of untouchability he had established that first afternoon, when he met her walking up and down the block waiting for him. Without any definite gestures, he kept her from starting any discussion of the subject. He even managed, by ways he could not determine, to be seldom alone with her. And gradually her preoccupation with the subject seemed to disappear, too. While it had lasted she had succeeded in overcoming her sister-in-law's objections to being helped with the housework, and had done a great

deal. Now, however, she lapsed once more. She spent more time in the rocking chair and before her mirror, and had even begun to talk about the ungratefulness of her daughter again.

Watching her, Albert marveled still more at the storms over which people could live. Not only was it that one person could live over a storm that was his own secret, but a whole group of people could live over a secret that was jointly theirs. What then had his parents been doing for seventeen years—they and their friends and surely some of their neighbors? A whole structure of life based on a secret, and no signs of it about except his father's bluster and his mother's withdrawing tenderness.

July ended and half of August passed. Albert watched the days go by. For weeks he had not looked into a book. Three times he had turned down Martin Tolman's suggestion that they go out.

"What's the matter? Are you becoming a puritan?" Martin asked him. The challenge roused Albert, he was tempted to call Martin up and say he had changed his mind; but like in so many other things these days, he simply could not bring himself, physically, to do it.

He had never made many overtures to the girls he had gone to school with, but he had always been gracious toward their overtures. The only reason he had not made many overtures himself was because he always felt the insufficiency of the girls he knew. Too much of him remained asleep when he was with them, so he preferred to be alone. The little time he did spend with them reassured him as to his desirability and power, and doubts as to these things always arose in him after a considerable period of solitude. Now, though, even his graciousness toward the overtures made by the girls stopped. When they called him he said that his father's clerk was sick, that he spent entire days in the store, and was terribly tired in the evening. His mother, overhearing his side of the conversation, would come over to him afterward and half-heartedly urge him to go out more. He would look at her big face and wonder at the perpetual struggle it must be hiding. Once the thought came to him that at last he had the explanation for the incongruity between her big body and the smallness of her voice, particularly when she talked to him. She had no more strength to give to her voice after she had ended the combat she must certainly go through each time she made ready to talk to him—the combat between wanting to tell the truth and not wanting to.

Many times each day he remembered that he must finally decide about going, where to go, what college to plan for, if any. The college end of it was not so definite now; there would be money matters involved. Each time he tried to hold on to the thought, to mill through it to an answer. And each time it slipped away from him, without his knowing when or how.

One evening, late in August, Albert came out on the porch where his father and mother were already sitting. His Aunt Dolly was visiting down the street.

There was quiet when he stepped out doors, but he was sure he had heard voices a moment before. Had his coming cut some conversation short? If so, what had they been talking about? Had Aunt Dolly told them? Dizzy with fear that she had, he dropped into a chair facing them both. But already he was asking himself what he was afraid of. Wasn't this what he had wanted all these weeks, that they should know that he knew? Bewildered at himself, he kept staring at them until he saw that their essential repose showed that they did not know.

"Why did you stop talking so suddenly when I came out?" he asked, with a playfulness that was giddy with his relief. "What secrets have you got from me?"

"We weren't talking," said his mother.

"We finished," said his father.

Albert chuckled. There was that impotence of theirs again. To contradict each other so unguardedly! What simple people they were!

"But I heard you mention my name," he lied. "That's really not fair. I have a right to know."

He was aware of the cat-and-mouse quality of his manner, and he was enjoying it. It was so easy to play with them. They did not even know he was playing; no one could reproach him for it.

But why . . . why was he wasting his time like this? This was the moment in which to act! They were alone; the absence of his aunt had helped to create an intimacy for the three of them. Even his teasing was proof of his softness. And more than that—it was at moments like this, he felt, that judgments are made and decisions accepted. He felt it because in himself there was no belligerence, no desire to fight for nonexistent standards, and he was sure it was so with them, too. All three of them had been reduced to their unsullied selves as human beings, and there was no limit to their capacity for understanding. This was the moment at which to go over to them, put an arm around each one, and say, "Look here. Aunt Dolly has told me everything about my parentage. Let's talk about it."

He wanted to do it, he was even sure that if he did not do it now he never would. But he could not bring himself to the physical exertion required. Instead, he heard himself asking, this time not teasingly, but waveringly, as the result of his strange inability to talk out:

"Tell me what you were talking about."

There was a moment of silence. Then, wetting her lips first, his mother spoke:

"We were wondering when you were going down to Junior College to enroll."

He started out of his relaxed pose so violently that the whole wicker chair creaked. His blood was in his temples. What a fool he had been! He was the fool and they were the clever ones! They had waited for his moment of weakness, because they knew that otherwise they did not stand a chance! They were coercing him! It was enough!

But his anger did not last. He remembered the smallness of his mother's voice when she had said her few words. There had been no coercion in it, only pleading. He saw the utter stillness with which his father was awaiting his answer. It was a death sentence they were waiting for, and he could not give it.

"I haven't made any decision yet, about anything," he said, weakly. Then he got up and went into the house.

Nor was he aware of the moment when he did make a decision. But two mornings later he went downtown to the old high-school building that had been turnd into the Junior College and enrolled. Several times, on his way downtown, he started to get off the street car, to go back. At the door of the college he paused, again resolved to go back. And as he was filling out the application blank, and came to the words "Father's name" the whole story became tormentingly alive in him once more, with all its mysteries, and questions, and lies. But automatically his fingers had begun to write "Edward Handel" in the blank space, and he watched them go slowly on to the end of their task.

Self-accusation and taunting were still in him when he came out of the building. For a moment he stood on the opposite corner, looking at the old brick structure and nodding mockingly.

He could not think of riding back, there was too much nervousness in him. So he started to walk the three miles to his home. But as he walked the nervousness passed away, and in its place came energy—exhilarated, exultant.

He had nothing to taunt himself with, he saw now. He had wanted to be free and he was free, in a deeper, riper way than he had ever foreseen. Free, with-

out hurt anywhere around him, except in himself perhaps, and he was strong enough to stand it.

No, even that was not true. He was not hurt. He was not going to play the martyr. There was no denying that what he had now was more than strange cities could ever have taught.

His desire to go away had been only a childish hankering after something that had the appearance of life. Now he had life itself, so much of it that it was not yet quiet in him.

No, he was not yet through with his struggle. He knew that. Even now, as he walked, he continued to look into the face of every man and woman who passed, seeking some resemblance to himself, waiting for some instinctive recognition of his father or his mother. A few days ago his search had been more intense, now he was scanning the faces almost mechanically. But to-morrow, perhaps, some new curiosity would take hold of him. He had gone through so many now that he knew the number was endless. Well, let the torment come. He was ready for it. He looked forward to it. He was even jealous for it. Was this desire for torment a personal idiosyncrasy, he wondered. No, he was certain it was not. What strange creatures we are, he thought, and once more sounded the added depths that had come to him.

How narrowly he had missed some tragedy! Suppose he had blurted out the story a few weeks ago, or even last night? He would have wrecked them, and he did not want to wreck them who had given him life all these years. Not life itself, of course. And yet, what was life to him except what he remembered? He visualized the scene of his finding: a tiny bit of animate flesh squirming around in a basket outside the grocery store one spring morning seventeen years ago. What connection did he have with that infant? It was what he had got since then that mattered; and that they had given to him.

But they—they were different. He had everything; but not they. And it was for him to make up for what they did not have—the months of waiting for him, the final hours, the first few days of his life. And above all, there was the horror of knowing, always, how far he was from them. All they had was the comfort of his physical nearness. It constituted their illusion of possession, and it was for him to maintain it—that was his part in the secret structure.

He would never tease them again as he had teased them last night. There was the warning of tears in his eyes as he strode along. They were tears of thankfulness for whatever it was that had saved him from the tragedy he might have brought about.

At the dinner table he told them what he had done, poised for his father's blustering "So you've come to your senses at last, have you?" and his mother's almost whispered "I knew you would, son." But neither of them said a word. For the second time that day Albert grew weak and felt tears in his eyes. How little he still knew! How much beyond him even they still were! The only sound that had come in answer to his words was a gasp, from his aunt.

That evening she announced that she was going home the next day. Over their objections—genuinely hearty objections because all three of them were excited and they had no other way of showing it—she went into the house, called up the Union Station about trains, and began to pack. The two older people followed her, first continuing with their pleas, and then, when they saw that it was useless, helping her pack.

Albert was left alone on the porch. From the right side came the tinkle of Miss Mack's piano. He remembered, as of years back, his momentary certainty that she was his mother, and the childishness of it amused him. This was one of the moments when it did not matter at all who his mother was. From the other side came the bark of the Chesters' poodle as Mr. Chester

romped with him. Upstairs, Albert knew, the boarder lay asleep. He wondered what was going on in Mr. Chester's mind, in his wife's mind, in the boarder's mind. Then, as the playing of the piano became braver for a few bars, he wondered what Selina Mack was dreaming about as she worked on that second waltz of hers. But this time it was more than wonder; it was almost a need to know.

And suddenly he was thinking of his Aunt Dolly and the strange defeat that was driving her back to Chicago and the daughter she had disclaimed. It was defeat that was driving her back. She had lost her child and she had wanted to deprive her brother and his wife of theirs, too.

Yes, that was it. It was a clever explanation and a true one.

A clever explanation and a true one . . . but it was not enough. It was only the bone; there was flesh around it, and the flesh was a wall to him. What pain did it endure? What surges of blood did it know? What had his aunt gone through this past month? And his parents—what had they gone through these seventeen years?

Would he ever learn these things? Was the power in him? The questions wrung him until he was certain that in another moment he would begin to pray for an answer. Then, suddenly, the tension of the last weeks broke altogether, and for the first time he threw himself down and cried.

DISSENTING OPINIONS

BY JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

TO TENNYSON the law is a "codeless myriad of precedent"; to Coke it is the "perfection of reason." When that great hero of the legal imagination, the "average reasonable man," endeavors to determine to which of these views he shall subscribe, he is genuinely and sorely perplexed. He has an innate respect for constituted authority and a not wholly unselfish reverence for the institution which protects his liberty, his safety, and his property. When he thinks of this he votes with Coke. On the other hand, when he contemplates the continual reversals of lower by higher courts he begins to wonder what it is all about. When he observes successive important decisions rendered by a divided bench, whose minority in a dissenting opinion characterize as fallacious and unsound the authoritative utterance of their own court, he begins to lean very much to Tennyson. We lawyers might as well confess that the layman is entitled to receive from us, if not an excuse, at least an explanation for the mystifying procedure under which nine judges of the highest court in the land—assumed, and in general rightly assumed to be learned leaders of the profession and versed in the law—may reach a conclusion by a vote of five to four and hand down two opinions each of which eruditely proves to its writer's satisfaction that the other is egregiously wrong.

The minority usually couches in no uncertain terms its demonstration that the majority is steeped in error. The Haddock case is typical. The Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of five to four, there held that, under the facts of that case, the State of New York was not compelled to recognize the validity of a divorce granted without personal service upon the defendant by the courts of Connecticut. One of the dissenters, Justice Holmes, wrote: "As I think that the decision not only reverses a previous well-considered decision of this court, but is likely to cause considerable disaster to innocent persons and to bastardize children hitherto supposed to be the offspring of lawful marriage, I think it proper to express my views." With equally characteristic candor the same justice in another case observed: "The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky, but the articulate voice of some sovereign or quasi-sovereign that can be identified, although some decisions with which I have disagreed seem to have forgotten the fact." Each side usually indicates allegiance to the boast of an English jurist, "I may be wrong, but I have no doubts."

There is something in this process offensive to the American passion for uniformity. The appeal to "normalcy" which not so many years ago elected a president of the United States had its justification in a keen knowledge of popular psychology. We have come too much to worship the ideal of mass production in things spiritual and intellectual as well as in things material. Generally we like to think of our law as something clean cut, certain, logical, and easily understood, and of our ministers of justice as wise, learned, and efficient officers who can apply this system of law to the facts in hand very much as the

cook cuts the dough with a cake mold. The layman is generally unable to fathom why the courts should not function summarily without dissent and without friction very much as the umpire functions at a baseball game. My purpose is to attempt to explain why dissent arises and why it is proper and useful to express it.

II

Primarily, it exists because the law deals with material which is the most complicated, difficult, and least understood in the world. That material is human life and experience. It is as varied as men are different. Its manifestations are as multifarious as are the affairs of men. The law has to deal with human motives, good and bad, clear and obscure; with human conduct in every occupation and trade and profession and business; with the complicated processes which man has created for government. Thus, the judge's function is completely differentiated from that of the mere umpire or referee. The referee at the football game has many rules to enforce; he must choose which is applicable, interpret, and apply it. We have sometimes seen the football officials disagree among themselves or reverse their rulings. Recalling this picture, we may perhaps marvel less to find dissent among judges who must arbitrate not the mere playing of a team for sixty minutes, but, continuously through the years, the play and the work and the endeavors of millions and must give coherent rules of conduct for man's myriad activities, ceaselessly impacting upon one another.

Moreover, the law is not self-executing. It must deal through ministers who, however able, are none the less human in the limitation of their wisdom. Their aim is to bring justice out of this human maze. Because life is a maze, they can never reduce the process by which they seek to achieve this aim to a series of formulas upon which all the good and the wise may placidly agree. The "nature of the judicial process," so complex, woven with so many strands of precedent and pragmatism, of logic and ethics, has been pictured by the philosopher of our New York bench, the Chief Judge of our Court of Appeals. The judge is to apply the legal principle. That sounds simple, but it is only a beginning. Judge Cardozo writes: "The directive force of a principle may be exerted along the line of logical progression; this I will call the rule of analogy or the method of philosophy; along the line of historical development; this I will call the method of evolution; along the line of the customs of the community; this I will call the method of tradition; along the lines of justice, morals, and social welfare, the *mores* of the day; and this I will call the method of sociology." These are the interacting forces which make human agents differ among themselves when they engage in the difficult twofold task of doing justice in the particular case and of formulating the rule of decision which shall give guidance for future conduct and future adjudication thereon. The kaleidoscopic contrasts in human reaction to such stimuli are necessarily vivid and marked. We cannot escape the personal equation in the decisions of the courts. The judge is no exception to the proverb "As many men as many minds"—essentially implicit in all human nature. And we may find enlightening illustrations of the working of this individuality of point of view in some of the simplest concrete cases where the courts divide merely because they are dealing with questions upon which men inherently and naturally differ.

An insurance company issued a policy indemnifying the policyholder against damage occasioned by reason of the "ownership or maintenance" of an automobile. The owner was cleaning his automobile with kerosene oil from a nearby open can; he stopped work to light his pipe and tossed away a burning match; it fell in the can of kerosene; the oil ignited and flamed up: instinctively

he kicked the can; it flew against a passerby and burned him. Was that injury occasioned by reason of the "maintenance" of the automobile? The lower court held that it was; the appellate court thought otherwise. So, too, would laymen differ among themselves in the determination of this question, more factual than legal.

Scores of litigations have arisen from a favorite practice among people of modest means to deposit money in the savings bank in trust for some relative or friend. The depositor is under no legal obligation to the beneficiary, keeps the pass book, gives no notice to the beneficiary, exercises control over the account and treats it as his own. Then he dies. Does the money go to his estate or to the beneficiary? The highest court of New York writes that it cannot consider the numerous cases decided by the lower courts "owing to the conflict in the opinions of learned justices" and declares: "It is necessary for us to settle the conflict by laying down such a rule as will best promote the interests of all the people in the state"; and with an air of finality it continues: "We announce the following as our conclusion: A deposit by one person of his own money in his own name as trustee for another, standing alone, does not establish an irrevocable trust during the lifetime of the depositor. It is a tentative trust merely, revocable at will, until the depositor dies or completes the gift in his lifetime by some unequivocal act or declaration, such as the delivery of the pass book or notice to the beneficiary." The attempt of the court here was to create a rule of law which would simply and definitively mirror the actual intent of men and women. But it was a rule from which many other judges had differed and as to which laymen would equally differ. Moreover, these differences have continued when the endeavor was made to apply the principle to new states of fact. Would a will which failed to mention the deposit specifically, but contained a bequest of all of the decedent's property, show an intent to revoke the tentative trust? That is but one of the subsequent questions that have faced the courts. But instead of giving the judicial answers which have been made, I suggest that the reader try to formulate his own answers and decide what he thinks the testator intended. His perplexity will be a fair indication of the reasons for variances in judicial attempts to solve the problem.

A hairdresser applied a hair dye; immediately thereafter her finger became infected; she sued the maker of the hair dye for the damage thus caused her; she gave no independent proof that the dye was poisonous, but asked that an inference to that effect be drawn from the circumstance that her finger showed the infection immediately after the hair dye was used. The lower court held that this was a reasonable inference which rational men might draw; the highest court held that it was not. Possibly a lay court might reverse the highest court and the man on the street stoutly maintain that it was not unreasonable to assume that the hair dye injured the finger which became sore immediately after it was touched by the dye.

A defendant planned to commit a robbery; he started in an automobile to the scene of the proposed crime, but was arrested before he came anywhere near his destination; he never found or saw the man he intended to rob. The lower court held by a vote of three to two that the defendant was guilty of the crime of attempted robbery. The highest court held unanimously that he was not and wrote: "The procuring of the automobile, searching the streets looking for the desired victim, were in reality acts tending toward the commission of the proposed crime. The law, however, recognizes that many acts in the way of preparation are too remote to constitute the crime of attempt" and affirms the principle that "The act amounts to an attempt when it is so near to the result that the danger of success is very great.

There must be dangerous proximity to success." Is starting for the scene of the crime "so near to the result that the danger of success is very great"? Is the defendant entitled to the benefit of the presumption that he might still draw back from the actual commission of the crime? Let the reader compare his answers to these queries with the answers of those who sit beside him.

III

In truth, as Justice Holmes has written, general principles do not decide concrete cases; rather they turn upon the manner in which the judge's individual interpretation of the general principle is applied to the judge's understanding of the facts of the case.

When we consider cases of greater public importance involving general basic principles, the effect of the judge's individual point of view becomes even more clearly marked. His economic training and beliefs mold his opinions. The Supreme Court of the United States had to consider the validity of a New Jersey statute regulating the charges of employment bureaus. The majority of the Court thought the business not so "affected with a public interest" as to justify such price regulation. Justice Sutherland wrote: "While we do not undertake to say that there may not be a deeper concern on the part of the public in the business of an employment agency, that business does not differ in substantial character from the business of a real estate broker, ship broker, merchandise broker, or ticket broker. . . . An employment agency is essentially a private business." Justice Stone, writing for the minority, thought, "Ticket brokers and employment brokers are similar in name; in no other respect do they seem alike to me. To overcharge a man for the privilege of hearing the opera is one thing; to control the possibility of his earning a livelihood would appear to be quite another." The majority held close to the logic of prior decisions; the minority sought to apply the pragmatic test to the phrase "affected with a public interest." Justice Stone pointed out that "For thirty years or more the evils found to be connected with the business of employment agencies in the United States have been the subject of repeated investigations. . . . They show that the agencies, left to themselves, very generally charge extortionate fees . . . that the fees charged are often discriminatory. . . . Fee-splitting has been a recurrent subject of complaint . . . at times of widespread unemployment the private agencies are known to raise their fees out of all proportion to the reasonable value of their services." Economic training led the majority to emphasize the freedom of contract; it led the minority to consider the phrase an empty shibboleth if in fact there was no such freedom.

Moreover, the courts must give answer to questions which turn even more sharply upon the social philosophy of the judge, where the structure of decision is firmly and laboriously erected on the judge's individual social creed.

Rosika Schwimmer, an alien, filed a petition for naturalization. She was asked, "If necessary, are you willing to take up arms in defense of this country?" She answered, "I would not take up arms personally. If the United States can compel its women citizens to take up arms in defense of the country—something that no other civilized government has ever attempted—I would not be able to comply with this requirement of American citizenship." And she added, "I am an uncompromising pacifist. I have no sense of nationalism, only a cosmic consciousness of belonging to the human family." The Supreme Court of the United States held that she could not receive citizenship. Justice Butler's prevailing opinion recites: "Such persons are liable to be incapable of the attachment for and devotion to the principles of our Constitution that are required of aliens seeking naturaliza-

tion." Justice Brandeis concurred in a dissenting opinion by Justice Holmes, shot through and through with the flaming enthusiasm for an ideal, that precious possession of youth of which the years have not robbed the oldest member of our highest court. He writes: "Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate. . . . And, recurring to the opinion that bars this applicant's way, I would suggest that the Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is, that many citizens agree with the applicant's belief, and that I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount."

Finally we come to a decision like that in the Dred Scott case, one of the type which tends to make the political history of the nation. In main outline, here was a case of stark and dramatic simplicity. Dred Scott was a negro slave belonging to an army surgeon, Doctor Emerson. In the year 1834 his master took him into the Territory of Upper Louisiana where slavery was prohibited; he also took him into the free state of Illinois. Scott asserted that he thereby became a free man. He brought suit in the state court of Missouri to establish his freedom and the highest court of that state, reversing its previous decisions, held against him. He then brought a suit in the federal court against a master to whom Doctor Emerson had purported to sell him. The Circuit Court had no jurisdiction unless the plaintiff and the defendant were "citizens" of different states. A primary question raised by the defendant was that a negro slave, even if freed, could not become a citizen; that even if he might cease to become a piece of property the law could not endow him with the attributes of citizenship and that, therefore, the case would have to be dismissed for want of jurisdiction. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld this contention by a vote of five to two. There were seven opinions—five against Dred Scott and two for him. They cover over two hundred and thirty printed pages of the reports. Precedents are cited and hairs are split. On the surface judges are discussing the technicalities of citizenship and jurisdiction. But all the dressing of legal phraseology is insufficient to obscure the skeletons upon which the reasoning was hung and the votes cast. The Chief Justice writing against Dred Scott referred to the Declaration of Independence and announced as an axiom that "the enslaved African race were not intended to be included and formed no part of the people who framed and adopted this Declaration." Justice McLean, who held that Dred Scott was a citizen of the United States, wrote: "We need not refer to the mercenary spirit which introduced the infamous traffic in slaves, to show the degradation of negro slavery in our country. . . . I prefer the lights of Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, as a means of construing the Constitution in all its bearings, rather than to look behind that period, into a traffic which is now declared to be piracy, and punished with death by Christian nations. I do not like to draw the sources of our domestic relations from so dark a ground."

What factually divided the court was the irreconcilable difference in the ultimate basic political beliefs of the judges. No court, not even the highest, was so far removed from life, so segregated, so set apart, that its members could fail to feel beating upon their minds and their consciences the passionate conflict of political creeds which was slowly rending the nation to the point of civil war. And as they were impelled by their deep convictions on this great political issue, these judges, in complete honesty, thought and wrote and voted.

After the Civil War came the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Among other things it forbade any state to make or enforce any law "which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Historically it was doubtless designed solely to prevent the oppression of the colored race. When it was first considered by the Supreme Court of the United States, the majority of the court so limited it and refused to hold that a statute of Louisiana, conferring a monopoly to maintain slaughter houses, violated the constitutional guaranty of equality or deprived competitors of their property without due process of law. Four members of the court dissented, all approving an opinion of Justice Field, which concludes: "That only is a free government in the American sense of the term under which the inalienable right of every citizen to pursue his happiness is unrestrained except by just, equal and impartial laws."

The history of Justice Field's opinion is the demonstration of the purpose and value of the statement of judicial dissent. As the radical of to-day is the conservative of to-morrow, so the dissent of to-day often becomes the law of to-morrow. The philosophy underlying Justice Field's opinion is now firmly embodied in the law of the land. All the many cases dealing with the validity of the exercise of police power and with many kindred subjects have been decided in the light of that philosophy. The late Judge Hough of the Circuit Court of Appeals of New York expressed the wish that lawyers "would measure the development of law by dissents—which are worth more study than is usually accorded them." He continued: "In a court not subject to sudden change, able and continued dissent delimits and accentuates decision; it reveals far more than does the majority opinion the intellectual differences of the council table; and the present status of the police power is to me more clearly revealed by the dissents of Justice Holmes than by the syllabi of digests."

That great dissenter once wrote: "But when men realize that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes can be carried out. That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment." Perhaps, consciously or unconsciously, he was here expressing the philosophy of his own judicial life which so often prompted him to vigorous and enlightening dissent.

IV

Even where the theory of the dissent does not ultimately prevail, its expression is no futile gesture. The law is not a dead or static mechanism. It is a living organism which grows and develops to meet the ever-shifting panorama of life. Its progress is slowed on the one hand by adherence to precedent which keeps it stable; and quickened on the other by the poignant desire of its ministers to make it conform with the social and economic and political needs of the age. The dissenting opinion voices at times the protest against too speedy departure from accepted faith and too slight respect for settled authority; at other times it strikes with appropriate impatience at the shackles which bind the law too firmly to outworn creeds and bygone technicalities. Even though it never becomes the majority view, it is no voice crying in the wilderness. The dissenting judge, if he

achieves nothing else, at least whets the reasoning and clarifies the expression of the majority. He accentuates the points of agreement and of difference and thus more accurately defines and delimits the actual holding of the case. He offers himself as a kind of intellectual anvil upon which the hammer of the majority may beat out and finely fashion an exactly wrought declaration of the law of the case. The exercise of this function alone would justify his existence. And, over and above this, he often points the path by which future generations shall proceed on the never-ending quest for justice.

POPLARS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THEY are the hillside monarchs, these
Lombardy poplar trees.
Above the lower reaches of the shade,
They wear their coronals of light—
Cool silver in the fiercest noon—
And in the audience chamber of the night,
Where courtier aspens go arrayed
In all the velvet darkness of the glade,
They only, wear the fillet of the moon.

They are the guardians of the street,
Standing, from head to feet
In armor burnished by the wind that strays
In higher ethers and leaves free
The branches of a wider girth
On every motionless and lowlier tree.
While sheltering from the treacherous ways
They give their hearts to thrushes, that shall praise
A lyric throne above the listening earth.

So being royal, shall they bear
The fury of the air—
These, that for guests, had little singing things,
When armies of the winds assail
And all the batteries of the sky
Release the shattering charges of the hail.
For these that touched the lyric wings
Of life have yet the dauntless hearts of kings
And show at need how wounded monarchs—die.

THE JINX AND PHYLLIS

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

LUCK? Yes, some people are born with it and some are born to do without it; but for most of us it pretty well evens up in the long run—especially if we take hold and help. For instance, there was the case of Phyllis Netherman.

Phyl's bad luck began a couple of years before she was born, when Henry Netherman met Esmeralda Ingoldsby. It was bad luck for Henry too, but he was one of those people who bear bad luck so nobly that they attract it like a magnet. Esmeralda told him that she didn't love him and never would, and that she didn't intend to marry anyway. Her life was devoted to her work, she said—the work of the Society for the Prevention of Something or Other and the Suppression of Something Else, of which she was founder, president, and guiding spirit.

But Henry kept after her, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and in a moment of weakness—when the heaviest contributor to her society died, leaving all his money to his family—Esmeralda allowed Henry to lead her to a marriage license bureau, and thence to a pastor's study. Then in due time there was Phyllis; and a few years later—the summer I was ten years old—they bought a cottage up here on Peatogue Lake.

We're an average lot, we of the Peatogue summer colony—none of us poor and none of us rich (now that the Dillards are gone, who used to have that big estate down the lake shore); just a slice of middle-class America, so much alike in race and background and temperament that newcomers complain that the summer is almost over before they can tell us apart. And we're just like one big family; most of us started coming here as children and grew up on the beach with the boys and girls we married afterward. But the colony took the Nethermans in, for they seemed like all the rest of us. She had graduated from Packer Institute in Brooklyn, and he was in the cotton business—going down to New York on Monday morning and coming back Friday evening, like all the other Peatogue husbands, and making an adequate but not an offensive amount of money.

Even when we learned that this was the Esmeralda Ingoldsby Netherman who was so renowned for prevention and suppression nobody cared much till she started trying to prevent and suppress around Peatogue. Young as I was that summer, I remember the uproar. Esmeralda wasn't one of these sour reformers; she was large and bland and smiling. She was always having a lot of fun and she insisted that you must have a lot of fun too, or what she called fun. The old-timers couldn't get rid of her; but they made her give up trying to reform us. Everybody liked Henry Netherman; and if his wife didn't quite belong, she gave the impression that she was set apart by her fame, as was Mrs. Dillard by her money. Esmeralda could see the advantages of being a big frog in a small puddle.

But Phyl grew up on the beach with all the rest of us. When she came she'd had the precise speech and quiet good manners of a child who hasn't played much with other children; but of course that didn't last. I was fifteen, Phyl was eleven, before it occurred to me that she was different from other girls; and then only when I overheard mother saying to father, one Friday evening:

"I had a long talk with the Battleship to-day." (Esmeralda was known around Peatogue as the Battleship; and she was proud of it.) "She's quite worried over Phyllis's romantic tendencies. It seems the girl is mad about stories of knights and heroes. . . . Poor Phyl! She'll need a hero."

"Why?" I put in; and mother glowered at me.

"You aren't supposed to be listening, Benny." So I pretended to read a book, but I kept my ears open as she went on—"It will take a brave boy to try to marry the poor girl, with that old dragon standing guard."

"She'll meet somebody who doesn't know Esmeralda," father predicted.

"Where? The Battleship doesn't trust schools and colleges. Phyl is to be privately educated—trained to carry on her mother's work. Of course, says Esmeralda, marriage is an experience that shouldn't be missed, but it's to be only an incident in Phyl's career. Which means that the girl and her husband, if she ever gets one, will be nothing but slaves to that woman. I tell you, John, it's terrible!"

"Lots of things are terrible," said father, in what I had learned to recognize as his Friday evening voice. "Business, for instance. I'm not going to waste worry on Phyllis Netherman."

"Every parent of a boy in Peatogue ought to worry about her! She's going to be a raving beauty, with that fiery red hair and those sultry brown eyes. Do you want your son to have Esmeralda for a mother-in-law?"

I thought that was nonsense; Phyllis was only a skinny kid. Still, I remembered what I heard that evening. And I suppose in the next few years some such conversation took place in every cottage around Peatogue Lake, where there was a boy who was growing up on the beach with Phyllis.

She turned out a raving beauty, sure enough; but as she grew up we boys were all afraid of her. Like the Dillards' bear, somebody said; but she was worse than that. The Dillards' bear cub had grown up on the beach with us, too. Now that he was a full-grown bear, strangers were afraid of him; whenever he left the estate the Dillard boys came with him, or right behind. But to us who had grown up with him he was still one of the gang.

But our mothers had managed to endow Phyl with an atmosphere of nameless horror—like that girl Hawthorne wrote about, who was fed on poisons. She felt it, too. When the crowd was lounging on the beach after a swim she'd sometimes join in the chatter—and then all at once she'd catch herself, and go off into a queer silence, as if she'd remembered she didn't belong. She took to swimming alone at sunrise, by the big rock at the corner of the Dillard place; to strolling alone on the beach, shy and stiff and proud. Somebody called her the Sleep-walking Beauty.

What's that you say? What was the matter with us boys? Where was our spirit, that one of us didn't run off with her? . . . Well, our mothers had trained us early; they didn't wait till Phyl was old enough to excite us. By the time she ripened, every boy in Peatogue had certain facts imbedded in his background of knowledge—toadstools were poison and so was she. And if we ever started to forget it, there was Esmeralda before our eyes. We were all afraid of the old Battleship.

At that, I was the first boy who ever kissed Phyl. (Oh, it's all right to tell it; she tells it herself, and laughs about it, damn her.) Just before I went back to college for my junior year I somehow

got up courage to take her home from the Saturday night dance at the club. On the porch, I forgot that she was poison; she was Phyllis, so I kissed her. She took it open-eyed, reflective, wondering if she liked it. I kissed her again . . . That time her eyes closed; she certainly did like it. So did I. Then I let go of Phyl in a hurry, for the old Battleship was steaming out on the porch.

"Come, Benny!" She smiled like a hungry dragon. "You're too big a boy to maul the girls like that, now. Besides, it's time to go home."

Yes, I went home. So would you.

I wasn't permitted to see much more of Phyl before I went back to college. I told her I'd write to her, but she said it was no use—her mother read all her letters. I hadn't meant to write anything her mother couldn't read, but I was ashamed to admit it, after that. She said she might write to me, but she never did; and that fall I met a girl named Lois McCarthy at the Princeton game; and— Well, that's how it all began. My wife's the salt of the earth; I'm glad I never got mixed up with Phyl. Though sometimes I've wondered . . . If I'd known as much that summer as I think I know now . . .

But I was telling you about Phyllis.

I missed two or three summers at the lake, while I was getting my start in the office; but after the baby was born Lois and I took the old cottage, and I began coming up on Friday evening, and getting up early Monday morning to take the ferry across the lake, and catch the 8:15 train back to town, just as father had done for twenty years. Peatogue was still the same, and most of the old crowd was there, including Phyl.

She was her mother's secretary now; but the reform industry was feeling the post-war deflation, and Esmeralda apparently thought Phyl might as well get her experience of marriage in the slack season. At any rate, when Phyl's fiancé presently came up for a visit we could guess that her mother had picked him out. We all met him at tea the day after he arrived. His name was Alfred; he came of an old Brooklyn family, with money; and the general verdict was that he was about as good as could be expected.

But that evening Phyl took him for a walk; and on the winding path beyond the Dillard place they met a large black bear. Phyl knew the Dillard boys would be right behind him, and she turned to tell Alfred so. But Alfred had gone.

I'll say this for Alfred—he knew enough to keep on going. He may have looked back and seen Phyl and the bear engaged in a friendly chat; but he kept right on going. It was sixteen miles around the lake to the railroad station, over wooded hills where he didn't know the trails; but he made it, afoot and in the dark, rather than go back to face Esmeralda. The Nethermans never spoke of him again; but Phyl turned up with a new fiancé next summer, and we could see she'd picked this one herself.

There was nothing the matter with Rudy, except that he didn't have any money. He was a Hungarian, an ex-war aviator; not a nobleman, he insisted, just a country gentleman whose estates had been annexed and confiscated by the Rumanians. His manners were charming; and Bob Dillard, who had lately bought a seaplane and started commuting by air from the lake to the foot of Wall Street, reported that he flew like a bird. But he had no money, and neither had Phyl. Henry Netherman had died, leaving a tidy property invested in guaranteed first mortgages at five per cent; but of course he'd left it all to Esmeralda.

The old Battleship took the engagement like a sportsman. The young people had surprised her, she admitted, but she liked Rudy. Only, she couldn't think of letting her child marry an aviator; and aviating was all that Rudy knew. But there was no hurry, said

Esmeralda; let Phyl and Rudy have a good time at the lake that summer, and maybe something would turn up. And so it did, after pictures of the engaged couple had appeared in all the papers—a suit against Rudy, by a manicure girl in a San Antonio hotel. Not breach of promise—non-support. He'd married her when he was an enlisted man at Kelly Field, under another name.

Some people will tell you that the other name was his real one; that he'd learned all his flying on stolen time at Kelly Field, and had never been nearer Hungary than Coney Island. I don't believe it. I believe he enlisted in the American army because he was broke, and changed his name because he was ashamed; I believe he really thought that Mexican divorce he'd got was good. Phyl believed that, too, and took him up to explain it all to her mother. . . . Well—poor Rudy. He'd faced the Dillards' bear without flinching, but he couldn't stand up against Esmeralda. He went—God knows where, but I'll bet he kept on going too.

So people began to talk about the terrible luck poor Phyl was having. Even mothers who had taught their boys she was poison were sorry for her, now that their boys were safely married. But Phyl, naturally, began to think that maybe she was poison—a jinx to every man who loved her.

"Though," she told my wife afterward, "it was partly my own fault."

My wife is Phyl's best friend at the lake—perhaps because she's about the only woman who didn't grow up on the beach with her, in the days when she didn't quite belong.

"I've always expected too much of men," Phyl confessed to Lois the summer after Rudy went. "I expected a hero—but heroes are scarce. And I didn't know how to handle the men I had. It was Alfred's legs that took him away from the bear, not his intentions. If I'd given him another chance . . . And Rudy really did want me, not that other woman. I told him I'd wait till he got rid of her, even if it took years; and he was all for doing it till mother lit into him. I ought to have known enough to run off with him, and never let him meet her at all. I guess I'll have to try to make my own luck after this. In fact," said Phyl, gallantly trying to laugh about it, "I'm about ready to take any reasonable offer—and it doesn't have to be too damned reasonable, at that. But the men I meet in the winter, working for mother, are simply hopeless; and here at the lake everybody knows I'm a jinx now."

"You know what the jinx is as well as I do!" said Lois fiercely. "Break away from your mother! You could be somebody else's secretary—"

"I couldn't leave her," Phyl sighed. "Mother's feeling low, though she won't admit it. Five per cent's a miserable income, she says, so last winter she took about half her money and put it into something that would bring her ten per cent with perfect security. She got ten per cent, all right—ten per cent of her capital back, when she finally sold out. And her reform society isn't doing so well just now—"

"What of it?" Lois snapped. "You don't care about the fool thing."

"No," said Phyl, "but she does. I couldn't let her down."

So we began to worry about poor Phyl, who was only twenty-three and more beautiful than ever, but had the manner of somebody's maiden aunt aged forty-eight—pleasant but aloof, as if her life were all over. And then something incredible happened, which made the older people tell us sagely that everything came out right in the long run.

Bob Dillard fell in love with Phyl.

At first we didn't take it seriously. He flew up from Wall Street every evening, to stroll over after dinner and talk to her; but they'd grown up on the beach together and had always been like brother and sister. Then all at once they broke the news that they were going to be married in October. Lois claims

that Phyl was never crazy about Bob, the way she'd been about Rudy; but she liked him a lot, and he wasn't afraid of the jinx. And he promptly told Esmeralda she'd have to get a new secretary, for he and Phyl were going to spend their winters at Palm Beach.

How did Esmeralda like that? Nobody asked her how she liked it, but she took it. You don't argue with ten million dollars.

So all the women said it was too beautiful, the way poor Phyl's luck had turned at last. She still swam before breakfast, by the big rock next to the Dillard place—just about the time Bob took off for Wall Street. You could see the rock from our house; Lois used to get up and watch them from her window—Phyl poised on the rock, lithe and straight against the sunrise, blowing a kiss in the air as Bob flew by; and he answering her with a loop or a zoom or a barrel roll.

So it was Lois who ran to the rescue the morning something happened to his engine in the middle of a stunt, two hundred feet above the lake. She was too late to help Bob; he'd been killed when he hit the water. But Phyl had plunged in to rescue him, before she knew; and Lois managed to drag her out of the lake—fighting and sobbing, begging Lois to let her die.

After that, nobody doubted that she was a jinx.

The Dillards moved away, and put up the estate for sale; but Esmeralda and her daughter were back the next summer, and the next. They hadn't been able to sell the cottage; Esmeralda wouldn't rent it with her household treasures in it, and she couldn't afford to leave it empty. She'd been trying another of those ten-per-cent investments.

The second summer she arrived in a wheel chair, and we'd have given three cheers if it hadn't been for Phyl. The old Battleship wasn't sunk, but she was badly waterlogged. She'd had enemies in her own organization—all these reformers seem to hate one another like poison—and they'd got together and pitched her out. She always swore she'd have turned the tables on them at the next meeting if she hadn't had her stroke.

Apoplexy? Well, she said so; but she could still move, though not much, or suddenly; when she went anywhere Phyl had to push her. Lois, whose father was a doctor, swore it was only a neurosis; Esmeralda's nerves had faked a collapse, to give her an excuse for not making a fight she couldn't win. Maybe so. At any rate, newcomers always remarked on the brave way she bore her affliction; she didn't look at all careworn.

It was, as usual, the people around her who looked careworn.

Not Phyl, particularly; she was silent and withdrawn, but lovely. But she reminded me of the Dillard place—boarded up, untenanted, unwanted. There were no unmarried men at the lake; and in the winter, chained to her mother's wheel chair, she met no men at all. Her brown eyes were sultrier than ever; somebody said she looked like smoldering dynamite.

Some of the women were inclined to criticize her when they found that she still swam every morning at the rock where Bob had crashed. She told Lois she had had to do that—fight it out with her nerves, there on the spot, to save herself from complete collapse. But even to Lois she didn't talk much; only, one evening, when Lois mentioned some inexpensive pleasure that Phyl might enjoy in town next winter:

"I won't even be able to eat next winter," said Phyl, "unless I can leave mother and get a job. We won't have a cent of income after October. She's taken all that's left of her money—all of it, Lois!—and put it into some new company that even the broker says may not pay a dividend for years. She thinks the stock's going up, of course."

"You ought to leave her, Phyl!" said Lois savagely. "Let her sink or swim—she'd swim, I'll bet—and look out for yourself."

"For myself?" Phyl shrugged listlessly. "Oh, I'm jinxed."

In August, when I got my two weeks' vacation, I brought a guest up to the lake with me—a man I'd known at college, named Neil Desmond.

"What on earth did you do that for?" my wife demanded. "Your one chance in the summer to be alone with your family. Just because he was an old college friend you hadn't seen for years . . ."

"It wasn't just that," I explained uncomfortably. "When I told him what a quiet place this was—nobody but peaceful married couples bringing up children—he looked so wistful that I couldn't help asking him."

"So men feel that in him too," she mused. "We'll be lucky if he doesn't wreck a home before these two weeks are over."

"Not in Peatogue!" I laughed. "Besides, he isn't interested in women; he told me so. He wouldn't come till I said there wasn't an unattached woman in the place. I forgot about poor Phyl."

"She's the most attached of us all," Lois sighed. "But when women attached to husbands who are in town from Monday to Friday see those eyes of his . . . Oh, yes, my dear, even in Peatogue. I'm not sure I like him, myself; but if he were visiting somebody else, and you weren't here . . ."

"You may think that's comedy," I told her, "but I don't. Anyway, Neil's a poet. These women are literary; they'll envy his hostess."

"They would if he were Henry van Dyke," she said, "or Robert Underwood Johnson. Or if you'd stayed in town."

But Neil wrecked no homes; he stayed away from women. He hardly ever went to the beach where the crowd gathered; he used to put on a bathing suit after breakfast and go off to spend the day sun-bathing in the hills, or swimming alone, far from the settlement. But one morning he went out before breakfast; and when he came back, to look at his face was like listening to the Philharmonic Orchestra.

"I've seen a nymph!" he burst out. "A bronze naiad with a torch of fiery hair, poised on a rock against the sunrise! We swam together, in silence; there was no need of words, in that perfect moment. But now I don't even know who she is!" he finished, petulant as a child.

"Oh, that must have been Phyllis Netherman," I told him. "Poor Phyl—no wonder she doesn't say much. She's had such hard luck . . ."

A look from my wife hit me like a blackjack, and I said no more.

"Lost her money, eh?" said Neil. "That's bad, but there are worse misfortunes. . . . Married? No? Thank God!" He prowled off to his room.

"Ben Odwell, I'd have killed you if you'd said another word!" Lois blazed. "Don't you see that this is Phyl's chance—a man who never heard of her jinx? I'll see that he doesn't hear anything, either."

"If he meets Esmeralda," I said, "he won't need to hear anything."

But Phyl had learned a lesson; she never let him meet her mother—said she was too ill to see strangers, I believe. Neil went out at dawn next morning, to come back with that same melodious face; and that afternoon he and Phyl strolled down to the beach and joined the crowd of bathers. It was her way of announcing that if anybody knew of any impediment to this affair, let them speak now or forever after hold their peace.

Nobody spoke; Lois had seen to that. Any woman who had given Phyl away would have been lynched by all the others—scratched to pieces with their finger nails. . . . Splendid sportsmanship, you say? Fine sex solidarity? Yes, it was all of that, but that wasn't all. Phyl didn't notice men, and there were no unmarried men at the lake for her to notice; but a man didn't have to be unmarried to notice that she looked like smoldering dynamite. Mothers no longer worried about her, but a few of

the wives were beginning to. (No, not my wife; at least she says not.)

There were husbands, I suppose, who thought Neil ought to be warned. You might marry a girl who had epilepsy in the family, but you'd want to know about it first; and Esmeralda was worse than epilepsy. But nobody warned him. We are experienced husbands up here in Peatogue.

"At that," I told Lois, "I don't know how Neil could support a wife. There's no money in poetry; he barely makes his own living. If he had Phyl to look after—Esmeralda too, now that she's squandered her money—"

"I don't care if he only makes a thousand dollars a year!" she said. "Phyl must have her chance! She can earn her own keep as a secretary, and we'll pass the hat for Esmeralda. If only nothing happens . . . I do hope . . . Oh, it would kill her, if anything happened now!"

But nothing happened for a week or so, except that our guest was out every day, all day and all evening. One night, however, he came in before Lois and I had gone to bed, and tried to make conversation with us; but he looked preoccupied. I began to talk about his work.

"Hah!" he snorted. "My work! Everything I've ever written has been damned with the same adjectives—wistful, haunting, tender! They pop up in every review. And it's true! That's the kind of stuff I write—all I'm fit for. I'd like to tunnel through mountains, or discover gold fields, or fly across the North Pole; but I can't even write about such things. All I'm good for is a little verse—wistful, haunting, tender! Bah!"

He stormed off to his room. Lois looked at me, rather frightened.

"Ben, what do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"She's promised to marry him," I conjectured, "and now he feels all unworthy of the wonder girl. Don't worry; that mood will pass."

"Oh, it will, will it?" said Lois. "Well, I hope it passes soon, whatever it is. I don't like the way he acts, Ben."

"He's all right," I said, though by now I was a little worried, too. "There never was a poet who didn't secretly believe he was better than Shakespeare, no matter what he said. There!" Overhead, we heard him walk to the corner of the room, where there was a desk; it creaked as he leaned on it. "He'll write a poem," I predicted, "and work it off."

"I do hope nothing happens," said Lois uneasily. When we went to bed, she peered through the crack of Neil's door. "He's still writing," she reported. "But I don't like it. Nothing must happen, now!"

The next thing I knew it was daylight, and Lois was shaking me.

"Ben Odwell, get up! He's gone! . . . Who? Neil, of course! That miserable creature you called your friend! Gone!"

"What of it?" I asked, trying to prop my eyes open. "He's gone for his regular sunrise swim with Phyl."

"He has not! I saw him from the window. He was dressed and he had his suitcase and he was going the other way—toward the dock! Going to take the ferry and catch the train! And read this note he left for us!"

I read it, in the pink light of the rising sun.

Dear Lois and Ben—

A thousand thanks for all your kindness; a thousand apologies for this brusque departure. But I couldn't let this go on; it would have been too horrible. I'll write you some day—from the desert, perhaps, or the South Seas. NEIL.

"The rotten coward!" Lois cried. "Somebody must have told him something! I wonder who? If ever I find out . . ." She looked at the clock on the bedside table. "Ten minutes to ferry time, Ben! You can still catch him and bring him back."

"Bring him back? But, my dear, if he doesn't want to come back . . ."

"Drag him back! By the hair! No, don't stop to put your clothes on. If you can't go after him in your pajamas I'll go in my nightgown!"

Well, I went—in my pajamas; it seemed best. I got there with two minutes to spare; and thank God this wasn't Monday morning—there was nobody on the ferry but Neil. By that time I was about as mad as Lois. You'd be mad, too, at a man who made you run a mile before breakfast.

"You come back!" I told him. "I don't care what you've heard—come back to that girl!" He regarded me mournfully.

"And wreck both our lives? Ben, I've glimpsed Paradise this last week; but to ask that lovely girl to bear the burden that weighs me down . . ."

"What burden?" I asked. He heaved a profound sigh.

"Ben, old man, I'm jinxed. In all my love affairs some inescapable fatality pursues me. I ought to have told Phyl days ago; but I couldn't bear to wreck our idyll. But last night I wrote her a letter; I thrust it under her door as I left. She'll find it when she gets up—the story of the disaster that always follows when women's paths cross mine."

"What happens to these women?" I asked. Neil sighed again.

"Usually," he said, "they get sent around the world, by wealthy parents, to escape marriage with a wastrel. . . . There was Mildred—her father wanted me to go into his office. He said poetry wasn't a business. I refused, so they sent her around the world." He paused, shuddering.

"What then?" I asked sympathetically. "Did she— Did she die?"

"Die? Hell, no. She married the Governor of Hong Kong. Then there was Clarice. Her father said he wouldn't have me in his office. When he sent her around the world, she swore her love would endure; but she married an Argentine polo player. And then Adele—she was married already. I set myself to write a best-selling novel, so that I could afford to ask her to leave her husband. While I was writing it he sent her around the world—and went along with her, the brute! She said when we parted that the trip would be hell on earth; but she wrote me from Singapore that it had turned out to be a second honeymoon."

"And the novel?" I asked. "Did you ever finish it?" (If it had been a best seller, he ought to be able to support Phyl, and Esmeralda too.)

"Oh, yes. It sold eight hundred copies. The critics said it was wistful, haunting, tender. . . . So don't you see, old man, that I'm doomed and damned? Phyl's mother can't afford to send her around the world, but something will happen. Something always has."

"You pusillanimous coward," I began—and then the long blast of the whistle drowned my voice. While we'd been talking, the ferry had cast off; a lane of water widened between Neil on the boat and me on the dock—too far to jump. Poor Phyl's jinx had struck her a final blow.

Thus musing, I heard the patter of bare feet on the dock; a bronze streak shot past me, topped by a torch of fiery hair, and plunged into the water. Phyl had got his letter sooner than he had expected—she got up early these mornings, for that sunrise swim with him—and had decided to make her own luck. The ferry stopped; Phyl climbed aboard, all dripping, and tumbled into Neil's arms. What about his jinx that had worried him so? Well, apparently he forgot that when Phyl kissed him. So would you.

And then the dock behind me resounded with a majestic tread, and I turned to face Esmeralda. Yes, the old Battleship, steaming along at full speed. What Phyl said to her mother before she left home nobody ever knew, but whatever it was, it cured that neurosis in a hurry.

"Young man!" boomed the Battleship. "Bring back my daughter!"

"I will not!" Neil yelled defiantly. "She's mine! I'll never let her go!"

"You poor fool!" said Esmeralda. "I only want her to come back and get her clothes on. Never shall it be said that the child of Esmeralda Ingoldsby Netherman was married in her bathing suit."

So you see it all evens up in the long run.

What's that? You don't see that marrying a crazy poet evens up for much? Well, Phyl seems to think it does; Neil's quite sane, anyway, since she took him in hand. She was too wise to make him over; he still writes poetry, which the critics still describe as wistful, haunting, and tender. But he never looks at another woman. Neither would you, if you lived with Phyl. Neither would Casanova.

How do they live? Very well indeed, in a fourteen-room duplex on Park Avenue. No, of course the poetry doesn't pay for that; they bought it with the money Phyl got from her mother. After the wedding, Esmeralda went to the meeting of her reform society to turn her enemies out; but while she was denouncing them she had another stroke—a real one this time—and died with her boots on. And she left Phyl the remnant of Henry Netherman's money, all sunk in the stock of a new company that had never paid a dividend.

That company was called the Radio Corporation of America, and Esmeralda had picked up a couple of thousand shares—old shares, long before the split-up—at thirty-four. I'd say that evens up for quite a run of bad luck, wouldn't you?

PARTING SONG

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

THE interfering stars above
Decree that we must part,
So, fare you well, my loveliest love,
With, I suppose, my heart.

And I shall grieve for you, my sweet—
For who is truly wise?—
Though all the sour facts repeat
That blessings love disguise.

Oh, other joys, they say, abound
In thoughtful Man's estate,
But Love still makes the world go round
That else were going straight.

A DEFENSE OF FRENCH MORALS

BY MARY BORDEN

TO DEFEND anything is attractive. It is a noble and agreeable occupation. The title of Defender has a splendid ring. I like it better than that of Crusader. Crusaders, indeed of any kind, fill me with horrid doubts. Not so defenders. Self-defense is a simple necessity and the defense of someone else an impulsive act that brings a glow of self-satisfaction. This is merely a way of saying that I am delighted to rush to the defense of the much abused and misunderstood group of social notions called French morals. Nor do I intend to limit myself to the easy task of saying that the French are not as immoral as they seem to foreigners, that the real Paris is not the gilded roundabout of prancing vice that it appears to the tourist, and that the French nation, like any other nation, is composed of a mass of obscure human beings good and bad. All that goes without saying; and when we are prepared to admit that on near acquaintance the French people are no better and no worse than most people, but are merely more intelligent than some and more artistic than others, and better judges in matters of taste than most, then there remains something definite that has to do with an attitude of mind towards conduct, which I call French morality.

It is a perfectly definite thing, and it is, I believe, peculiar, an indigenous product as truly as champagne, with a quality as undeniable as good cognac. It does in fact resemble old cognac. It is both sharp and subtle. It stings at first, then stupefies. It is strong and mellow with age and it is not a drink likely to agree with foreigners. It goes to their heads, befuddles their wits, and as likely as not upsets their stomachs. No barbarian can thrive on it. It affects the primitive as rum affects negroes. Only the most thoroughly disciplined and temperate of Anglo Saxons can imbibe it with advantage, and few of them do. There is no more sorry sight on earth than that of an American or an Englishman aping what he thinks are the ways and amusements of the French. The pathos lies in the fact that he apes their ways very clumsily and in matters of amusement misses the point of the joke. He is neither light enough on his feet nor quick enough in wit, nor are his appetites sufficiently under the control of his head. He is, in other words, too human. What in the Frenchman is graceful becomes in him boorish and indecent. What on the Frenchman's lips is witty becomes on his own merely vulgar; and where the Frenchman remains an impersonal artist, creating out of puppets an aëry, wicked, mischievous pantomime, the Englishman or the American may very well become a blundering brute. And just here it is perhaps as well to make one or two definite statements about French morality.

First of all, let it be known then that its basis is a grim, prosaic thing—common sense. It has been built up, not to provide an incentive to the attainment of an impossible ideal, but to protect a community. Idealism and the pursuit of holiness are left to the Church in France, and religion in that country is so separate from conduct that a man or woman can remain a devout Catholic

yet lead quite cheerfully, according to his or her own admitted standard, a highly immoral life. Yet morality is a serious business, and the moral code is meant to be lived not merely talked about or cherished as an unattainable ideal. Its aim and object is the preservation of a permanent, orderly group, not the salvation of the individual, and it recognizes one unit only, the family. All French moral notions can be traced back to this, the good of the family. A hundred laws spoken and unspoken surround this citadel. It is the strongest citadel that I know in the western world and its power the most tyrannical. The duties of a father to his children and of a son to his father are many, and they are iron. Any failure in this respect is a grave misdemeanor. Some of them are written down in statute books, others are embodied in the powers given to the "*conseil de famille*," others are binding obligations imposed by custom and tradition. They have no parallel that I know of except in the Orient. An Englishman or an American would be strangled by them. He would die in his futile effort to get out of their iron web, but before dying he would shock his French relations profoundly. They would remember him as a very immoral man.

French morality is not sentimental. It does not flatter the individual's sense of his own importance or pander to his egotism by emphasizing the grimness of the hell he is likely to visit if he breaks the code. It merely tells the individual that in himself he is nothing, but that he is expected all the same to behave himself so that the community can prosper. It takes all his natural weaknesses into account and weighs them against the incentives towards dominating them that life offers. Balancing these two forces, original sin and ambition, in a pair of scales, it lays down a regime, difficult but not impossible to follow, and says if you will do so and so, you'll be doing well, and we can expect no more from a worm like yourself who after all is only a human being.

It is natural and inevitable that America should condemn French morality. One might almost say that America must inevitably condemn all the modern moralities of older and wiser countries. For America is to-day living its romantic "Middle Ages," and it breeds Crusaders like rabbits, while France having attained several centuries more of worldly wisdom, has long since lost interest in converting, saving, or condemning the world. Such an attitude is popularly called cynicism, and the worldly-wise Frenchman to whom the salvation of the world seems to be a matter of no interest whatever is, first of all, condemned for this apparent indifference, an indifference incomprehensible to the American.

The American is indifferent to no one and to nothing. He may despise, or envy, he may want to exterminate or reform, or snatch from the burning, but he will never be indifferent and he is never resigned to what he calls evils. Miss Mayo's book *Mother India* is a typical American response to a real enough set of tragic human facts. It could never have been written by a Frenchwoman. At any rate it never was. But here I must query the word cynicism, not because the French observer would have been indifferent to the sufferings of little Indian girls, but because she would doubt in her innermost self any stranger's solution of the problem. She would not conceive of herself as a prophetess or a savior. She would reason that such social evils have their roots in the deep and mysterious soil of a civilization that she does not understand, and she would hesitate to attack for fear of doing in the end more harm than good. She would be modest. She might even be so modest as to turn a newly critical eye on her own social system. India might, as the saying goes, be a lesson to her. If so, she would go home to Paris, or Lyons, or Nantes, or Nice with a quickened sense of duty to her own people. And that is the point. She is an "insular" woman and she knows it. Next to her family she loves

France and understands France, and she feels an obligation to no other country.

Miss Mayo is not insular in this sense. America, indeed, is not insular enough. It is living its Middle Ages but it is unfortunately not cut off from the modern world. Steamships, cables across the Atlantic, and wireless make that impossible. To develop its own peculiar civilization is going to be, therefore, a very difficult and uncomfortable business for America. To develop properly, America should hear very little of what is going on across the Atlantic. An occasional sailing vessel should be admitted to New York harbor carrying mail three months old and no immigrants. All transatlantic telephones and telegraphs should be destroyed, the wings of airplanes should be clipped, and radios should be prohibited by law from functioning outside the frontier. Then, ah, then, something extraordinary would be evolved in America. As it is, our young nation is being constantly distracted from its proper business, and is in a constant state of nerves about the rest of the world. It is self-conscious, self-opinionated, and violently resentful of interference. Incidentally, it has just discovered many things that older peoples discovered when they too were young. But it doesn't know this. It thinks that no one ever found these things out before. It looks across at China, India, England, France, Italy and is fired with the desire to enlighten these poor old countries.

And so it happens that strong in the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, wielding the mighty double-headed battle-axe of youth and ignorance, equipped with brand new armor made in Hollywood, and a commissariat bursting with pure foods and every kind of patented vitamin, organized by such geniuses for mass production and distribution as Mr. Henry Ford, bands of American Crusaders are ready to start out at any moment in any direction, north, south, east or west, to save and Americanize the world, any old world. They don't like the old world; it is old. They don't realize that it is much more modern than their own. They don't approve of it, they don't understand it. They don't want to understand it, they want to make it new and old-fashioned like themselves.

A conversation was reported to me the other day that struck me as very interesting. A group of famous, successful, "high-class" cinema magnates were returning from Vienna on board an Atlantic liner, and their conversation centered upon a scheme to buy Vienna and put it on its feet again. They didn't like post-war Vienna, they didn't approve of it. It seemed to them very shabby and pathetic. The palaces were cold and dreary, there was no color or glamour about the people, the streets were dismal, the cafés had no punch in them, the music had no "go." But they agreed that something could be made of the place, something that would do very well, a real old cinema city of romance. There was the skeleton, the shadowy background. All it needed was to be "done up." Why not remake Vienna a splendid eighteenth-century projection of Hollywood's genius? Why not turn it into the grandest talkie that had ever been turned out of a studio, fill the streets with duchesses in ostrich feathers, barouches with outriders, fill the Opera with chocolate soldiers, hang moons in gardens and suns in marketplaces and Vitaphones in belfries? It would be easy. It would be grand. It wouldn't cost much.

The connection between this proposal of the cinema magnates and the American attitude towards French morality may not be very obvious but there is one and it involves the main argument of my defense. The truth is that the wages of sin is vulgarity, the death of the æsthetic sense, and that where vulgarity is rampant there must be something wrong with the morality of a people. Take a very stupid and ignorant hayseed of an American, pick him out of the middle of

a Western prairie, give him money in his pocket, and put him on Broadway. The chances are that in three months he'll be a habitué of speakeasies, talkies, and dubious brokers' offices, will have a taste for raw drinks, raw girls, raw entertainments, and raw food. In a year or two his mental and moral palate will be tickled by nothing less sharp than cayenne pepper, and his ears will be deaf to any sounds more subtle than the bellowings of loud speakers. He will still believe in the God of the American Sunday school and tell you with tears in his eyes, while he drinks his fifth highball, that his mother was a pure woman. His mother is a childish dream to him, and he professes a belief in his childish dreams, but he doesn't know what to do with them. He can't fit them into Broadway. He can only keep them quite separate and babble about them in his cups.

The odd thing is that the tendency of immorality is to reduce the most civilized and intelligent of men to just this same state of childish mawkishness. The roué, be he a man of the most exquisite breeding, becomes vulgar inevitably. The wicked degenerate, sooner or later, to a state of childish naïveté. They lose the one thing they've counted upon to save them, to serve them—their power to discriminate. They go back to the mental standards of the ignorant young man from the West. Their superstitions are the same as his. The Marquis de Sade was not unique. There are a hundred twin brothers of his babbling with tears in their eyes about their mothers, on seats of dirty crimson plush to the accompaniment of braying microphones, and I myself have noticed among the brilliant women whose lives I have watched in Europe, how those who chose to ignore decency for the sake of sensation have become idiotically stupid and incredibly vulgar without being for a single moment aware of it.

I think the strongest argument in favor of French morality is that it works. It is a definite conductor of energy embedded in the life of the people. It is not separate. It is there behind conduct as an active principle, and it is evident in their good taste. Among the French aristocrats there are vulgar people to be met, of course. My point is that these are the immoral ones, the ones who have sinned against their own unwritten code.

My point about the raw vulgarity of America is quite different. It is a sign, quite simply, of the fact that no such thing as an adequate, workable morality has yet been evolved in the mass mind of the people. All they've got as yet is a set of rigid notions handed down to them by the Pilgrim Fathers and when they can't work these into the big, boisterous, modern world—well, they keep them separate, and get relief from their uneasy consciences by working themselves into a fine frenzy over fads, over horrors like the evils of smoking. Does it never strike the American people as odd that drunken men are tolerated in drawing-rooms while women smokers are not tolerated in railway carriages? One has an impression—at least I had it on my last visit to America—that thieving on a scale never known before in Christendom is a matter of no moral interest whatever, and that the financial brigands, who sacrifice men and women as Pharaoh slaughtered the innocent babes in Egypt, believe they will find salvation for their souls through drinking orange juice at breakfast.

II

It is useless to attempt a defense of French morals unless I can cut the ground from under the feet of the Crusaders who attack them. Put briefly, my counterattack is that I don't believe Americans know what they are talking about when they discuss this subject. I suspect them of being completely ignorant as to what the moral values are in France. I suspect them, indeed, of assuming that the French have a far less acute moral sense than their own. Some

of them may even go so far as to believe that the French have no moral sense at all. Perhaps they will be surprised to hear that repeatedly in conversation with French friends in Paris I've heard the following phrase on their lips—"But it is you, my dear, who are the immoral one."

Usually such talk centered on questions of marriage, sex, love, conjugal fidelity, one's duty to one's children, and so on; and because I imagine that to their critics, morality means largely if not exclusively sex morality, I may as well emphasize for a moment this aspect of my subject.

"You," said a very intelligent French woman to me, "you are the immoral one with your talk of being true to yourself, honest with your husband, frank with your children, and incapable of living in what you call a 'false relationship.'" And she smiled and her lip curled slightly. "It's egotism, *ma chère*, that and a love of romance. You are romantic egotists, all of you. You marry the man you fall in love with and expect to live with him forever in a state of high, exalted passion. Then when this lapses you feel cheated. You have a grievance against life and against your life partner. You say to yourself—'But he promised to adore me forever and to make me adore him forever. He has not kept his promise. Life has not kept its promise. The thing's a failure. It was a mistake from the beginning. Let's end it.' And you do end it. Life, though it has cheated you, still appears to you to be full of romantic possibilities. It still beckons. Another man appears and you fall in love and into the same error. You have learned nothing from your first experience because of your extraordinary idea of yourself and what life owes you. So you break up your partnership and your home, cut up your children into pieces, and repeat your initial mistake. And this seems to you much more moral than sticking to your original bargain, keeping your family together, and allowing yourself, if you must have one, a lover; for you consider yourself and your self-respect more important than the lives of your children, or the existence of that entity called the family, or that fortress in the world called a home."

But she used the word "*foyer*," and then she added, "We are not like that, we Frenchwomen. We are more Oriental. We think our first duty is to provide a solid and permanent family life for our children, and our second duty is not to complicate our lives or our husbands' lives or the life going on around us by an outrageous fuss over trifles, ephemeral things, things that come and go, that are lovely in their beginnings and dreary in their endings, like *affaires de cœur*. We don't marry, as you know, merely for love. Even when we marry for choice someone towards whom we feel a romantic affection, we don't consider that emotion alone a satisfactory basis. For we know that it doesn't last, that it is not a guarantee of stability. On the contrary, we know that what is called love is a madness, very delicious but disruptive, an influence for disorder, and for extravagant action. We are wise enough to distrust it though we are human enough to enjoy it. Indeed, I think we enjoy love more than you do, but we don't let it interfere with our marriages and our morality. We marry suitably, men of our own standing and our own '*monde*.' We each contribute equally to the bargain, property, position, and so on. Our parents consult with one another and with us. It is all gone into very carefully and decided after much reflection, and when it is finally arranged and done—well, it is permanent. We shouldn't think of undoing it because of a sentimental infidelity. We expect our husbands to care for us and respect us. We expect them to be lifelong friends. If they disappoint us—well, we accept the disappointment and concentrate on our children. Marriage after all exists for the children."

I know that by this time a great many of my American readers will have begun to bristle like porcupines. The mere sus-

picion that I am attacking the sanctity of marriage will be enough to make them throw my article into the fire. The fact is that neither I nor my intelligent French friend is doing anything of the kind. The truth is that the French take marriage much more seriously than we do in America. It is an institution more solid than any church; it involves a contract more binding than any international treaty or business partnership, and its coupon is a gilt-edged security. Moreover, the articles of its constitution are, again, made of cast iron. They can only be smashed with a hammer. Marriage in France is a building constructed with infinite pains out of steel and stone to insure the safety of its occupants, the family and, above all, of the youngest and most helpless members of the family. It is built so that it will hold together and remain a decent refuge for these, even if its tenants are completely lacking in pride or in virtue. The nation that evolved it did so with an eye to the weakest, most slovenly, most unreliable members of the community. It is not an ivory tower or a romantic castle in the clouds; it is a safe and solid refuge. And the French say, "Let us live within this institution beautifully if we can, but at any rate let us live in it. Let us achieve inside its walls, if that is possible, perfect happiness, but at the worst, if we fail in this, let us be tolerant of each other's failures and insure a decent tranquillity."

I suppose what it comes down to is that the French welcome the impossible as a lovely miracle if it comes, but do not believe in it as a basis on which to organize life. They play for safety; and this is a fundamental difference between them and the Americans. An American wants all or nothing. He is incurably romantic, and when he is not he is a cynic and probably a cheap one. If he can't go on believing in life as the lovely mistress of his dreams, he turns from her in disgust. If love is no longer dazzling him he sneers at her, soils her. If she shows him a homely, troubled, disappointed face he won't settle down with the humdrum creature.

III

But, above all, is the American obsessed with the moral importance of sex, and this is perhaps the most vital and far-reaching of the differences between him and the Frenchman. To the Frenchman sex is a biological fact, not a moral one, and as a biological fact he accepts it, puts it in what he considers its proper place, relegates it to a realm next door to the kitchen or the wine cellar, whence proceed the other natural pleasures born of his physical needs. Hunger and thirst and sex, what, he asks, have they to do with ultimate ideals or absolute truth? Would he break up his family and abandon his wife because a neighboring lady cooked spinach more to his liking? Or would she divorce him and ruin his children's lives because he left her to drink a glass of wine next door? If he became addicted to the habit and wasted his substance on it, if he spent his life wine-bibbing with his neighbors, if he squandered his time, his self, and his money on them, then she might be justified in doing so. But a mild dissipation, a little bit of fun—the French wife may resent it, she may hate it and suffer all the usual pangs of jealousy, wounded pride, and all the rest, but she won't suddenly up and begin smashing her marriage to pieces. Such action would strike her as out of proportion—and there I hear a special note sound. It is one of our keynotes. The French believe in proportion, moderation, appropriateness. They use the word "*mesure*," and value measure in all things. And a man's sexual infidelity, or even a woman's, does not seem to them to be correctly measured in terms of catastrophic tragedy. It is unconsciously and naturally weighed in the balance with other things like good temper, "*bon caractère*," thrift, sobriety, intelligence, charm, a gift for laughter. If a hus-

band has most or any of these qualities, the wife puts up with her lot even if he does make her suffer. He is not to her, this man, merely a sexual animal; he is also a human being. If the human being is sympathetic and companionable why should she deprive herself of his society? Certainly if she loves him she wants to absorb him completely and not share any part of him with anyone, but she knows when she married, because she has been taught facts, that this is all but impossible, so the first years of her marriage are probably unexpectedly blissful because the impossible has come true, and when it is no longer true, well, she doesn't feel cheated; she feels, on the contrary, that she has been very fortunate to have had so much.

And the men? my readers ask, those readers who have not already thrown this article in the fire—what of them? Are they equally generous and long-suffering or do they expect the impossible like most men? My answer is that they do and they don't. Because they are men first and only civilized Frenchmen secondly. But they are, though perhaps they would not care to put this into words, more fair in these matters than Americans. They expect and exact from their wives a great decency, an immaculate dignity; but when the years of emotional intimacy are past they do not expect a woman's emotional life to end. And so, a tacit understanding is reached, and where ease of circumstances allows of it, the husband goes his way and the wife goes hers within the very definite limits, laid down but unspoken, of what they mutually know to be good behavior. And then—well, then a new set of subtle moral values evolves within the prison walls of the family citadel, and a new code of conduct is constructed by them. It is built up with very slight touches, gently accented, carefully balanced, out of mutual consideration and a common obligation to society, and it becomes then a peculiar, delicate, intricate thing that is known in America as French immorality.

And the young American matron who rushes into the divorce court to get rid of one husband so that she can marry another is very shocked and disgusted by the behavior of these people, but not half so disgusted as they are by her. She is to them one of the most repellent types of womanhood in the world. She has only one rival, and her rival too is found more often in America, they believe, than elsewhere. Her name is Coquette, and it is not a term of opprobrium in America. Yet she is, in the eyes of her French sister, an indecent monster, for she is cruel and silly, greedy and stingy and essentially unnatural, and she cares for no one on earth but herself. I think if you took a census of opinion in France you would find that this chaste lady of impeccable virtue, who wants everything and gives nothing and who decorates her pretty throat with a necklace of scalps, is voted the most immoral woman in the world.

Summing up, what does it all amount to? A difference in national temperament. The French are conservative. They have a finished system that suits them. Their morality tolerates a great many things that shock the Puritan, but it does not tolerate anarchy. The Americans are experimenting. They believe in anarchy. They are trying out all sorts of schemes, and each one is the basis of a crusade, but they've not yet found one that will work, and in the meantime they preach stern doctrines abroad while they encourage anarchy at home. The moral structure built by their ancestors was rigid. They cannot adapt it to modern conditions. They, therefore, ignore it and they cry aloud, as they break their own laws, "We are expressing ourselves."

MOLTEN STEEL

BY C. J. FREUND

"THAT is the new engineer apprentice for the foundry department," I heard someone say behind the thin wall in the employment office. "Better take him right over; he's slated to start to-night on Schmidtie's floor."

In a moment I had left a half dozen envious individuals sitting on the benches in the waiting room, and was walking rapidly with a messenger, or clerk, through the yards, across switch tracks, around great piles of rusty pig iron and steel scrap and between many immensely long shops. We turned the corner of one of the great buildings, pushed through a double door fifty feet beyond, and I then found myself in a long locker room.

The day shift had just come off, and the place teemed with men and resounded with singing, whistling, laughter, shouting back and forth, the chatter of rapid conversation in half a dozen languages, banging of steel locker doors, dropping of heavy shoes on the floor, and the swish of soapy water slipping into drains. Clothes and towels lay everywhere and much water had been spilled on the floor. The younger men caused the uproar; the older workmen had lighted pipes or cigarettes and were either dressing by themselves or talking quietly in small groups.

Most of these people were foreigners, of many nationalities, some dark while others were fair, but they had certain characteristics in common, a broad nose, thick lips, eyes set deeply behind bushy eyebrows and an indefinable expression of alertness, even when combined, in some cases, with evidences of stupidity.

An elderly attendant, carrying a mop stick, came toward us and, without speaking, gave me a key, for which I signed a receipt card. The messenger found the corresponding locker, and I donned my overalls and left my coat and lunch box in the locker. Then we passed into the foundry proper.

I was almost frightened by the size of the building, the vast spaces aloft and the great distance to the far end of the shop, a thousand feet, two thousand—I could not tell. We started out in search of Schmidtie, foreman in the heavy jobbing department or "floor"; for no walls divided the building. Great bridge cranes trundled back and forth in the dim light overhead, and their warning bells clanged incessantly like the bells of trolley cars on a busy street. Along one wall stood a long row of molds, from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, looking very much like large flat cisterns except that they were made of steel and encumbered with beams, clamps, and unfamiliar paraphernalia. Some of these had been poured, and thin wisps of gray smoke rose from them as from the ruins of a recent fire. Smaller molds stood nearer the center of the bay, and all about the floor were heaps of black molding sand. The floor itself was of sand. Partly finished molds, empty flasks, long trays of cores, clamps, rails, and boxes of facing sand were scattered everywhere.

On a platform fifteen feet high near the opposite wall of the shop and a hundred yards away, the battery of open-

hearth furnaces stood end to end like so many long narrow fortresses of brick and steel, each one large enough to receive a hundred men in comfort. Most of them were in operation, and intense white light broke forth through every crevice while long tongues of yellow flame reached out eagerly through small square ports.

The night men had begun work and all kept stolidly at their tasks; there was no sign of the levity we had found in the locker room. Several handymen were building platforms around a large mold, trying the clamps which secured it, and preparing moist sand and charcoal for the pouring. Chainmen followed the cranes to fasten and unfasten slings. Laborers cleaned the floor and carried clamps and plates. A crew of half a dozen molders and helpers was completing a mold in a pit, and the drone of their air rammers could sometimes be heard during a lull in the general din.

We found Schmidtie near the glass box which he called his office. I had heard much about hostility to college graduates on the part of shop men, but there was none of it here. I was cordially received and he made me feel at ease immediately. He talked to me for fifteen or twenty minutes about my tasks, the men, safety, and the relation to one another of the various departments in the shop. He was tall and stooped and his big, dark eyes and long, thin face gave him an appearance of solemnity which did not belong to him. He wore a shapeless cap, an old blue work shirt open at the throat, colorless, baggy trousers, and heavy work shoes. While he spoke his eyes wandered all over the foundry. Occasionally a dusty workman approached and asked a question. Many of the questions I could not understand, although each of the men may have been trying to speak English. At any rate Schmidtie answered them all in English:

"Nothing doing, you got a new shovel two nights ago."

"Well, do something else, the crane's busy."

"About twenty ton."

"Three single heats and a double."

"Up to nine hundred degrees by nine o'clock, hold there till twelve and then shut off."

When he had completed his instructions to me he called a chainman who was passing alone. The man came promptly, a dark-skinned fellow with fantastic mustache and a sullen air. He looked as though he were frequently reprimanded and expected to be again. He stood with his feet far apart, his hands behind his back, and his eyes on the ground.

"Tago, here is your partner," Schmidtie said to him. The man looked up, and Schmidtie must have understood the expression in his eyes for after a long pause he asked, "You understood me, didn't you?"

The man looked me over, shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and went after his crane without a word.

"Go along with him," Schmidtie directed. "He's crazy but he knows his business thoroughly."

After several hours three strokes of a bell sounded above the roar and clatter of the place. There was a bustle of preparation, and all the men became attentive. Our crane went to the end of the shop with a pile of flasks, and when we returned a huge black bucket called a ladle hung from another crane and under the spout which projected from the nearest furnace. Two weird figures were digging away at the upper end of the spout. A faint red glow appeared, and both men jumped away. A thread of molten metal crawled down the spout; but before it had reached the end there was a terrific burst of fierce white light from the furnace, and a thick stream of liquid fire rushed into the ladle with a resounding gurgle and rumble. A dense cloud of dark-brown smoke rose from the ladle but was soon dissipated and succeeded by millions of sparks which fell in graceful arcs to the floor.

The painfully strong light of the steel strained the eyes like the lights in a picture theater when they are suddenly turned on after a long feature. It smothered the thousand-watt lamps which were suspended at intervals from the roof. I could see the buttons on the shirt of the craneman high up in his cage, although he himself had hardly been visible before. He nonchalantly watched the flow of metal while he extracted a handful of tobacco from a yellow package and inserted it into his mouth. Even the steel roof truss above him was as clear as the blueprint from which it was built.

After five or ten minutes the stream of fire became thinner and more sluggish, and the craneman, his shirt buttons, and the roof truss gradually retired again into the darkness. The craneman swung the ladle away from the furnace and hoisted it higher into the air, and the crane groaned and complained under the load of forty or fifty tons. A procession formed and proceeded toward us. First came the ladle with a faint red light hovering over it. Two chainmen followed immediately and after an interval came Al, the heat pourer, magnificently alone, with his hat pulled well down, his goggles on his forehead, and long white leggings over his trousers. The heat pourer is the man who handles the ladle and pours the metal. He is the central figure while the ladle is "out on the floor." The Superintendent and Schmidtie walked abreast of each other at a distance behind him, and after them in turn straggled a motley crew of about a dozen men carrying crowbars, sledge hammers, water buckets, rods, hooks, and long thin torches. Walking close together and behind the bosses provided an opportunity for some of them to indulge in mock combat and other jokes.

Al signalled the craneman to indicate the mold to be poured, and in a moment the ladle hung above it expectantly. It was a great pot, ten feet deep, ten feet in diameter at the top and eight or nine at the bottom and was built of heavy riveted steel plates, lined with several thicknesses of fire brick and a coating of fire clay. A seven-foot lever projected horizontally from the bottom of the ladle and at a tangent to its circumference. By means of a long arm extending over the side of the ladle and a stopper inside, this lever opened and closed the nozzle in the bottom of the ladle and regulated the flow of the metal.

The men surrounded the mold and watched Al, who climbed nimbly to a platform beside it and proceeded to "spot" the ladle, that is, he turned the ladle to a convenient position and with his arms and a whistle he signalled the craneman to adjust the ladle until the nozzle in the bottom hung directly over the gate or funnel-shaped opening through which the metal flows into the mold. The whistle was almost articulate. I did not understand the signals but almost knew what they meant. "Lower down," the whistle shrieked. "This way a little," it coaxed, and then cautioned, "Hold it."

A ladleman unlocked the lever by loosening a clamp screw with his hammer; Al pushed the lever down, and a three-inch stream of white-hot metal shot six inches from the nozzle to the gate. A half dozen hollow, chimney-like structures, called heads, were built on the roof or cope of the mold. They were made of molding sand in small steel flasks and the openings in them were about eighteen inches square and led into the interior of the mold. Through these heads the air and gases escaped as the mold filled with metal. In order to direct the pouring, the Superintendent and Schmidtie stood high up, looking into the interior of the mold through these heads. The metal inside lighted their faces, and as it rose higher in the mold they shielded themselves against the heat with their hands. Al poured until the metal was level with the top of the heads, but almost immediately its surface sank back into the heads as it shrunk in cooling. In order to replenish this loss in volume, Al "pumped" the

mold, that is, he poured small amounts of additional steel at frequent intervals until the condition of the metal became stable.

In the meantime each man near the mold had gone about his appointed task. One or two applied torches to vents in the mold and ignited the gas which streamed from them, others brought sand and water to the top of the mold to freeze and close off two heads, the handymen covered the remaining heads with charcoal which ignited and kept the surface of the metal liquid, the ladleman removed frozen metal from the rim of the nozzle and kept it clean; each man completed his comparatively simple task, but together they accounted for a rather complicated series of operations.

Other and smaller molds were poured until a stringy drip of slag from the nozzle told that the ladle was empty. The crew of men broke up, and the ladle was ignominiously returned to the furnaces, as dead and meaningless as a burned-out electric light bulb.

I was deeply thrilled by the performance and from then on I determined that some day I should be a heat pourer and handle the huge ladle as smartly as Al did. In fact, in the short space of an hour, he had become a great hero in my eyes. I soon learned to know him better. He was a young American and had had the advantage of some little education. He had once started to learn the pattern-making trade but had changed to the foundry. In his relaxed moments he had as much fun as anybody but on the floor he always appeared very much absorbed and serious. When actually pouring he looked at no one and noticed no one except the craneman and the Superintendent. I often spoke to him and asked him questions which he invariably answered completely and very kindly, but he always gave the impression that he was only half thinking of what he was saying. He was fair and tall and rangy and had a long stride. All his movements were direct, he wasted no motion.

II

Many months passed. Schmidtie resigned rather suddenly, and Tony, the yard boss, took his place on the big floor. I relieved Tony in the yard and spent the winter in the dark and cold, struggling with pig iron, chunks of scrap, and the frequently depressed spirits of the men. This position offered no opportunity to satisfy my great ambition, and one night in spring I summoned enough courage to ask the Superintendent if I might learn to pour. He chuckled.

"May you learn? More than that, you'll have to. I might as well tell you that Al is to become my assistant and you're to take his place on the ladle."

In due time there was attached to the yard gang a young college graduate, as awkward, bewildered and too eager to please as I had been the year before. The yard men laughed at him as they had at first laughed at me but before the first snow fell they had learned to respect him. He had learned the work, and I was spending the greater part of every night following the ladle with the Superintendent and listening to his talks on the technic of pouring different types of molds and of handling heats of various "temperaments."

The Superintendent made a deep and permanent impression upon me and stands out among all the men I have ever met. He was less than thirty years old and slight in build. At work, he wore shell-rimmed spectacles, much cracked and battered by frequent encounters with "bad heats." His mind was always in a fever of activity. Most of the time he was thinking about his work and making plans to improve this or that operation in the night shift. But sometimes, especially towards morning, when he knew that the night's work would be completed by its own momentum, he would launch with unabated vigor into discussions of sociology, religion, economics, politics, or anything at all. There seemed no limit to his interests or the range of his questioning. He

fairly vibrated with energy, but at the same time it was almost impossible to disconcert him.

He understood his work and took it seriously and to him the firing of a core oven was as important and serious a matter as the selection of the site for a new automobile plant. His resources were equal to every emergency. On one occasion a heavy truck brought into the shop a load of gravel for the repairing of a concrete pit on the following morning. The dumping mechanism of the truck was found to be out of order, and the driver and a number of laborers had begun to shovel the gravel out over the side when the Superintendent came along. He whistled for a crane, secured chains to the truck, and in a moment the vehicle had been turned upside down in midair. The shop men, who were more used to this sort of thing, laughed uproariously at the discomfiture of the driver, who was still speechless with amazement when he drove away.

I profited by the Superintendent's instruction, and one evening he called me to the store room and issued to me a pair of asbestos leggings, a pair of goggles, and a shining new whistle. I was so excited I could hardly control myself and, after I had placed the articles in my locker, I went into a dark corner and gave way to a horrible ecstasy of trembling knees, chattering teeth, and twitching hands. An hour later I had donned the equipment and stood with Al on the platform high up beside the mold for a twenty-ton flywheel. My excitement had unaccountably and almost unnoticeably left me. I had never been so near the ladle. Its great bulk seemed to fill all the space before me. I had never fully appreciated its size, just as you fail to appreciate the size of a passenger locomotive until you walk close by one in a terminal and find the very wheels as tall as yourself.

Al "opened up" on the mold, and I felt the heat of the steel rush against my face. Below me, I saw the circle of white faces and noticed the men nodding to one another to look at me up on the platform.

"Grab the lever and see how it feels," Al directed, moving away from his position. "Hold it down or it will close of itself."

I took the lever from him. The graceful and slender device which he manipulated so easily with one hand was huge and clumsy in both of mine, like the pole of a wagon. I held it but felt silly because I did not know what to do with it.

"Move it up and down a little," Al suggested, smiling faintly. I moved it an inch or two, and it was easy to move, much too easy, I thought, for the size of the lever.

"Move it up and down farther and watch the stream." I complied and saw that the stream became stronger and weaker.

"Now let me have it again," he said and completed the pouring of the flywheel. Soon we were pouring another mold and again I took the lever.

"Finish this one yourself," Al instructed me. "Hold it wide open till I yell 'Ease up.' That means the metal is up inside almost to the cope, and if the stream's got too much pressure it'll strain the cope. When the steel's up in the heads I'll yell 'In the head' and then slam the lever up and see if your nozzle closes the way it ought to. If it does, open up again and pour easy until you're filled up."

The stream of molten metal was running full and rumbled and hissed and gurgled deep in the bottom of the mold. Al stood over one of the heads and watched the metal inside, and I fixed my eyes on his face which became brighter as the metal rose. He shielded his face with his hands, opened his lips, hesitated, then shouted "Ease up."

I raised the lever, and a dozen men cried "Hey" in warning and alarm. For an instant I was bewildered but immediately realized that instead of merely easing the stream I had shut it off entirely. Al sprang for the ladle but, in my eagerness to correct my error, I bore

down on the lever too heavily so that the full stream of metal plunged into the gate at the very moment when the mold could least stand the shock. The men growled in protest and most of them stepped back a pace or two, although nothing happened except that small yellow flames appeared for an instant at the base of the heads.

"Holy gee! go easy," Al protested as he raised the lever slightly. The Superintendent had been watching at some little distance while he talked to a ladleman and ate salted peanuts out of a bag in the pocket of his jacket. He came to our side of the mold and climbed on the platform.

"What's the big idea?" he asked me calmly enough and without interrupting the eating of peanuts. "Are you trying to kill half a dozen men and ruin the place generally?" He expected no answer, and I gave him none. I was still pouring, and the metal had risen well up into the heads.

"Now close her up and see if your stopper is working," he continued. I complied. The stopper clicked into the nozzle, and without further mishap I filled up the heads and then "pumped" the mold until the casting had set.

"Better take the ladle, Al," the Superintendent directed, "the man's had enough." He had spoken the truth. I was worn out, more by the mental and nervous strain than by physical effort.

"How do you feel?" he asked me.

"Fine," I answered.

"Yes, you look it," he said laughing. Some of my enthusiasm for pouring had left me, at least for the time being, and if I learned nothing else that night I learned that pouring was not so easy as Al made it appear.

My lessons continued regularly, and within six weeks I could pour successfully almost any kind of mold under the direction of Al and the Superintendent, but Al still spotted the nozzle over the gates. And then one night the Superintendent bade me try that. I whistled and waved my arms and turned the ladle this way and that until I was on edge from excitement, and still the nozzle was an inch to one side of the gate.

"Do you know how long you have been fooling with that?" the Superintendent asked me after everyone's patience except his own was exhausted and the men were getting fidgety.

"A minute or two, I suppose," I replied in desperation.

"Two minutes and forty seconds, which is much too long. By this time the stopper may be stuck. It ought to be done in half a minute."

I finally succeeded in spotting the ladle and while I was pouring the mold I suggested to the Superintendent as respectfully as I could that his estimate of half a minute for spotting might be somewhat exaggerated.

"Oh, is that so?" he answered goodnaturedly. "Al, here is a young fellow who says it's impossible to spot a ladle in thirty seconds. How about it?"

Al smiled a little. The Superintendent turned to me again.

"Al will take the ladle now and you get out your watch and see how long it takes him."

Within twenty seconds after the ladle reached the next mold Al had a full stream running into the gate without unduly exerting himself. However, it was not long before I could spot a ladle in a shorter time than two minutes, but to do it in less time than thirty seconds remained an unfulfilled ambition for a long time indeed.

III

During the following weeks I made steady progress but also many mistakes. On some nights I poured like a veteran. I spotted quickly, wasted no metal, judged the molds correctly, and left them "clean." The men were interested in the improvement of my skill and on those nights they would indicate their approval after the ladle was empty

by clapping their hands and nodding their heads. On other nights I spotted much too slowly and then poured the stream partly on the edge of the gate, and the hot metal splashed about. On those occasions the men's interest gave way to irritation, and sometimes I could see a delegation waiting upon the Superintendent in the distance and I knew by their gesticulations that they were complaining about the heat of the spilled metal and the labor of picking it up and of loading it into charging boxes.

About seven months after my first experience with the ladle I had become proficient enough to handle any normal heat fairly well. My skill was under discussion by the Superintendent and his staff one night during the lunch hour.

"What you still need," said the Superintendent, "is to work with a bad heat, really bad, I mean, the stopper burned off or something like that. Isn't it about time for us to have a wild night?" he asked, turning to Tony. "We've had no serious trouble for many months."

Tony was a nervous, impulsive little man and started perceptibly at the thought of something he clearly dreaded. Very likely the Superintendent had made the remark more to tease Tony than for any other reason.

Just two nights later I opened a ladle on a small riveting frame mold. Nothing happened until the metal was well up in the heads and I slammed up the lever to try the stopper.

"Try it again," cried Al, "you've got a leak. Clean her up, Joe."

I looked under the ladle and saw a quarter-inch stream of steel running out of one side of the nozzle. The ladleman dug out the nozzle with his hook. I opened the nozzle wide in order to wash out any obstruction and then put all my strength under the lever and jerked it up. But the leak persisted. Three or four times I brought every ounce of strength to bear on the lever, but the stream continued. Then Al and I tried it together. Together we grasped the lever. "One" we counted, "two," and on the count of "three" we slammed up the lever so that it quivered. But the stream was fuller, if anything, than it had been.

"Never mind," shouted the Superintendent. "Finish the job and then we'll take it over the ingot."

In a few minutes the leaking nozzle hung over an ingot mold. The men gathered around, alert and waiting for developments. The Superintendent walked into the circle of faces and figures just as Al and I prepared to struggle with the rebellious stopper.

"I think this is a job for the boss himself," he calmly announced as he flung aside his jacket, adjusted a pair of goggles, and seized the lever. The stopper must have been on the point of falling to pieces, for he had tried it only once or twice when the trickle of steel suddenly became half the full stream. Thereupon the Superintendent stopped working with it and cast his eye rapidly over the floor. It was the first time I had seen him perturbed. The men watched him expectantly.

"There ought to be fifteen ton left and that spider over there should take most of it," he yelled and with whistle and arms he indicated a twelve-foot mold to the craneman and started to run toward it. Al and I followed. The crippled ladle was carried away from the ingot mold, and the stream of metal spattered to the floor and bounced back again, not like water but more eagerly like thousands of small, incandescent rubber balls. The flying metal lighted the dark foundry like a continuous display of fireworks. The men fled right and left, shouting warnings and directions to one another. In passing, the stream of metal fell into a small pool of water on the floor. Hiss! Bang! The water exploded into steam, and every man turned his back and pulled his shoulders up under his ears to protect himself from the steel and mud which flew in all directions as from the burst of a shell.

The craneman maneuvered the ladle

cleverly until the stream of metal flowed directly into the gate of the designated mold. There were pools of liquid steel all over the floor, and boards and wooden boxes were burning here and there where the metal had fallen upon or near them. We covered the spilled metal about the mold with a few shovelfuls of sand to protect ourselves from the heat and I opened the nozzle wide, while the men gathered again from the distances to which they had retreated.

The mold was nearly filled when Tony shouted, "Look at that," and pointed to a yellow flame which flickered at the base of one of the heads nine feet away and about a quarter around the mold from where I stood. I had learned long ago that a blue flame is a good flame and a yellow flame is a dangerous flame, because it indicates a portion of the mold which is weak and may give way. The flame grew brighter while Al and Tony hurried the men away from the place. Without further warning, the mold burst open beneath the head, a six-inch stream of metal rushed out, and the sticky, terribly hot liquid began to flow sluggishly but relentlessly out over the floor. Confusion threatened for a moment. Men shouted futile instructions and ran back and forth. The heat was unbearable, and in a moment I had to retire. Heat as ordinarily felt near a stove or small fire is uncomfortable and distressing but the heat from molten steel very quickly brings on sharp pains like a severe toothache or neuralgia. A sand box broke into flames eight feet away from the pool of metal. The Superintendent immediately had the situation in hand.

"Sand, *piasek, sand*," he thundered and, seizing a shovel and approaching as near as he could, he began himself to throw sand on the pool of metal at the point nearest the ladle. Three or four men, emboldened by his courage, joined him until the flow in that direction was stemmed. In the meantime I had found long sheets of corrugated steel which I stood on end to protect my position at the ladle. I attempted to open the nozzle again to the full but found the lever so hot that I had to use my hat to protect my hands.

Tony and three of his men dragged in a line of fire hose, and soon a powerful stream of water played upon the breach in the mold and dense clouds of steam rose above it. Gradually, after ten or fifteen minutes, the flow of metal began to freeze as the flow of blood from a wound is congealed by the application of cold water. A dozen men continued to throw sand on the steel which had run out on the floor while I poured sufficient metal into the gate to replace that which was lost. Before long the escaping metal had become a mere trickle and then stopped altogether, leaving an ugly mass of dark red steel clinging to the side of the mold.

Thereupon Tony extinguished the fires on the floor and turned his hose for a moment upon the sheets of steel which protected me and which had become red hot. Then he drenched the steel on the floor in order to freeze it. Everyone felt relieved, the men paused to wipe perspiration from faces and necks with their red and blue handkerchiefs, and not long after there was a tired, heartless cheer as the slag dripped from the nozzle and the ladle was carried back toward the furnaces.

"Well," said the Superintendent as we slowly dragged our tired bodies to the office, "I told you the first night you were here that this foundry is no kindergarten. It's seldom as bad as this, though; we catch this thing only two or three times a year."

All this happened on a Wednesday night. Saturday morning the Superintendent stopped me and said, "They have ordered a special fifteen-ton heat for two-thirty Sunday afternoon. I want you to come in and pour it. John Pintok will be in with one of his handymen and three laborers. Frank and his chainmen will take care of the ladle. You will be in charge and I expect you will have no trouble."

THE MAD HATTER'S DIRTY TEACUP

BY STUART CHASE

A SUBWAY express roars into the Times Square Station. A portly gentleman, reasonably well dressed, arises from his seat near the middle door of one of the cars, and proceeds in a more or less routine manner to deposit the morning *Times*, the whole forty-eight pages of it, well fluffed up, upon the floor. By the time the last outgoing passenger has made his exit, the space about the door is three feet deep in boiling wood pulp, through which one wades as through a Siberian snowdrift. The portly gentleman is not apprehended; the passengers take the entanglement as part of the day's work, one or two adding their tabloids to the mêlée as they flounder out; the guards are mute. It is all part of the accredited folkways, messy but entirely permissible.

Do you ever look at your America? Do you ever really use your eyes? Of course we have all oh-ed and ah-ed at Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, and the Old Man of the Mountains; but how many of us have consciously and consecutively examined the lines, contours, outcroppings, surface coverings of this nation which we have built, in the line of march from home to job—or even in the line of the Buick's march (Packard, if you like) on Sunday? There are the house, the three traffic lights to Main Street, the station, the 8.17, the headlines (one never looks out of the window), the subway, the office—and eyes turned inward. We see enough—or try to—to avoid mutilation at the hands of the traffic, but do we know what our immediate world looks like, or whether it be lovely or hideous, inspiring or depressing? Here it is. We get our living from it. That is about all we know. One is supposed to use one's eyes in foreign parts. Home is for sterner matters.

This little essay is a plea—and a reasonably bad-tempered one—for optical exercise in the everyday world. It conceals, furthermore, a morsel of propaganda which might as well be confessed at once. If more of us looked at our country it might be a better country to look at. If more of us felt an urge to lynch portly gentlemen making dirty snowdrifts in subway stations, portly gentlemen might see the handwriting on the wall and hold everything until the next waste barrel was reached.

Lately I have been trying to look at the native land which fundamentally I love. Its harmonies thrill me more than those of other lands; its cacophonies hurt me more. Great as are the triumphs of skyscraper architecture in New York, when I journey about the city I am aware how isolated they are and what vast and gloomy stretches of jerry-built ugliness lie between them. On Sixth Avenue, with its elevated railroad, it is difficult to find a single building with which to gladden a weary eye.

Other cities I have looked at—Boston, Springfield, Lowell, Fall River, New Haven, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, St. Louis, Tampa, Chicago, Albany—and of them all only Washington gives consistently more pleasant than unpleasant vistas, and there in the northwest section only. All have their oases of the quaint or of the uplifting, but oases they remain in a desert of the glum

and unprepossessing. Towns I have looked at, and the open country. For every Topsfield or Old Lyme, there are a thousand Crotons, Sufferns, Naticks, Garys—sprawling and hideous. For some strange reason much of the outlying region around Philadelphia is neat and comely, while Westchester County near New York, with twice the natural setting, reeks with monstrosities.

With watch and notebook I tried to analyze a hundred miles of rural scenery from a car window on the New York to Boston run. My standards were hasty if you please, but hasty was the Merchants Limited. I sought to subdivide the route into "pleasing," "passable," and "depressing." The last took at least fifty miles of the hundred. The outstanding defacements were rickety cottages, littered yards and enclosures, tobacco barns, abandoned motor cars, signboards and advertisements on structures, filling stations and roadside eruptions generally, cut-over wood lands, factory sidings, coal and wood yards, dumps. "Pleasing" and "passable" divided the other fifty miles in rough equality. This, remember, is rural New England—no notes were taken as we passed the larger towns—the region whose embattled Chambers of Commerce advertise as the vacation land of the nation. Heaven knows what such a record would show in Ohio or Georgia. Yet nature unmolested was almost always pleasing, while white spires, old farmhouses and barns, a village green, a gentleman's estate, and even here and there a modern villa, were just and seemly. One strange reaction was the utterly irrelevant nature of the shifts from plus to minus. They came without rhyme or reason: a series of charming old houses, and then, suddenly, a blinding monstrosity—rows of signboards, a chaos of litter—followed by more fine old houses. Cheek by jowl beauty and desolation lived, apparently on the best of terms. These people had never looked at their world. If ever they do, torches will flame by night, and directors of insurance companies huddle into their chairs. . . .

Two sorts of things distress the observant native son—fixed properties and movables. The architecture of our structures is sufficiently upsetting—as Mr. Lewis Mumford can inexhaustibly expound—but why do we gild the lily (a metaphor in reverse) by covering the country, urban and rural, with doubtless the most sublime exhibit of offscourings and litter upon which the sun has ever shone? I refer specifically to abandoned newspapers, magazines, motor cars, tin cans, go-carts, kerosene stoves, pasteboard boxes, spring beds, picnic mementos, banana peels, ice boxes, glass bottles, baby carriages, mattresses, farm machinery, rags, iron barrel hoops, chicken wire, steam shovels, portable saw mills, crockery, tar barrels, cigarette containers, tires, corrugated iron, and rubber boots. I refer further to these commodities—the unsinkable varieties—on water as well as land. No inhabitant of Long Beach can fail to recognize what New York had for dinner yesterday by the deposit on the strand to-day.

Architecture we shall leave to Mr. Mumford, and pray for the best. It is better at least than in the dreadful eighties. But I propose to yield to no authority in the matter of movables and semi-movables. Here above all else we have blackened the eyes and bloodied the nose of our motherland.

II

In a nation of eighteen million bathtubs we find the dirtiest streets and parks on the planet. Dr. Bernard Sachs in a four months' survey of municipal cleanliness in France, England, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland could locate nothing to approach the gorgeous litter of New York. Garbage wagons are chronically uncovered—and reeking—here, but except for one case in London, he did not see a single uncovered garbage wagon abroad. Dawn of a

summer Monday morning finds Central Park a shambles, defaced and desolate. "In Hyde Park, London, signs are displayed that it is forbidden to throw paper on the lawns and roads and that a fine of £5 will be imposed for violation. This ordinance is enforced and as a result this park, like other London parks, is clean." Better than ordinances and fines, however, is the civic spirit which one normally finds on the Continent. Citizens tend to have the same respect for their city and its appearance as they have for their own homes. They would no more make a mess in their parks than they would throw table refuse on the floor of the dining room. Even in Russia where bathtubs take on the rarity of museum pieces, I found parks, streets, roadsides, amusement centers infinitely cleaner than at home. The Russians furthermore read newspapers almost as omnivorously as do we.

Dr. William Schroeder, Jr., Sanitation Commissioner for New York, has just (January, 1930) completed a tour of South Brooklyn, including the Red Hook section and parts of Flatbush. With a nice sense of grading he finds the condition of the streets "ranging from dirty to filthy."

Meanwhile, the Borough President of Queens, Mr. George U. Harvey, is in danger of disappearing forever beneath a mountain of abandoned motor cars. A photograph of his dilemma is on the desk before me as I write, and its bulk, if not its lines, resembles the pyramid of Cheops. Fighting for life and air, Mr. Harvey has sent out an appeal to Henry Ford. This is entirely reasonable. Most of the pyramid is composed of model T's, and why should not Henry put death on a mass production basis as well as birth? There are over five thousand wrecks in the mountain, but veterans are expiring along the roadsides of Queens faster than they can be hauled to the central graveyard. "Every morning additional scores litter the highways. People drive them from Manhattan and leave them under the Queensboro Bridge. They drive them from Brooklyn and drop them in the Ridgewood section. They tow them and cart them. Garages and repair shops in Queens are also offenders. They usually don't haul the wrecks farther than around the corner. . . . Commissioner Grover A. Whalen has just assigned two police squads to track down owners of has-been automobiles. . . . Why, somebody even abandoned a lunch car right on the street the other day. . . . Once we had to cast away an abandoned steam roller. . . . And during the cleaning campaign a whole house was left on city property!"

Nor is the problem of the abandoned motor car localized in Queens. Here in Croton where I live, thirty-five miles from New York, there is no single county road in any direction which is not defiled with rotting iron corpses. In half a mile of what was once a wild, primitive back lane, lovely with cliffs, hemlock and birch, I counted twenty-six abandoned cars, each with its encircling spawn of tires, torn curtains, shattered glass, wrenched-off hood covers. They lie and leer at the hemlocks and birches, while the pedestrian has nowhere to look save straight into the sky.

Consider the magnitude of the desecration. Out on the highways of the Republic come snorting some five million motor cars a year. According to the terms of the annual model racket, at least half of them must presently be abandoned. Only so may prosperity be maintained. This means an annual deposit of at least two million wrecks—say eight billion pounds of metal—at the present time, and soon, when the majestic systole and diastole is complete, five million wrecks —twenty billion pounds of metal—each and every year. The current system of disposition so far as one observes it, seems to be that owner A, loath to pollute his own land, dumps his car on the estate of owner B, while owner B, similarly sensitive, dumps his contribution on the estate of owner A. As a happy alternative, where possible, both A and B will combine to dump on public prop-

erty—say a park, a highway easement, or a recreation development.

Slums and slum behavior are to be expected in American cities, for a long tradition lies back of them. Similarly for generations we have regarded as normal the defilement of the city's outskirts. In such a book as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, we have even sought to wring what humor and philosophy may lie in the wilderness of shanties, can-eating goats, junk yards and smoldering dumps which stretch from the gas tanks to the mud flats or the river bank. In New York, indeed, we have a dump so vast that locomotives climb its sides, drawing cars of reeking refuse, great fire lines play streams of water on its unquenchable flames, and when the wind is in any quarter, one or another of the city's boroughs is buried under a murky stench which would stupefy Lucifer.

All this may be classified as business as usual. What is new, hardly a scant decade old—what has grown hand in hand with prosperity—is the *extension* of the metropolitan slum over most of rural America. Where highways run, where the motor car goes—which is practically everywhere save the tops of mountains and the middle of lakes—there deploys a vast army of junk flingers, blood brothers to the portly man in the subway. The whole country is crossed and double-crossed with their scabrous trails. They may either squat along the highway and set up shop in an acneous eruption of filling stations, hot-dog stands, Tumble Inns, garages, vegetable booths, scarifying field and forest for rods around. Or they may be sojourners only, content to befoul whatever roadside pleasantness remains between the ever-encroaching filling stations. I have hunted for hours on end, growing hungrier and more indignant every moment, to find one clean and decent spot where one might stop and eat luncheon by the roadside. The banks of every bisecting brook, every inviting patch of meadow, every bed of soft pine needles, every lookout point are stale and noisome with wet newspapers, soggy pasteboard boxes, rusting tin cans, broken bottles, flyblown magazines. Time after time I have eaten my luncheon in the car as the lesser of two evils. Swine, if given half a chance and open country in which to roam, keep reasonably clean. The troglodytes who have laid waste fifty thousand linear miles of roadside are, it is safe to assume, somewhat farther down the evolutionary ladder. What hobo would leave his "jungle" in the condition the average motorist leaves his picnic place? The blanket stiff's sense of decency would not permit it, to say nothing of the retribution at the hands of his fellow craftsmen if he did bemire a "jungle."

A secure niche has been won in the category of derelicts by chewing gum. America spends upwards of $50,000,000 a year for this delicacy, the equivalent of 5,000,000,000 sticks or 250,000 miles of sweetened chicle—enough to send a ribbon around the moon. Save in the case of tender infants, not much of it is swallowed. The great bulk finds its place somewhere under foot or hand; by preference under chairs in movie theaters, on the decks of excursion steamers, hiding coyly beneath the edges of tables in lunch rooms. I once lost a substantial section of a new Scotch tweed overcoat by virtue of a little remembrance on the straw seat of a subway train. Another favorite temporary resting place is the floor of a dance hall. I say temporary advisedly; the five billion sticks are ever on the march. They know not what it means to die.

It is getting so no self-respecting shad dares enter the mouth of any American river. If he has no self-respect and pushes on through the murk and chemicals and gloom, a dreadful death awaits him. It is getting so no shellfish—oyster, lobster, or clam—can hope to retain his health along the bays and estuaries where these rivers empty. But he can take a just revenge. He can poison the population which has poisoned him. In ten years the crab fish-

eries of the Chesapeake and Delaware rivers have been cut in half, and the lobster catch is a third of what it was a generation ago. Not only the open sewers of rivers, but oil-burning ships void their refuse in a manner increasingly deadly to all forms of marine life.

Every day in the year a great fleet of scows, dripping with refuse, is towed past the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Somewhere on the line between Atlantic Highlands Light and Fire Island Light the fleet disgorges its burden. The ocean's bosom is broad, but hardly broad enough to cherish inviolate this array of orphans. Not much strays back through the Narrows (the inner harbor possesses its own unfailing sources of supply), but for fifty miles along the south shore of Long Island—one of the loveliest strips of beach in the world—the joyous bather must make his way through decayed cabbages, onions, carrots, oranges, grapefruit, cauliflower, bananas; through tomato cans, sardine cans, oil cans, tin canisters of every shape and size; through whisky bottles, bromo seltzer bottles, Father John's Medicine bottles, Ed. Pinaud bottles (soon to be broken as his happy children play); through chicken coops, shingles, two by fours, barrels, casks, piano cases, fragments of wooden boxes, all studded with nails and always business side up (evidently a law subsidiary to the physics of wave motion); and lastly—and increasingly by virtue of oil-burning vessels—through a universal stratum of tar which coats not only the vegetables, the cans, the bottles, the woodwork and the fragments of overstuffed davenports, but etches in slimy black the farthest run of every wave which breaks upon the beach. Each happy bather, if he is wise, keeps a can of gasoline back of his bungalow. After bathing he repairs to the said can, douses a rag in its spout, and spends anywhere from ten minutes to an hour cleaning the tar from his anatomy in general, and his feet in particular. Incidentally, tar, says Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, is a substantial agent in propagating cancer. . . . For such items as cannot find lodgment on Long Island, due to the congestion of the traffic, the beaches of New Jersey beckon—and receive.

III

Closing my eyes, I can see stark and splendid the rocky cone of Chocorua rising from its heart-shaped lake, fringed with pines. It is a mountain which I love more than almost any human being. But alas, having begun to look at America, I can also see the fearful messes which gay excursionists have spread beneath those selfsame pines. I can see a woman driving down the main street of Scarsdale in a Lincoln, tearing up her morning's mail and scattering it in open-handed generosity to right and left. I can see a lovely meadow thick with daisies in the summer, not two hundred yards from where I write, where a neighbor in his neighborly way has deposited a truckload of tin cans, garnished with a folding bed. I can see the decks of the Albany day boat as the Sunday excursion crowd leaves it and heads for the subway, and the smoking car of the Croton local as it grinds into the Grand Central Station. I can see the ocean, framed between high dunes, and a man with a shack on top of one of the dunes flinging hundreds—literally hundreds—of bottles down the side, presently followed by a decayed refrigerator. (When I spent an afternoon digging a pit in which to bury the ice chest and the bottles, he was insulted, and in a sort of frenzy began hurling apparently everything movable in his house athwart my ocean view.) I can see ninety-six houses on the outskirts of Babylon, all precisely alike, all in geometrical rows, all dreadful, all falling into ruin as the "realtor's" dream of Manor Meadows collapses. I can see the Mohawk Trail made hideous with signboards; and a rusting Ford in the middle of what was once my favorite swimming pool. I can see . . . but

why go on? It takes a strong man to look at his world.

The roots of the devastation are reasonably plain. The pioneer tradition is of course to-day a cultural relic, but still sufficiently powerful to make us behave as though our land and resources were inexhaustible. Waste has ever been a national watchword. We have slashed our forests, gushed our oil, depleted and betrayed our soil on the theory that when one site was exhausted we could always move on to the next. Now, alas, like Alice, we have to move into the Mad Hatter's dirty teacup, but the realization of the fact has yet to come. We act like an exploring party in a trackless wilderness, confident that no other white man will visit our last camping place, so why bother to leave it tidy? The European has learned that others will lie where he has lain; the American has not. And the sad fact is that twenty-five million motor cars on fifty thousand miles of surfaced highway mean five hundred cars per mile, and thus a tolerably heavy percentage of double and triple bedding.

Allied to the pioneer tradition and its philosophy of waste, is the modern development of mass production. Under the canons of high-pressure selling and volume turnover we are enjoined directly and indirectly, by something in the nature of a billion dollars' worth of advertising and publicity a year, to throw things away before they are worn out, and buy a new model. The dump thus becomes the barometer of American business enterprise. The bigger it is, the better for commerce. It is a duty partaking of the sacred to keep millions of tons of motor cars, radios, phonographs, furniture, clothing, toys, printed matter moving briskly towards the junk pile with a minimum of stoppage in the hands of the user. One might say that the function of the buyer in the premises is casually to *inspect* the article as it moves, as steadily as may be, from the Mesaba iron range to Mr. Harvey's pyramid in Queens. . . . Run along beside it and twiddle it a little. This certainly is the goal of the turnover boys, and year by year they draw nearer to its consummation. The container racket, whereby the astute merchant sells the package rather than what the package contains (a technic which reaches its sublimest levels in the field of cosmetics) also contributes its quota of abandoned glass, metal, and pasteboard; while the decline of the housewife in the face of the tin can has long complicated the American problem. The rubbish heaps of our forefathers were largely tinless, even as European rubbish heaps are to-day.

The wayfaring man is thus, it must be admitted, caught in something of a paradox. His cultural tradition is waste; he is urged by all the magnificoes of industry to waste. Against these two powerful forces he has but a feeble sense of decency and order, and an æsthetic sense only to be located by the most subtle chemical reagents—indeed a laboratory job. He has conditioned himself not to look at his country. There is thus something to be said for the poor fellow in theory, loathsome as are his tangible acts.

IV

The time draws near for constructive suggestions—that solemn and usually altogether futile rite demanded of the critic. Unfailingly polite as always, I bow to the exigencies of that demand. I have two proposals to offer, one economic and one personal.

I think the Higher Salesmanship is overreaching itself by stimulating the dumping complex without making any provisions for the care of dumps. Indirectly if not directly, it is costing them money. The issue thus moves out of the realms of æsthetics—suspect to all good Americans—and comes solidly to earth in the realm of profit, of the utmost importance to all good Americans. The littered scene is not as attractive for profitable building sites, or profitable excursion points, as the unlittered.

A project like the Bronx River Parkway which converted a sleazy, tin-embroidered creek into a soundly landscaped park, created huge real estate values in the abutting property. Æsthetic improvement paid cash dividends. With winter resorts and summer resorts competing for vacationists, and with practically every town and city in the land competing for population (via the Boosters Club), the idea should presently penetrate—and indeed here and there already has—that a clean and attractive region has a competitive advantage over a dirty and messy one. The far-sighted business man is beginning to realize that the time is coming when a well-swept town without reeking dumps and horrendous approaches will pay dividends. The various "clean-up campaigns" of recent years are harbingers of this awakening. One can only pray for more commercial vision along this line. It will not help Mr. Mumford's architectural problem much, but it should certainly assist in a more seemly disposition of movables. Thus I refuse to be classed as one of those infernal æsthetes who would send us all to beautiful bankruptcy.

My second proposal, I repeat, is personal. It is also criminal. On three separate occasions I have deliberately, even joyously, committed arson. I have burned to the ground (1) a boat house, (2) a barn, (3) a beach bungalow. All three were collapsed, worthless eyesores, and in each case they utterly desecrated what was otherwise a charming vista. Day by day the irritation of looking at them grew, until ultimately I destroyed them. My plans were carefully laid. I waited for a soaking rain so that the flames might not spread. I chose broad daylight and, after applying the torch, retreated; and then was first upon the scene to sound the alarm, thus escaping all possibility of suspicion. I stood and gloried in the flames, apparently as surprised as the next man, while the neighbors developed first the mouse-and-match theory, second the tramp theory, and finally the spontaneous combustion theory.

ENCARNACIÓN

A STORY

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

"SEÑORA."

The voice was gentle, soft, purring, with none of the dry nasal tones of Bolivia. I was leaning on the gate of our little patio, gossiping with Min, my comrade of many camps, and I turned quickly to face the speaker. A girl stood several steps above me, on the gravel path that ran around my small garden. Against the faint ash rose of the adobe wall she was a thing of loveliness and color in her wide mauve *pollera*, embroidered salmon-pink shawl, high gray kid boots, and tall, glistening white Chola hat.

"Señora," she repeated—and a shy smile revealed white, childish teeth and a dimple in her left cheek—"would you have need of a servant?"

As it happened, I had need, and very pressing need, of a servant at that precise moment, but somehow the charming, glowing figure before me seemed far removed from the realms of toil. Her skin was luminous ivory, with a hint of pink on the cheekbones, her round eyes were golden-brown velvet, her weak little mouth was damp and red, and her sepia hair, plaited into the regulation Chola *trenzas*, curled at the ends. There was nothing of the country about her save her clothes, and even these were so fresh and smart that there was a certain comic-opera quality about them.

"What is your name?" I asked, and I too found myself smiling.

"Encarnación, Señora," she answered, "and I am of Araca. I have been living with my sister there—her husband is chauffeur for the Company. I should greatly like to work for you, Señora."

I turned to Min, and found her eyeing the girl from head to toe, tight disapproval written in every line of her face.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Think! I don't think. I know. Take her and you take trouble. She's a darned sight too pretty for a camp servant. Wait until the boys set eyes on her. And she's not a native, either. She's half Gringo. Ask her."

The question to an outsider might seem rather delicate, but to a Bolivian a matter of natural or legitimate birth is a mere trifle; so I asked briskly:

"Are you a *Nacionale?*"

"*Sí, Señora, sí.*" She nodded her head eagerly. Then her eye caught Min's, and she hesitated. "But my papa, he was a German."

"There," cried Min triumphantly. "What did I tell you? That accounts for her light skin and eyes and hair. You know these half-breeds."

"She's sort of blossomy, isn't she? And so babyish! If someone doesn't take her in and give her a chance, what will become of her?"

"Don't fret, it'll become of her anyway. Why court trouble?"

Encarnación's eyes roved from one to the other of us as we talked her over in English and inspected her with much the same interest we might give to a chicken or a pig about to be purchased.

"How old are you, Encarnación?" I asked.

"I have thirteen years, Señora," she answered.

Thirteen years! According to our standards a little girl, but according to the standards of her people a woman grown. In the little pueblo of Rosario down the valley were the *chicherìas*, where girls even younger than this one stood in the doorways and smiled enticingly. Just across the river was an awful, toothless old woman who collected girls and rented them out rather profitably. In the native camp itself were mothers who boldly sold their girls to the highest bidder. I knew even as I spoke that I could not spare this lovely Encarnación her ultimate fate, but she was such a baby to face it now.

"I think I'll give her a trial, Min," I said, and I felt quite as much embarrassed as if I had been caught in a petty theft. Min had her points, and we had weathered many a storm together; but at times her obvious rightness was a little overpowering.

"Well, you'll regret it. You see if you don't. She won't want to work. Look at those clothes and her smooth hands. Furthermore, it won't be a week before you have the boys throwing rocks on your roof and prowling around your house at all hours of the night, and you'll probably have to go after them with a gun, just as I did when that beast of a Parades came after my Felicidad. I—"

"Oh, well," I said hurriedly, "no harm trying it out, and at least she will be ornamental."

At the moment I felt that I simply could not listen again to the worn anecdote of the one known assault on the virtue of Min's Felicidad. Felicidad was quite the most hopeless of Bolivia's daughters—pock-marked, squint-eyed, bow-legged. No wonder she was a paragon of propriety and respectability!

"Ornamental!" Min rather snorted. "Well, I've warned you. She won't work—she's much too pretty for that—and she'll cause trouble. You see. I must run along now, and see what Felicidad is doing. *Hasta la vista!*"

Both Encarnación and I were visibly relieved at Min's departure. She heaved a deep sigh, and the questioning smile returned to her face.

"I think I'll try you out," I said. "What wages do you get?"

"What would it please you to give, Señora?"

"Twenty-five Bolivianos a month at first. Then, if you work hard, we'll see."

Apparently the sum, the equivalent of about nine dollars gold, was entirely satisfactory, for she beamed and cried: "*Bien, Señora, muy bien.*"

No use asking her what she could do. The truth was not even expected of her kind, and if I had asked her, she would have claimed all the domestic accomplishments.

"Come on," I said, "and I'll show you your room."

The room was nothing more than a *calamina* shed hung to the side of our tent house. One had to bend nearly double to enter, and there was no window. A small camp bed, a rickety washstand with a tin bowl and pitcher, a shattered table, and a chair were the furniture. The room had a board floor instead of the customary one of dirt, a bed instead of a bundle of rags in the corner, and a door that would lock. I noticed Encarnación looking at the door with interest.

"*Es bonita, Señora,*" she breathed. "*Muy bonita! Linda!*"

Almost too bad that anyone should consider such a hole as *bonita*—even *muy bonita*—and *linda*, but this was no time to haggle over æsthetics.

"Where are your things?" I asked.

She pointed out the door to a large bundle wrapped in a sheet. Beside it sat a small, white woolly dog. Unlike most native dogs, he was immaculately clean, and from under his fluffy white bang his black eyes twinkled and his wet little black nose twitched eagerly.

"Is that your dog?"

"*Sí, Señora.*" Encarnación's hands clasped and unclasped nervously, and

her eyes were imploring. "He is most loving and intelligent and peaceful."

"You can't keep him in camp," I said sternly, but at the same time carefully avoiding the earnest gaze of the small dog. "There are other dogs, and he might destroy the gardens."

"But, Señora, he is so *muy caballero*, is my little dog. And his name is Cazador."

Cazador (the hunter), at the mention of his name, threw himself up on his small rump, and lifted his paw in a smart military salute. I looked from the girl to the dog. Both were so singularly alike—so clean, so young, so almost elegantly spectacular. As Cazador caught my eye his little red tongue lolled out of the side of his mouth, and he distinctly smiled.

"Well," I conceded weakly, "I suppose you'll have to keep him. But he must not dig in the garden, and he must never enter the sala."

"*Nunca, Señora. Nunca, nunca, nunca,*" agreed Encarnación vehemently.

"Very well," I said, and I shook Cazador's paw and urged him to return to a more normal and easy position. "Take your things into your room, and when you get straightened out, come into the house quickly."

Min was wrong on one point. Encarnación could and would work. She could polish a floor until it glittered; she could make a bed—smooth and straight and taut; she could scrub and order our shabby bathroom to the point of trimness; she could arrange flowers and pillows and curtains until our dowdy living room came to life and glowed. She was gentle, too, and affectionate; and she always seemed to feel that between us was a bond of real understanding. She never talked much—she was curiously inarticulate amongst a talkative people—and our conversations were confined to inquiries as to my health and her sweet, singing "Señora." But she had my personal appearance enormously at heart, and appeared to regret my somewhat careless habits. If I were going to a party, she would powder the back of my neck so that not the least speck showed on the edges of my hair; she would insist on a triangle of rouge on each cheek; she would adjust to the last fold the dress which she had first carefully pressed. And she developed a perfect passion for running behind me and straightening the seams of my stockings, which somehow were always a little askew.

As for Cazador, he quickly established himself in the heart of the household. The first morning he was in residence, he appeared with my breakfast tray, saluted politely, and helped me finish my toast. He was, as Encarnación had guaranteed, *muy caballero*, and his attitude toward the garden and my cat Chevalita was the essence of discretion. He quite naturally spent the best part of his days on a small rug in front of the stove in the sala. Relations between Cazador and me were always a little formal—we were acquaintances rather than friends—and although he would eat breakfast with me and invariably treat me with perfect courtesy, he would never go walking with me nor take me into his full confidence. His *patrona* owned his heart entire.

On the other point I soon found that Min was entirely right. The boys—both Gringo and native—quickly discovered Encarnación. The first Saturday night after her arrival a crowd of them came down from the mine to our base camp and, as usual, flocked into our tent for a cocktail and the gossip of the week. Among them was Jorge Ibañez, the tall, greenly pallid native accountant, who had been to the States, who spoke almost perfect English, and who was the bane of my existence. He affected Gringo ways and dress, he craved Gringo society, and wrecked our choicest gatherings by his unsolicited presence; he professed for his own people a laughing, scornful contempt.

Encarnación brought the tray of cocktails into the sitting room. Without her hat and shawl she was more than ever entrancing. Her soft hair curled over her low forehead, long gold earrings

swung in her little pink ears, and her sloping shoulders and small waist showed to perfection in her trig, tight-fitting basque. As she entered the room there was a hush. Every man there registered his own particular form of interest. Ibañez's thick, lead-colored lips fell slightly open, and the heavy lids of his eyes drooped. The young mine superintendent whistled between his teeth.

"Gee," he said, "look who's here. Where did you find it, Alicia?"

Min, sitting in the corner, cast me a triumphant smile, which quite maddened me; and I turned on my guests with asperity.

"*Cuidado, Caballeros,*" I said crisply. "*Cuidado.* This kid belongs here. She's only thirteen—do you understand, only thirteen. So remember Min and her gun, and *cuidado!*"

"You shouldn't tempt us, 'Licia," snickered the mine superintendent.

But our own boys were a decent lot. Sometimes they rather ran amuck, and their jokes were apt to be a bit lurid; but on the whole they were pretty straight. Ibañez it was who troubled me—Ibañez with his slow, heavy stare and his loose, twitching lips. He caught my eye and came across the room to light my cigarette.

"Your new maid, Señora," he said, "she is charming—no?"

"Yes, charming, Don Jorge," I answered in the formal voice I reserved for intruders. "Charming—and mine."

His insolent gaze shifted quickly from me back to Encarnación. As she passed her tray she bestowed on each man her moist, sweet smile, showing little pointed teeth, and the men smiled back in frank admiration. I could gaily have killed them. And Min prodded me in the ribs and said:

"Now, you see what I told you?"

I was awakened that night by the unmistakable sound of pebbles on the tin roof of Encarnación's room. I sat up quickly and called:

"Encarnación, Encarnación! *Qué 'la pasa?*"

Without waiting for an answer, I leaped from my bed to the window, just in time to see a man's figure flash around the corner of the tent. There was a crash, and I knew that the intruder must have tripped over my potted plants, and was probably now crouching in the shadow of the wall. As I peered into the murky blackness, the moon suddenly freed itself of a bank of cloud mist and washed the garden with ripples of cool, milky light. And the light picked out the face of Jorge Ibañez, flattened against the adobe wall, his heavy eyes alive and hating, his pendulous lips turned back from his ugly yellow teeth.

For a moment we stared at each other in mute loathing. Then I shut the window silently, hunted up my kimono and slippers, and sallied forth to see how Encarnación was taking the affair. Her door was locked, but she opened it when she heard my voice.

"It was Don Jorge, Señora," she whimpered. "He wanted to come in, but I didn't unlock the door." She was clad in a straight, old-fashioned white-cotton nightie, and her thick hair lay unplaited on her shoulders. The pink in her cheeks had deepened to scarlet, and her soft, shallow brown eyes seemed darker —more glowing.

"I think, Encarnación, I shall lock you in. It is better—no?"

She nodded, her damp red lips parted.

I slept that night with the key under my pillow.

On Monday morning early the men returned to the mine, and I breathed easier. But my relief was short-lived. A couple of days later Min came to tea with me, and I knew by the light in her eye that she had something on me. She drank her tea genteelly, her little finger thrown into second, and nibbled politely at her toast.

"Are you aware," she asked sweetly, "that the native boys from the *Oficina* are running after your Encarnación? And Ibañez must have come down from the mine again. My Felicidad saw her walking up the river trail with him yes-

terday, and the Sereno told the new boy who works in my garden that he has caught young Sanchez tapping at her door twice."

I wanted frightfully to say, "Damn your Felicidad; she's always seeing something." Instead, I choked over a swallow of very hot tea, and as Min thumped my back she continued:

"But it's only what I told you. You remember I warned you that day she first came into camp?"

So a couple of months went by. I spoke with Encarnación on the wages of sin in my halting, uncertain Spanish; and she listened with parted lips and nods of approval. I locked her in when the boys came down from the mine. I threatened the Sereno with sudden and horrible death if he allowed anyone to molest her.

Then came August and the first tender hint of spring. Frail gray clouds filmed a sky, blue so long that the eyes ached with the sight of it; a tentative flurry of rain laid the choking black dust and wooed forth tiny green shoots in the gardens; the drooping, anæmic eucalyptus trees by the camp wall revived and filled the air with their stinging, cattish odor.

In the middle of the month fell the feast of the Assumption. The Assumption in our particular part of Bolivia is one of the really important fiestas. Each year a Cholo is elected *patrón* of the festivities, and he considers himself indeed blessed, even though it may take every *centavo* of his meager savings to finance the affair. The *cura* comes from the little pueblo many kilometers down the valley, christens the year's crop of babies, and formally unites in marriage the lovers of the vicinity, who in most cases regard this benefit of clergy merely as a bit of elegance. Dancing and drinking continue for days, and the Gringo women of the camp rave helplessly because all the house servants boldly absent themselves.

Directly across the camp wall, on the other side of the little river, was the small adobe *capilla*. On the Wednesday morning preceding the actual day of the fiesta its cracked bell rang out a summons—a jaunty, provocative summons that made the hair on the back of your neck crisp and sent little sparkling stabs through you. None of your Anglo-Saxon "come to church, come to church, come to church" peals, but a clarion call to dance, to drink, to love. In answer to the invitation a drum in the native village rolled, a reed pipe screamed, a blast of dynamite burst with a sickening crash; and the fiesta was on. For four long days and nights the earth vibrated to the scuff, scuff, scuff of feet dancing on its sun-baked face; the drums throbbed a dogged, persistent accompaniment to the pipes' endless repetition of a single theme; the dynamite blasts increased in frequence and violence. The Blessed Lady and *El Señor*, her Son, were carried from the chapel in procession, hailed with deafening roars of dynamite, twined with serpentina, pelted with confetti; then returned to the peace of their shadowed shrines—their little part in the drama quickly accomplished. About the drums and pipes men circled in a sort of hesitating trot—round and round and round, with dizzying intensity. Groups of women in brilliant *polleras* and vivid shawls clasped hands and whirled in circles—bright pinwheels of color against the toneless hills. Men and women arm in arm formed a long line and marched in a sort of follow-my-leader game, circling, wheeling, twisting snakewise. At night cheap German fireworks exploded and threw balls of red and blue and green into our camp. When for a few minutes the uproar stopped, the silence was vast, terrifying.

During those four days Encarnación worked with savage diligence. The almond-blossom pink on her cheekbones deepened, and her soft red mouth tightened a little. Each day, when the last chore had been finished to the smallest detail, she and Cazador would huddle close together by the wall and watch the dancers somberly. She never asked to join them, and I breathed easier as

each night came and I could lock the door of her room and carry the key away.

With Sunday came the final outburst of the fiesta. The dynamite had given out. Men and women lay in sodden heaps on the scarred, trodden ground—sated with dancing and the raw alcohol they had been drinking for four days. The band still mumbled on, but in spasmodic jerks, as if the players occasionally fell into fitful sleep. And when tea time came Encarnación and Cazador had vanished. I searched through our camp for them, then stood by the wall and strained my eyes for a sight of her mauve *pollera* among the few swaying forms still dancing to the lagging strains of the music. When darkness came, I sent the Sereno to hunt for her.

"*No parece, Señora,*" he reported briefly when he returned an hour later.

I went to her room. Everything was in order. The bed was smooth and neat, her clothes were hanging in the corner. The little rickety table had been turned into an altar. It was draped with cheap lace and adorned with a huge pink bow. A gay lithograph of the Virgin in a garish gilt frame stood in the center, before it a cracked cup full of pansies, and on either side candles stuck on saucers with their own grease. On the floor in front of the altar was a small pillow, still dented with the imprint of knees.

All day Monday I awaited the return of Encarnación. On Tuesday morning Pepita, my laundress, tottered in. She was frowzy and soiled, and her little felt hat—insignia of the Indian—was tilted recklessly on one eyebrow.

"You have returned," I remarked haughtily.

"I have returned, Señora." An outrageous leer disclosed her toothless jaws, and cracked tiny channels in the dirt of her face. "For five days and five nights have I danced and been very drunk, but when the fiesta is over I return to my Señora. And Encarnación?"

"I don't know," I said fretfully. The pretty, childish face had a troublesome way of popping up before my eyes and disturbing me.

Pepita removed her hat from her tousled head, and hung it on its accustomed nail.

"I shall now wash my clothes," she announced virtuously. "She also will return."

I suspected that the old devil knew where Encarnación was, but I did not ask her. She would probably not tell the truth, and I had no way of forcing the girl to return anyway.

That day at lunchtime one of the men from the Office stopped at my gate.

"Your pretty Encarnación—hasn't she been raising hell?" he grinned.

"Encarnación! Where is she?"

"Over at the Office right now, standing up in a corner bawling her head off. It seems young Ibañez found her at the fiesta on Sunday and took her to the mine tent. He's had her locked up there ever since. The Sereno heard Cazador whining and reported it to the Office. Say, the Old Man's in a swell rage over it. You know the rules about bringing women into camp. Well, he says Ibañez's got to marry the girl or out of camp they both go. I call it nerve, this talk of marrying. Ibañez comes of a good family. Of course, he says he'll be damned if he'll marry any . . . Well, you know what he'd call the kid. So this afternoon out they go. Say, Min'll have one on you."

Something hot and savage turned me nearly blind, and I wanted to lean across the gate and smear the silly grin off the man's face with a clawing hand. Instead, I said rather thickly:

"Too bad! You fellows never gave the poor kid a chance—did you?"

And I turned and walked into my door.

I had just finished my lunch when Pepita sidled in and announced:

"Encarnación, Señora."

She was dirty and bedraggled. Her mauve skirt was torn and stained, her face was distorted with weeping. Cazador, matted and dusty, cringed at her side.

"Señora," she said softly, and her dry, swollen lips twisted into a cracked smile.

"Encarnación," I answered blankly. Cazador drew near and laid a timid paw in my lap. "You must go," I cried desperately. "You must go and now. The *Gerente* is very angry. He says you cannot stay in camp."

"But at the fiesta, Señora, they made me very drunk, and when I woke up I was in the tent of Don Jorge—locked in. And where can I go, Señora?"

Hesitatingly and with a feeling of sick revolt I tried to explain to the girl what I did not well understand myself—her sin against a society that had never given her a running chance, the reward she must expect to reap. Her round, red-rimmed eyes never left my face.

"I shall go," she said flatly, and she stumbled from the room, Cazador slinking close to her torn mauve skirt.

I had stood enough for one day. Swiftly and in abject fear of meeting my comrade Min, I left the house and climbed unhappily up the steep trail that led away from camp. The pulsing hum of spring was in the air. A couple of little green birds scolded and fussed over their housekeeping arrangements in a twisted bush; a snow-white lamb quavered after its indifferent mother with trembling, new-born legs; a pair of amorous llamas threw back their heads and regarded me with scarifying disdain. When I reached the little ledge where I was wont to retire from a distasteful world, I sat down and gazed unblinkingly down the river path. Presently around the curve emerged a small, slight figure—a figure somewhat bent beneath a bundle swung on its back. By its side padded a white dot that was a dog. The two were headed towards Rosario.

Often in the weeks that followed I met Encarnación on the trail. Her step had regained its spring, her clothes were gayer than ever. Cazador, washed and combed to a woolly whiteness, always accompanied her. Our greetings were restrained and invariably the same.

"Señora," she would breathe softly.

"Encarnación," I would reply. And we would pass on our separate ways.

Then the rains came in earnest. Day after day a flat, leaden sky hung low over our heads, scudding banks of clouds raced up the valley, the river rose and cut off our source of supplies. Late in November came a short respite—hours of thin, uncertain sunshine alternated by smashing showers with thunder that roared and blared amongst the mountains like a mighty battle. And always Pepita and I kept an eye on the steep river trail, hoping for a sight of the first sad little gray head that would mean a burro train had forded the angry stream and was bringing up potatoes, green vegetables, eggs, and oranges from the hot country below. Late one afternoon slowly over the crest of the hill emerged a straggling procession—a litter carried by four Indians, and around it a milling crowd of men, women, children, and dogs. Pepita gave an appreciative cluck.

"A death, Señora?" she queried gloatingly.

"Who knows! Perhaps it is but an *enfermo* being brought up from Rosario to the hospital. However, you may go and see," I added.

She pulled her shawl over her head and dashed over the little foot bridge that led to the native village, with a speed that belied her own account of her age—either forty-five or seventy-six, she could not quite remember which.

The straggling cavalcade, augmented now by the people from our village, crawled painfully up the last cruel pull to the small *calamina* hospital owned by the Company. I watched Pepita bound up the hill behind it, close in on it, work her way to the side of the litter. Ten minutes later she stood beside me, her breath coming pantingly, her small black eyes shining, the hairs on a large mole on her chin bristling with excitement.

"Señora," she gasped, "it is Encarnación! *Jesús Maria*, Encarnación, Señora! It is terrible—most terrible. She is cut—cut in many places. There

is blood—blood everywhere. Her legs, her side, her arms, her face—cut in seven parts. One ear, Señora—gone, quite gone. And both her *trenzas* cut completely off." Pepita held out between her thumb and forefinger one of her own thick, long-lobed ears and clutched at her untidy pigtails to demonstrate the horror of the situation.

In an instant a blossomy, child's face swam before my eyes, and I steadied myself against the wall.

"But, Pepita, not Encarnación! Surely not Encarnación!"

"Sí, Señora, Encarnación. And she will surely die, for has she not been most wicked?" Pepita blew her nose fervently on the hem of her skirt, and in her old, dull eyes was an inarticulate triumph—the triumph of age frustrated over youth too frustrated. "*Por Dios*, did she not take from another woman her man? And the woman, with the child of the man in her belly, meets Encarnación in the plaza of Rosario, and she says, 'Give me back my man.' And Encarnación laughs, and says, 'Why don't you keep your man? I don't want him.' And the woman pulls a knife from under her shawl, and she cuts and cuts and cuts, and Encarnación falls on the ground, and Cazador tries to save her, and he gets cut also, and then the men come and pull the woman off. And now Encarnación is at the hospital about to die. *Jesús*, what will become of her soul?"

Pepita acted each incident of the ghastly drama. She was the woman, she was Encarnación, she was Cazador, snarling and lunging at my legs.

"I must go at once to the hospital and see her."

Even as I spoke Felipa, the young native nurse, ran down the hill and into camp.

"Señora, the Doctor asks you to do him the grand favor of coming to the hospital at once. La Encarnación calls and calls for you, and she will surely die in a little time."

Felipa's face was smoky blue, and her pale lips quivered nervously. She and Encarnación had been friends.

I ran up the steep trail, my heart pounding under my ribs, pushed my way through the crowd in front of the hospital, and met the Doctor at the door.

"She wants to see you," he said briefly. "It'll be over in a few minutes. It isn't even worth while taking off her clothes. She's hacked to a fare-you-well."

We stepped into the tiny hospital ward. On the bed nearest the door was a huddled mound of dirty, bloody clothes—slim gray kid boots with silk laces and tassels at the top, a mauve skirt slashed into ribbons, a blood-stiffened lace blouse—and above, a head so swathed in bandages that nothing showed but a tiny circle of face with long brown lashes lying on the waxen, yellow skin. At the foot of the bed crouched Cazador, dyed scarlet with blood—scarlet like the sins of his mistress. He whined when he saw me, and sidled closer to an edge of skirt that hung to the floor.

The Doctor and I stood on either side of the bed, watching the still form, listening to the quick, painful breathing.

"God!" said the Doctor softly, "the pity of it—the waste of it. But it was inevitable. She was headed for this from the minute she was born, with her Indian mind and her Gringo soul and her beautiful body. She never had a ghost of a chance."

As he finished speaking, the long lashes lifted. Encarnación was looking at me, and in her brown-velvet eyes was neither fright nor pain—only a sort of numbed puzzlement.

"Señora," she said—her old greeting, but her voice was roughened and dry. I bent over her and took her cold, sweaty hand, and she seemed casting about in her slow, inarticulate way for some word. Then a shadow of her old smile crinkled the corners of her eyes, and I stooped low to catch the stumbling whisper.

"*Adiós*," she said. "*Adiós, Señora mía.*"

BOOZE AND BUSINESS

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

I CALLED at the office of the Big Business executive in New York City at an unfortunate moment because he was taking the train in half an hour to attend the annual convention of his industry at a Virginia resort. An Italian-American named Joe had just delivered a package of merchandise, for which the executive insisted on paying cash, though Joe protested politely that he was perfectly willing to wait until his client's return. Joe went out of the office, stuffing a bundle of ten-dollar notes in his pocket, and the executive proceeded with his preparations for the business convention. His big leather golf bag stood upright against his flat-topped desk; he removed the sticks and stowed several bottles labeled "Best Scotch," taken from the package Joe had left, at the bottom. Then he replaced the sticks carefully and called the office porter to carry the golf bag and his suitcase to the lobby of the building, twenty floors below. Putting on his hat and overcoat, the executive was ready to leave the office and take a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. He asked me to go with him as far as the street.

On our way down I could not resist a question. The executive was not, I knew, a confirmed drinker and it would be no hardship for him to go a few days without alcoholic stimulant. The convention was to be held in Bishop Cannon's own state where the voters have declared themselves overwhelmingly for Prohibition and where citizens have been killed as a result of having in their possession as little as half a pint. These things being so, why take chances?

His reply suggested a curious phase of the Prohibition problem that has, perhaps, escaped general notice. After explaining that he was not taking liquor to the convention city for his own use, but for the entertainment of a few special customers of his corporation, he remarked:

"I'm going to a national convention of important business men where a little good Scotch dispensed judiciously may mean some orders for my concern. I shouldn't be true to my stockholders if I didn't do everything possible to get orders. As for taking risks, there aren't any to take. Since Prohibition became a law I've averaged a dozen business conventions a year, and I've never seen a single one that was dry. Moreover, I've never known a case where the authorities interfered in any way. So far as I can judge, it is everywhere regarded as thoroughly legitimate to use liquor to grease the wheels of business."

As a writer on business subjects, I travel about the country considerably to interview business men of every class. In all sections I find the point of view that Prohibition must not be allowed to interfere with trade. It would be reasonable to suppose this point of view should be maintained more strongly in large cities than in small ones; but the size of the community makes no apparent difference. For example, on a recent trip through the State of Pennsylvania, where Governor Pinchot fought for law enforcement so long and earnestly, I visited a town of fewer than four thousand people, where the leading hotel on Main Street maintained a

barroom at the front of its premises and vended alcoholic drinks. There was no apparent concealment or apprehension, though the pastors of the five local churches and the members of the police force must have passed it daily while on their rounds of civic duties. In conversation with the ranking hardware dealer of the community, who chanced to be a patron of the bar at the moment, I inquired the reason for the acquiescence of the good citizens in this wide-open violation of national and state laws. The words of the hardware dealer must be accepted as truth because he took care to inform me that he was a church member in good standing.

"Our town depends on one large factory which has a country-wide trade," he said. "Anything that affects the factory affects all of us, working people, merchants, and property owners. A lot of buyers come here to place orders. There are competing factories in Philadelphia and Scranton. Those are bigger places, and buyers would rather go there, so we have to offer them something special. This old-fashioned bar with a brass rail helps a lot. Maybe some of the people around here don't like it, but they know better than to say anything."

The Eighteenth Amendment was still in its infancy when evidence was forthcoming that many business men who favored Prohibition did not intend that Prohibition should interfere with gainful undertakings. Early in the Harding administration I was in San Antonio, Texas, when the Chamber of Commerce of that city undertook to sponsor a lecture by Captain William B. Stayton, who was touring the country with the object of arousing interest in the development of American merchant shipping. Captain Stayton is a former officer of the United States Navy, with a distinguished record in the Spanish War. Upon his arrival in San Antonio, however, he was told that the Chamber of Commerce would not allow him to speak under its auspices. It was learned that Captain Stayton, who is personally an abstainer, had taken part in the formation of an organization to work for the repeal of the Prohibition Act and this, the officials of the San Antonio Chamber felt, justified the cancellation of his lecture on the grounds that a business body, representing the moral elements of the city, could not properly sponsor a lecture on American merchant shipping by a man whose private beliefs on another subject were in conflict with local opinion.

Except for another incident that took place while I was in the city, this action on the part of the San Antonio business men might have seemed quite logical, because a Texan, Senator Morris Sheppard, is author of the Eighteenth Amendment. San Antonio is a strategic military point, and the citizens were anxious that the Government should select it as the site of an additional army flying field. A committee of congressmen was invited to come from Washington to investigate the matter. Speaking later with one of the Chamber of Commerce executives, he told me it had been considered advisable to purchase a quantity of liquor with which to entertain the distinguished visitors. The executive's conversation with me was in the nature of a complaint. Prohibition had so recently been inaugurated that bootlegging was still unorganized and liquor unreasonably expensive. If I remember correctly, members of the Chamber were obliged to pay something like twenty dollars a quart for authentic whisky. Not only that, but it was said one or two of the congressmen abused the Chamber's hospitality in the matter of drinking and made rather nuisances of themselves.

The inconsistent actions of the San Antonio business men must be blamed on the tenet that Prohibition shall not be allowed to interfere with prosperity. An austere Puritanism could be maintained in the case of the ex-naval officer because there was no immediate gain for an inland city in the promotion of a greater Merchant Marine. At best, its

benefits were far in the future. But an additional flying field would at once put money into circulation to enrich the citizens and make possible a finer, more virtuous community. Practically it was a public duty to entertain the visiting congressmen in such a manner that they could not think of locating the desired flying field in some rival city.

II

Naturally there has been little said for publication about the use of intoxicants in business operations. The first really official notice that this was being done on a large scale came several years ago when an organization was formed in New York known as the Committee of One Thousand. Names of private members are held secret, but the list of officers includes those of Mr. Sebastian Kresge, the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, and Bishops James Cannon and William T. Manning. The general chairman is Mr. Fred B. Smith, who is nationally known as a paid speaker on religious topics and who is frequently employed by large corporations to deliver inspirational addresses before gatherings of salesmen. One of the first activities of the Committee of One Thousand was the broadcasting of a letter to business executives throughout the country asking that they forbid their agents to spend money for liquor for entertainment purposes.

To the lay mind it might seem strange that responsible business executives should be asked to obey the laws of the land. A cynical person might even surmise that an occasional executive, being thus apprised of what was being done by his competitors, might decide to fight fire with fire and go into the business of alcoholic entertainment on his own account. At the time the Committee of One Thousand made its appeal, General Lincoln G. Andrews was still Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition enforcement; and the Committee revealed the shocking situation by quoting from a letter sent by the General himself:

> I was in the street railway business for four years before taking this office. On every occasion, where the street railway men got together in their annual state and national conventions, these agents of supply houses were always present as delightful hosts dispensing unlimited quantities of liquor for the jollification of the occasion. What is true in this business is undoubtedly true in other big businesses.

This publication of General Andrews' letter explained a strange statement which he made at the time he became Prohibition director. He was quoted in the press as saying, "When I took this office I quit drinking with a bang!"

It is curious how long an idea, once accepted, will persist in the face of evidence to the contrary. Though both the Committee of One Thousand and the National Prohibition Director had advertised the fact that big business was using alcohol on a large scale for commercial entertainment, many people continued to believe big business was in favor of complete Prohibition. The persistence of this belief was shown during an important law enforcement convention held in Chicago, and largely attended by Anti-Saloon League and Government officials. The statement was made that many churches were subscribing less money than formerly to the Prohibition cause. At this, according to newspaper reports, a resolution was presented to the effect that, if the church people were becoming unenthusiastic about enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment, then the matter might well be placed in the hands of American big business men. The precise wording, as reported by the newspapers, was: "Let Big Business Enforce It."

With all due respect to the Anti-Saloon League and Government officials who applauded this resolution, I would say that so-called big business is about the last agency to wish for a complete and efficient enforcement of the Prohibition law. I trust I shall offend no

one's sensibilities by speaking with extreme downrightness: Partial prohibition is beneficial to big business. Entire prohibition is not. The reason lies in the fact that with liquor fairly high priced, and with good quality liquor sometimes hard to procure, the large corporation can afford to spend the necessary money to entertain its customers, when such entertainment would be beyond the means of its smaller competitor. In New York and other great centers many important business organizations have arrangements by which out-of-town customers can be entertained at clubs where liquor is served. Some do their entertaining in their own offices. One very prominent New York corporation maintains a barroom at its headquarters in a mid-town skyscraper which is kept open until twelve o'clock every night for the free entertainment of customers. The office manager informed me recently that while the barroom is expensive, it is looked on by the board of directors as a profitable enterprise. He himself remains at the office each night and at such times frequently books orders that might otherwise go to competing concerns which cannot afford so expensive a system.

Even retail business is coming to realize the practical value of alcohol as a sales stimulant. This was explained to me recently by a stockholder in the leading department store of a small Montana city. The president of the concern, though personally fond of his drink, was an active worker for the passage of the Prohibition law on the theory that his store might do more business if the money taken in by the saloons were diverted to more useful channels. For a time following the enactment of Prohibition the theory apparently proved its soundness. Then clouds began to gather. Trading centers are far apart in the Northwest, and an enterprising merchant frequently draws business from a radius of two hundred miles or more. The department-store president found that many of his most profitable cattlemen and ranch-owning customers were going to other communities less strict than his own, where a convivial man might enjoy a little alcoholic entertainment while the members of his family purchased their supplies. Being a resourceful man, the department-store president has found a way out. In an office building next to his department store he now maintains a club room and serves free Scotch and rye liquor to visiting heads of families. Everything goes well. During the past year the store has reached a volume of more than one million dollars. Stockholders have been paid a dividend of fifteen per cent. No one, so far as I know, has written to Senator Walsh to complain of this outrageous violation of the Prohibition law in his state.

Everywhere, even in the driest of political territory, there seems to be an informal agreement that the Eighteenth Amendment must not be allowed to stand in the way where important business enterprises are on foot. It is only a few months ago that I had occasion to visit the Pacific Coast and stopped en route in the city of Boise, Idaho. One would think that in a state which made mere possession of liquor a prison offense long before National Prohibition, and particularly in the city of Boise which is the home of Senator William E. Borah, there would be no compromise on the question of alcoholic commercial entertainment. But at the time of my visit there chanced to be a state convention of Idaho business men, and from the activities that went on in the entertainment line one might have supposed himself in a wide-open convention town like Atlantic City, or even in New York itself. Manufacturers' agents from Salt Lake City and other centers were on hand, maintaining bars in their hotel rooms and dispensing refreshments to prospective clients. So far as I could see, there was no attempt at concealment. Apparently the only persons in Boise who knew nothing about it were Senator Borah and the local Chief of Police.

It was on the same Western trip that I encountered evidence, even more striking than at the Boise convention, of the point of view that Prohibition must not interfere with business. It would be unkind to name the city, for its population is so small that any local person who might chance to read this article would at once recognize the actors. It will be enough to state that it is a highly religious community, the Methodist faith predominating, and an important center of the Ku Klux Klan. The local jail is constantly filled with foreigners and other people of no business standing who have violated the Prohibition law.

On the occasion of my visit a tremendous money-raising campaign was in progress in order to induce an industrial corporation to locate a branch factory in the community. The Chamber of Commerce had caused a wooden platform to be erected at the intersection of the two business streets, directly in front of the leading hotel; and on the night of the great rally a large crowd of loyal citizens gathered here to listen to speeches by various officials of the Chamber and to make their subscriptions toward the factory fund. Just above the speakers' platform, at the second floor of the hotel, was a large open window at which stood several enthusiastic Chamber of Commerce workers; and when a citizen in the crowd below called out the sum he intended giving to the fund, these enthusiasts in the window would beckon him to come up to the hotel room. Everyone understood what was meant. A man's subscription entitled him to free drinks. Soon there was a steady stream of citizens tramping through the hotel lobby and up the stairway to the second floor. In the lobby stood the manager of the hostelry, a worried looking man with horn-rimmed spectacles and a drooping black mustache. As the subscribers to the factory fund filed past him several spoke to him jovially, and he tried to make return in kind, but his efforts at lightheartedness were rather pitiful.

In an hour the scene was distinctly bacchanalian. One of the enthusiasts on the second floor called loudly for a rope with the intention of lowering himself to the ground. He had, he stated to admiring friends below, given everything he possessed to the factory fund and had nothing left for his hotel bill, so it was necessary to escape in that manner. Someone produced the rope, and the enthusiast seemed actually about to carry out his intention when others, who were still reasonably sober, prevented the dangerous feat. The hotel lobby was filled with a milling crowd of celebrants, and the jokes flung in the direction of the unhappy proprietor became more jovial than ever. The cause of his unhappiness disclosed itself when one learned that in private life he was a pillar of the First Methodist Church and leader of the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. As a churchman and a Klansman he had, more than any other person in town, been responsible for filling the jail with Prohibition malefactors. I chanced to overhear a conversation between two citizens that explained the local point of view in regard to Prohibition and big business. One of the citizens asked his neighbor apprehensively if there might not be danger that the hotel man would make trouble over the use of his premises for convivial purposes. The reply was reassuring, "Not on your life. He'd be run out of town if he did. This is a business party."

The next day's newspaper carried a front-page story recording the fact that the factory fund had been triumphantly subscribed, but gave none of the details as to the methods employed. A short time later the newspaper contained an item regarding the arrest of two Mexican sheep herders. These sinners, it appeared, were going along in a Ford car about ten miles out of town when their car became bogged in a mudhole caused by recent rains. A party of gentlemen in a more powerful machine chanced by and helped the sheep herders out of their

difficulty. One of the latter, to show his appreciation, offered the gentlemen a drink of Mountain Dew from a bottle which he had in his pocket. It was an unfortunate act, for the gentleman who received the bottle was an earnest churchman, one of the patriotic business men who assisted at the money-raising affair of the Chamber of Commerce. The Mexicans were arrested and taken into town for incarceration.

In each of the incidents I have described the participants manifested a curious unconsciousness that anything might be wrong in violating the law for the good of business. Men of apparently sound judgment in ordinary affairs have spoken to me about the wet conventions promoted by their chambers of commerce, or of the use of alcohol to influence buyers, with the same detachment they would exhibit in any other business discussion. It could hardly come under the head of hypocrisy because there was no sense of wrong-doing. Recently I had occasion to interview the president of a large commercial enterprise in a city of New York State. Luncheon time arrived, and the president extracted from his desk a bottle of apple brandy for which his county is celebrated. As he poured his drink he told me how much money the farmers of the county are making from their apples each year. The sight of his brimming tumbler prompted him to speak of law enforcement and politics. He expressed regret that Senator James Wadsworth no longer represented the Empire State at Washington, and then said:

"Jimmy Wadsworth is a good friend of mine. I like him a lot. But Jimmy Wadsworth needed to be taught that no man can be against Prohibition and get the votes of the God-fearing people of New York State!"

Following this ringing pronouncement, the friend of Senator Wadsworth drained his glass to the last drop.

III

There must be some particular reason for so much wooziness of thought among business men throughout the country. My own guess, based on my work as a business observer and writer which necessitates some hundreds of interviews with business men each year, is this:

No authoritative pronouncement as to the precise object of Prohibition has ever been made. When the measure was first proposed business men were asked to support it because it would help them make money. They were told they would have less trouble with their employees. They would also get the money that was being spent in the corner saloon. Thinkers of the school represented by Mr. Henry Ford still maintain this view, regarding Prohibition as a strictly business matter. On the other hand, many outstanding ministers of the Gospel, such as the Reverend John Haynes Holmes and Bishop William Manning, generally advance the belief that Prohibition is a moral issue only and that money-making should have no part in it.

A third point of view is maintained by many public men who derive their incomes from the Prohibition movement. These citizens claim that Prohibition is intended to promote money-making, and also that it is intended to create a higher morality. Mr. F. Scott McBride, National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, at the beginning of the present year issued a statement that is typical of this school of thought. Reviewing the past ten years of Prohibition, he said in one paragraph, "The economic progress of the United States in this decade surpasses any in the world's history." In a succeeding paragraph he leaves out the money-making view and says that, "Prohibition has tended to the establishment of a better social order."

Perhaps all of these gentlemen are correct. Yet that in no way clears up the confusion that exists in the minds of thousands of American business men.

The average business executive is not a philosopher. He has little time for abstract thought, and is inclined to take his views from the printed utterances of public men whom he admires. Some of these men tell him Prohibition is intended to promote the sale of merchandise. Others tell him Prohibition is strictly a religious and moral matter. Still others tell him Prohibition can bring about both bigger sales and higher morality. It is only natural, in the midst of these conflicting views, that the ordinary business man should follow his own course and use Prohibition in any way that promises most advantage to himself.

One very potent factor that makes for employment of alcoholic drink as a business-getter is the increasing size of American business organizations. The bigger the business, the less liable it is to conform strictly to the Prohibition law. A small manufacturer with a local trade can issue orders to his sales force that no law-breaking will be condoned, with reasonable certainty that his orders will be observed. But this is a practical impossibility in the case of a country-wide corporation that has branches in dozens of cities and a sales force of several thousand men. The president of the big corporation may be heartily in favor of law enforcement; but the district manager or the star salesman, hundreds of miles away from headquarters and intent on making a record for himself, will not usually forego business that may be influenced by so simple a matter as a little alcoholic entertainment.

In a recent court action held in Washington the purchasing agent of an industrial plant testified that one of the salesmen for a very prominent New York manufacturing corporation called upon him each Saturday morning over a considerable period. Cross-questioning brought out the fact that at each call the salesman placed a quart bottle of choice bonded whisky upon the purchasing agent's desk.

Aside from the fact that it was one of the few cases of alcoholic bribery which has ever been officially placed upon record, this incident is nothing to wonder about. It is surprising only because the great New York corporation which employed the law-breaking salesman has often been mentioned by journalists as one organization that would tolerate no underhand practices, and this reputation has been enhanced by its frequent employment of Mr. Fred B. Smith, chairman of the Committee of One Thousand, as an inspirational speaker at its conventions of salespeople.

It would be unfair, certainly, to condemn either the corporation officials or Mr. Smith for the misdeeds of a single over-eager salesman. The incident merely shows the difficulty encountered by big business in controlling the actions of its employees who are working on their own, at great distances from the moral influences of the home office.

Recently when making preparations for the annual convention of the Southeastern Division of the National Electric Light Association, Mr. J. H. Gill, the president, felt it necessary to address an open letter to manufacturers who do business with the members of that organization, on the subject of alcoholic entertainment. Mr. Gill wrote:

> The general thought has been that such excesses have resulted from the assumption, by manufacturers' representatives, that a sacred duty would be violated if they did not furnish liquor, at a convention, to make everybody gloriously drunk.
>
> May I ask that you ask your representatives who may attend not to furnish liquor for general consumption?

No doubt a great many business men exhibit a cloudiness of thought toward the Eighteenth Amendment because its precise object has never authoritatively been stated. It would be charitable to believe this in connection with an incident which I happened recently to witness. Having occasion to speak to the ranking executive of a great New York City business concern, I was told he

might be seen at a hotel in the Grand Central section. At the hotel desk the clerk stated that the executive was possibly in a suite upon an upper floor. This turned out to be incorrect. The executive was not there, but two young men from his office were. There was a large table on which stood a great many bottles of choice intoxicants, and the two young men acted in the combined capacities of bartenders and entertainers to three gentlemen, executives of a world-renowned industrial corporation. There were present, also, other entertainers in the persons of three ladies. From the conversation which went on it was evident that none of the ladies was related by marriage or otherwise to any gentleman present.

It was hard to believe that the New York executive whom I sought should officially sanction such an affair. Rather, it seemed, the entertainment was staged sub rosa by some over-zealous sales-manager who hoped to further his personal fortunes by entertaining the industrial officials, who were extremely important customers. But as I took my leave one of the young bartender-employees escorted me to the elevator. There he said it was a pity I could not wait because his chief, the gentleman I wished to see, had expressed his intention of coming to the party.

It is only fair to say the gentleman did not arrive before I left. It is to be hoped he never arrived, and that he was in entire ignorance of the drinking entertainment being staged by his employees, because he is a man nationally known for his public utterances in favor of the enforcement of the dry laws.

Doubtless Prohibition is a noble experiment. But perhaps it would be less of an experiment if an authoritative decision were made as to its precise object. Is Prohibition intended to promote the sale of merchandise? Or is Prohibition intended to promote morality? Until this is settled many business men will continue to interpret the problem according to their own interests.

PHILIP SNOWDEN: A PORTRAIT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

MR. SNOWDEN possesses all the qualities which the American people have been taught to look for in a Presidential candidate. His parents were poor, but honest; the elementary school apart, he is entirely self-educated; he has made himself, in the face of grim physical disability, by sheer determination and intelligence, one of the dozen men who essentially count in British politics. With every sort of handicap against him, he has shown how, in a country which has only just begun to experience the results of the democratic habit, gifts of character and intellect enable a man to master the hazards of destiny. The democracy respects him as part of its own self-respect. It feels for him something of the sentiment it had for John Bright half a century ago. It recognizes in him strength of mind and will, profound compassion for the weak, a high sense of justice—convictions he will maintain against all comers. His triumph has been in a way its own; and when the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer expounds financial principles to the city of London, millions of British men and women feel, if vicariously, that they, too, have stormed the citadel of ultimate power.

II

Mr. Snowden's career before the first MacDonald government in 1924 was not markedly different, save in the qualities of mind it revealed, from that of any of his colleagues in the Labor Party. Like so many of them, he came to socialism from a personal acquaintance with the grim conditions of working-class life in the seventies and eighties. There were fierce speeches on temperance, angry attacks on the Liberal Party as a false friend to Labor. Like so many, again, he contested forlorn hopes for Parliament and spent the intervals between elections in relentless propaganda for socialism all over England. It was in the hard school of the street-corner and the half-empty hall, with the men of Lancashire and Yorkshire who come to meetings as a theologian to a battle of biblical texts, that he learned the power of acid utterance relieved by grim humor and the most exquisite of smiles, which has made him, with Ramsay MacDonald, the first among Labor orators. He wrote much, too: pamphlets, leaflets, articles, books, none of them first-rate or important, all of them effective, vivid with a pungent sense of experience wrested from life. Then, on the wave of Liberal revival in 1906, he was swept into Parliament for Blackburn, a seat he retained until the war-stained election of 1918. In those first dozen years of Parliament he made for himself a national position. Leaders of all parties learned to respect this tight-lipped debater, immovable, sardonic, relentless, with all the facts at his fingertips and a power of invective which bit right into existing reputations. No one, then, doubtless, thought of him as a possible Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I remember Mr. Asquith saying to me in 1923 that by 1908 he had made up his mind that, had Snowden been a member of one of the older parties, nothing could have prevented him from attain-

ing one of the first places in the state.

The Snowden of the years before the War was very much the Snowden who is Chancellor of the Exchequer to-day. Certain experiences had made him a socialist. He knew at first hand the bitter injustice of the present industrial system; he loathed its waste and inefficiency, its maintenance in idleness and parasitism of a considerable leisured class. He demanded equal rights for the whole democracy, women as well as men. He insisted on the inequity of a society which gave to a man who had been careful in the selection of his parents access to all that made life worth living and denied that access to his neighbor. He denounced fiercely the power of the aristocracy in English politics. He protested against a foreign policy and a diplomatic technic of which war seemed to him the inevitable outcome. He was a socialist, that is, of a peculiarly English brand. His views were born not of a reading of Marx, but from the direct contemplation of the life about him. The England he dreamed of was to know no class, and the road thereto lay through rigorous national control of industrial power. On matters like free trade and national finance he spoke in the House as one of the half-dozen sure always of respect and attention. It was not merely that he possessed the orator's gift of dominating his audience; it was also that he spoke with passionate sincerity and a fullness of undeniable knowledge. He never sought to placate or to compromise. He stated what was in him as an argument that the House of Commons could take or leave. And the House—a supreme judge of men—gave him a place apart in its affections.

The coming of war did not make him move one inch from his convictions. Like MacDonald, he was opposed to British participation; like MacDonald, he fought against Labor membership of the Coalition governments. For him the War was an unholy thing, and what moved him most was its agony and its suffering. He refused to make recruiting speeches; himself a cripple, he would not ask others to do what he could not do himself. Again and again he moved the House by his defense there of what may be termed Wilsonian principles; he asked above all for a speedy end to conflict. Few men, I suppose, were more widely hated than he in these years. He welcomed the Russian Revolution; he helped in the famous Leeds Conference in 1917 which accepted Russian war-aims, and formed a central Soldiers' and Workmen's Council for England. He denounced the Lloyd-George government more vehemently than any other member of the anti-war party. When peace and the general election came in 1918 he paid the penalty for his pacifism by an overwhelming defeat at the polls.

Mr. Snowden remained out of the House of Commons for four years. When he returned, at the election of 1922, a new England had come into being. The war-fever was dead; Mr. Lloyd George was defeated and disgraced. Men saw now the folly of the War, and it was no crime to have demonstrated the inevitability of its wanton destructiveness. The Parliament to which he returned—this time for his native district of Colne Valley—was preoccupied with economic problems. There were the million unemployed, the settlement of reparations, the payment of war-debts, the menace of Bolshevism. He had no difficulty in regaining his old ascendancy; and when, suddenly, in 1923, Mr. Baldwin risked an election on the outworn theme of protection, he was one of the dominating forces of the opposition. Mr. Baldwin was beaten in the country; and the divisions of Liberalism enabled Mr. MacDonald to form the first labor government in British history. Inevitably, Snowden became his Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his budget, a triumph of skilful exposition, "rarely," said Mr. Asquith, "surpassed in his experience of forty years," was a solid essay in Gladstonian finance. He left office with an enhanced reputation with

the sober forces of the City; and nearly five years of opposition only consolidated his standing. His skirmishes with Mr. Churchill in the House were Homeric combats which reminded old members of the great battles between Gladstone and Disraeli. When he became Chancellor for a second time, in May, 1929, men generally felt that the finances of the country were in safe hands.

Since the second Labor government took office Mr. Snowden, broadly, has had two great tasks. There was the settlement, at The Hague, of international reparations upon the basis of the Young Report; and there was the question of the limit to be placed upon social expenditure to mitigate the burden of economic depression. Everyone knows the story of Mr. Snowden at The Hague. He went there as a Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer and returned from the Conference as a national hero, so idolized that even his opponents were indignant with those who ventured upon criticism of him. What was the secret of that change? Partly, of course, the relief at finding an English statesman with a view of his own at an international conference and a determination to maintain it even if the price were breakdown; partly the pleasure Englishmen invariably feel at the spectacle of an obstinate man fighting his way to victory with the odds against him. Englishmen were delighted with The Hague Conference not because Mr. Snowden came back with great results, but because the sense that he had made up his mind marked the re-entrance of Great Britain into European politics after five years of supine acceptance of French domination. We may still pay a heavy price for Mr. Snowden's victory; but the invigorating effect of a splendid drama made almost the entire country eager to discount the possible cost. Mr. Snowden was welcomed home as Nelson might have been after Trafalgar. A half-respectable socialist cabinet was transformed at a stroke into a national government.

And Englishmen are moved by the spectacle of Mr. Snowden, the stern moralist in finance, setting limits to socialist expenditure. There will be, with him, no capitulation to the "Left Wing"; it may storm about the allowances under unemployment insurance relief, but while Mr. Snowden is there the middle classes feel that they are guaranteed against economic outrage. Imperial preference may go; there may be a "free" breakfast table; there may be the abolition of safeguarding; after all, a relentless acceptance of free trade economics is still pardonable in England. There may be a higher super-tax and higher death-duties; but these have become the wonted canons of classic English finance. So long as Mr. Snowden is Chancellor English opinion is, on the whole, content to believe that the best traditions will be observed. The pale, tight-lipped Robespierre from Blackburn of 1906 is the idol of the city of London in 1929. He lectures the Labor Party on the gold standard, and the city applauds. He denounces the Clydesiders, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Maxton, and the rest, and timid dowagers in the Shires feel that England is still safe. He praises the simple Victorian virtues of thrift and hard work; and bankers in their clubs whisper that Gladstone has returned again to life. The pundits admire him for his grasp of principle, the weak for his obstinacy, the moderate for his caution, the respectable for his consistency. Save the Prime Minister himself, no one has made the idea of a Labor government more acceptable to the average Englishman.

III

What manner of man, in sober fact, is Philip Snowden? Certainly he has little of that combination of idealist rhetoric and Parliamentary dexterity which have made MacDonald the natural leader of the party. He has little of that art of manipulating men which has made Arthur Henderson the supreme political

organizer of modern England. He lacks altogether the suppleness of mind and vivacity of temperament which have made J. H. Thomas not only an incomparable trade union organizer but also the personal friend of those whom, otherwise, he might have feared. He does not seem, like Mr. Baldwin, the authentic voice of traditional England, capable of endless fairplay within certain limits of which he is completely unconscious. He has nothing of that genius for improvising passionate sincerity, of being all things to all men for at least the length of a deputation, which, at one time, made Mr. Lloyd George so formidable a figure. He has neither the natural ability of Lord Birkenhead, nor does he possess the supreme power of eloquent debate which has made Mr. Churchill the predominating figure in the post-war House of Commons.

Mr. Snowden is a Yorkshireman of the upper working class, and everything that he is seems largely explicable in terms of those origins. He has Yorkshire sincerity, Yorkshire obstinacy, Yorkshire dourness, and that queer half-melancholy humor of the North which at times partakes of the more metaphysical temperament of the Scot. The Yorkshireman is the best type of Northern England. He is not, as a rule, either cultured or reflective. There is in him little pleasure in dialectic or in thought for the sake of thought. He moves slowly to a political position, but when he reaches it he grasps it with hands of steel. Once he knows what he wants, he makes it a matter of conscience to obtain it. He would rather fail altogether than compromise upon principle. Mr. Snowden works at politics as his country works at cricket. There is no æsthetic pleasure in the clash of mind. There is a grim march forward to a defined end, with a ruthless attack upon every obstacle in the road. Yorkshiremen are loyal, as Mr. Snowden is intensely loyal; they are narrow, as he is intensely narrow; and they look upon consistency as one of the essential virtues. To be, like Mr. Churchill, the brilliant condottiere of modern politics, would be for Mr. Snowden the sin against the light. Principles for him are not subject to the law of change. He obtained his basic positions in the eighties, and experience has only convinced him more deeply of their truth.

It is important, too, that he comes from the upper working-class, the men and women from whom the skilled craftsmen of England have been born. They are the backbone of the country, with virtues more eminent than have usually been recognized. Self-reliant, proud, self-educated, a little stern, completely honest and completely loyal, they do all for themselves and ask help and gifts from no man. They are sturdily egalitarian in temper, a little ungracious, perhaps, but capable of quite endless self-sacrifice for the attainment of their ideals. They would shut themselves in their cottages and slowly starve to death rather than admit that they have need of the poor law. They call no man master. They are rigid individualists who demand a world in which they can shape their own fate without interference. They are harsh even in their compassion, as though there is something of which to be ashamed, a confession, as it were, of weakness, in being kind to their fellows. They will give much where their devotion has been won, but they live upon the basis that they expect nothing at all. They are a grim and serious race, a little heavy in the hand, difficult to make friends with, blind to all save the elementary forces of beauty, loving nature rather than art, and character rather than intelligence. There is about them something of the bleak sternness one encounters in the Old Testament, the spirit which made Cromwell's Ironsides, the ultimate ethos of the Puritan revolution. They have no patience with the thriftless, the leisured, or the idle. They play fiercely, they work fiercely. They find a certain grim joy in the art of renunciation. Their life is lived in half-tones, and they

suspect the fullness of color as akin to softness.

These, at least, are the elements which have gone to Snowden's making. He has no debts to confess save to his mother and his wife. When you see him at work in the House of Commons you see the Puritan warrior in the field. The pale face, the thin, compressed lips, the minatory forefinger thrust forward like a spear, these take one straight back to the seventeenth century. Politics for Snowden has never been a game, as it has been to Churchill, Lloyd George, even, in a sense, Ramsay MacDonald; he has never, as they have, found pleasure in the play of mind in the House, in the niceties of strategy, the clash of personality. It is a battle of principle, in which your business is to defeat your opponent lest the worse cause should prevail. He invokes every resource he has to that end, his command of fact, his power of acid invective, his sudden, shattering contempt which depicts his opponent's cause as the incarnation of evil. He never takes things lightly. He never leaves the impression that political problems are matters of degree. He is able to divide men into the sheep and the goats much as the priest can distinguish between the saved and the damned. He conveys the impression there not only of absolute sincerity but also of the sense that what he is saying is intensely important, too important to be subject to graceful compromise of any kind. If he speaks about protection, or Mr. Churchill's recklessness in the Exchequer, it is like a Calvinist preacher denouncing the sins of Rome. Right principle is so crystal-clear to his mind that he cannot easily tolerate deviation from the dogmas that he understands.

Just as he confronts the political scene with unvaried seriousness, so also with life itself. An evening with Mr. MacDonald will be devoted to anything but politics; antique furniture, the novels of Scott, the position of Hazlitt as the prince of English critics, the unassailable pre-eminence of Robert Burns, these are the themes upon which he likes to dwell. So, too, with Mr. Baldwin. Give him his pipe, and nature and books will take him over the spaces of English life; no one would even suspect that he played, or sought to play, a great part in politics. But with Mr. Snowden the political theme is the unstated major premise of all discussion. He has little interest in the things that are irrelevant to it. Problems of metaphysics are utterly alien from his temperament; they do not easily lend themselves to dogmas. What he likes are the questions which seek their expression in terms of right and wrong. He is the theologian in politics, judging men, examining their motives, reflecting upon the good and evil that they do. His mind does not speculate; it decides. It is not relieved by the easy gossip of drawing-rooms, but frankly bored by it. It is utilitarian in texture, practical, sober, decisive. It is a mind interested in direct results, the mind of a craftsman with a task to finish, not of an artist with a problem to solve.

No one who knows Mr. MacDonald can fail to see how much there is in him of the artist's temperament. That accounts for his aloofness, his failure to mingle easily with other men. Mr. Snowden, also, is aloof, but in a totally different way. The men who do not share his interests are almost literally without meaning for him. His intense preoccupation with the narrow field he has cultivated makes him look upon those with other interests as irrelevant. MacDonald can obtain profound pleasure from a visit to Christie's; Snowden would feel such a visit a waste of time. MacDonald visited Morley week after week merely for the joy of hearing discourse from that great critic of life; Snowden would have listened with interest to what Morley said of Mill or Gladstone or Disraeli, but he would have been bored by talk of Diderot or Rousseau or Hegel. They did not affect action in the House of Commons.

Interests so severely limited are, of course, a source of Mr. Snowden's suc-

cess. They have made him master of his subject. What he knows, he knows incomparably. What he expounds, he expounds with a sense of the central principles involved that has the neatness and finish of a mathematical exposition. He has won his position in Parliament very largely by a careful specialization. He has never indulged in that casual dialectic born of factual ignorance which enabled Mr. Balfour to charm the House of Commons without convincing it. He has nothing of that rhetorical insolence which enables Lord Birkenhead to attack opponents as an excuse for refraining from argument. He is the most deadly critic in the House because most of what he affirms is unshakable when it is examined. He never speaks without a case; he rarely speaks without a fully prepared case. He leaves the impression as he sits down that, granted his assumptions, there is nothing else to be said. And those who read his argument in the cold print of the next day's newspaper will find all the qualities still vivid which commended it to the House of Commons. It still echoes the ring of sincerity in his voice; there is still the rigorously marshalled body of relevant facts; there is always, as relief, the pitiless examination of fallacies on the other side set out in biting phrases which leave a clear but deep wound. That narrow but keen intellect, allied with a character almost exquisite in its simplicity, was made for the business of the House of Commons.

A word is necessary on the more personal side. I do not believe there is a man in English political life more respected, even by those who hate his principles. No one has ever challenged his sincerity; no one has ever suspected him of disloyalty to his friends. He has, indeed, great gifts of friendship, though they are not easily bestowed. Those who are intimate with him can count upon him for support that never questions or betrays; he will champion their cause with a solid vehemence rare enough in so complicated a scene as the House of Commons. Notable, too, is his sense of compassion. The infliction of pain stirs him to angry indignation; there is a vein in him of almost feminine tenderness, deliberately obscured by his manner, but intensely revealed in a smile of the rarest beauty. He is, like so many tender people, inclined to harshness where he encounters obstruction. He is impatient with inefficiency and waste. He does not understand that brooding idleness of the thinker who finds abstract truth in a half-articulate unconscious; and he is inclined, accordingly, to elevate the man of practice to an unduly eminent place. He would appreciate at once a genius like that of Bentham; he would be utterly unable to understand the kind of romantic sensibility which Rousseau made into a philosophy. And it is interesting to reflect that Mr. MacDonald would seize Rousseau's secret at once, and be antagonized and irritated by the gritty concreteness of Bentham.

Snowden, moreover, has retained the Yorkshire habit of egalitarianism. That comes out in three distinct ways. Above all, he is no respecter of persons. Men for him are the embodiments of ideas, and they are judged, almost ruthlessly, by the goodness or badness of their ideas. He is at home, in the second place, in any society. In a party a little bewildered by the aristocratic contacts it has made by office Snowden moves with perfect serenity; and he is quite unconscious that there is any difference between man and man except in terms of intelligence and character. That makes him as easy and natural at an ambassador's table as in the cottage of a Yorkshire boyhood friend; it is not a thing that can be said of all his colleagues. But this same egalitarianism makes him a little blind to the reality of class-divisions in English life. Because he has transcended them himself, he underestimates the impact they make on the life of others. He exaggerates seriously the degree to which Great Britain is a democratic community. He mistakes form for substance, and builds hypotheses upon the

form. He equates the habit of the English aristocracy gracefully to make inevitable concessions to the democracy with a conviction that they ought to be made. The result of this is a serious misjudgment of the forces shaping the future of England. It makes him optimistic where he should be skeptical about the process of transition in the coming years.

IV

To explain the kind of England Mr. Snowden wants to see, it is necessary to set out the kind of socialism he typifies. For socialism in England has lost any clarity of definite outline it may have possessed before the War; the Communists apart, the differences which separate men of all parties upon this issue are of degree rather than of kind. All men admit the necessity of a considerable intervention by government in matters once deemed the natural field of private enterprise. Limitation of that intervention and the ends that intervention is to serve are the real sources of conflict in opinion.

Mr. Snowden, first of all, has no sort of sympathy with revolution. His dislike of it arises from three quite different sources. In the first place, he has an orderly and logical mind; the chaos and the unexpected of which revolution is the inevitable parent are temperamentally hostile to him. He believes, secondly, that his Utopia can be realized in terms of peace. He sees evidence—less satisfactory, in truth, than he thinks—that a democratic England can obtain through parliamentary action all the necessary concessions from a governing class. With the increase of education and power among the workers, he sees them as more and more able to take their rightful place in the state; revolution for him would be a disastrous interruption of an inevitable sequence which he sees unfolding itself before his eyes. And he hates, finally, all that is communist Russia. The cost of the dislocation, the suppression of the individual, the carelessness about human life, the forcible attack upon minorities, the kind of imperialism implied in the strangulation of Georgia, the mischief of Soviet propaganda—all these appear to him wholly evil things. He sees the revolution as the necessary outcome of its Tzaristic antecedents; but to an England with a constitutional tradition, increasingly broadened, of nearly three hundred years, he denies with passion that Russian experience has any relevance whatever. He rates Communists as more mischievous, and only less unintelligent, than believers in tariff reform.

Mr. Snowden, therefore, is interested in what the Webbs have called "the inevitability of gradualness." The nation is to be organized and to plan its life upon the principle that public necessity is more urgent than private gain. No single pattern of institutions will satisfy the principle. Nationalization here, municipalization there, here the public-owned but privately managed company, there the private company limited in profit, to none of these forms in major industries is he hostile. He believes profoundly in the great business man. He insists that a body like the Bank of England can remain in private hands and yet, by nature of its function, act in a wholly public-minded way. He wants the large unit rather than the small, rationalization rather than the highly individualized and nepotic firm which has been the basis of English business development. Here, clearly enough, there is little, save in degree, that distinguishes Mr. Snowden's conceptions from those of Mr. Keynes and the writers of the famous Liberal Industrial Report. They are conceptions he has held for a long time. They represent, broadly speaking, what an intelligent observer might have predicted as the rational outcome of English industrial evolution at any time since the eighties of the last century. They are the dreams of Mr. Snowden's youth, the conceptions he developed on the socialist platform forty years ago; and

he has remained completely faithful to them.

Of themselves, it is obvious, such methods will not produce an egalitarian society; and it is true to say that, viewed in a broad way, Mr. Snowden wants an egalitarian society. He has no patience with the idle rich; he has little sympathy with inheritance laws that enable the industrious rich to maintain their descendants in idleness. No one who reads Mr. Snowden's disquisitions on national finance can fail to see that for him the use of the lever of taxation as a method of levelling the economic differences between men is quite fundamental. High super-tax, high death-duties, the drastic taxation of unearned increment, especially on land, all these are to him part of the elementary canons of taxation. Their origin is obvious. The Yorkshire weaver's son learned from the school of hard experience that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He learned, also, to hate wasteful expenditure as socially undesirable. He learned to see in the idle rich men and women who live several men's lives and eat several men's dinners without contributing to the common store of wealth. If his policy can injure their position he will take a savage joy in doing so.

But it must not be assumed that Snowden, who judges harshly the rich and the extravagant and the idle, is at all tender to the working people. There is in him a deep ascetic strain which makes him demand from all effort as the price of life. He has neither mercy nor compassion for the workman who is lazy or wasteful or inefficient or thriftless. He wants to see in him, before his sympathy is given, all the resplendent virtues of the industrious apprentice in the fable. Like Adam Smith, he believes that the magic of property turns sand into gold; and the worker who impresses him is the sturdy, self-reliant type (obviously the Yorkshire weaver) constantly anxious to better his condition. He has neither sympathy for, nor understanding of, the care-free, beer-drinking type who meets his day's need and is careless of the morrow. The man who stops his day's work to go to a football match he probably regards as an enemy of society. To do one's utmost in the hours of toil, to save the most one can, to take one's pleasures a little sadly and as inexpensively as possible, to own one's home, to be so good a workman that his employer respects him—that type, the old Yorkshire type, commands Mr. Snowden's unlimited respect. He is of the epoch of the old-fashioned trade-unionist, and he shares their ideals as a precious heritage.

All of which is to say that he is deeply divided in principle from the Left Wing of the Labor Party—from Mr. Maxton, Mr. Wheatley, and their allies. They take the view that work or maintenance is a right to be extracted from society at any cost. Mr. Snowden admits the right to work; but he looks upon maintenance as an intolerable necessity, dangerous to efficiency and, in the long run, fatal to character. They preach the doctrine that a capitalist society must be held to ransom, that in post-war England the riches of the rich can justly be confiscated to equalize the burdens of the people. Mr. Snowden insists that there is not in England to-day enough wealth to make possible any serious economic inequality, that, within limits, the acquisition of wealth still plays its part in incentive to effort, that the true need is an ever-increasing productivity which can best be attained by industrial reconstruction at the apex of the pyramid. They are interested in workers' control; Mr. Snowden is interested in social control. They see in the employer the natural enemy of the worker; Mr. Snowden regards him, in a suitable environment and under proper control, as his natural ally. They think of industrial conflict as inherent in the present system; he regards it as capable of mitigation now and, as reconstruction proceeds apace, likely to be reduced to

a minimum. They have recently met him in battle over the level of unemployment insurance relief, and he has, for the moment, won. But whether his victory will be enduring depends very largely on the course of British trade in the next few years. Men will not always live quietly under conditions of semi-starvation.

In the political sphere outside of economics, Mr. Snowden has less convictions based on careful reasoning than intentions which are the intelligent outcome of half-conscious experience. It is natural to him to have contempt for the House of Lords, just as it is natural to him to have a deep resentment of the liquor traffic and its evils. It is natural to him, also, to be a pacifist. No one in England has a more genuine loathing for war, a sterner reprobation for its cruelties, its waste, its follies. But pacifism is compatible in him with a strain of nationalism which demands a somewhat close analysis.

In the crude sense of the term, there is nothing whatever of the "patriot" in Snowden. He would not spend one English life to paint the map red. He has not an atom of vainglory about the British Empire. The navy and the army, except as expensive instruments which hinder his financial schemes, simply do not interest him. But Snowden is a patriot in the sense that he unconsciously assumes that the English way of life is the best in the world. He knows it intimately, he likes it profoundly. Its fairplay, its genius, as Mr. Kingsley Martin has happily phrased it, for forgiving those whom it has grievously wronged, its practical common sense, its hatred of abstractions, all these qualities make an intimate appeal to him. While, therefore, he is an internationalist in theory, it is not improbable that, if he examined his own mind, he would find that he meant by internationalism that other nations should keep step with British policy and British methods. That was the secret of his attitude at The Hague. He knew what he believed to be right; he had powerful, indeed unanswered, arguments to defend his belief; he thought it time for some Englishman to stick to his guns. The Hague was his Waterloo from which he was equally prepared to emerge Napoleon or Wellington.

But it is clear that, at The Hague, he did not enter at all closely into the mind of his opponents. He substituted the bluntness of the Yorkshireman for the finesse of the diplomat. He was impatient with misunderstanding, or the statement of alternative views. Mr. Henderson, with a not less difficult problem, won an equal battle with delicacy, tact, and a gracious insight which made a supreme victory look like a genial compromise. Why did Mr. Snowden adopt so different a strategy? Partly, it may be suggested, because he was tired of English subordination, partly because he was convinced that he was right. For him, the offensive is always the natural tactic. His incisive temper cannot endure the compromise, the subtle nuance, which are part of the technic of international discussion. Mr. MacDonald, a great artist in these matters, would have delighted in them for their own sake; Mr. Lloyd George would have used them to produce a formula which the next three conferences would have struggled to interpret. Mr. Snowden cut right through punctilio, protocol, convention, to the grim facts of a solution for which he was prepared to fight. He minced no words, he offered no healing balm of conciliatory technic. It is an interesting problem to know how far this disregard for international courtesies sacrificed ultimate achievement to immediate victory. It made Mr. Snowden a national hero. Would a little more subtlety, a little less stern and unbending incisiveness, have made of him, like Stresemann, not only a man who won a national triumph, but one, also, who could shape the large outline of European recovery for the next generation?

V

Future history is a Sibylline book; even its immediate pages are barely decipherable. That Mr. Snowden has, at the moment, no possible rival for a vacant Premiership in a Labor government would, I suppose, be admitted on all hands. Yet I doubt whether he would be entirely happy there. His real gifts are for what he is doing now. The manipulation of men, as in a cabinet, the task, which every Prime Minister confronts, of playing each week a dozen impossible parts upon a dozen disparate themes, these are qualities for which Mr. Snowden will seem to many too simple in mind and character to display. Most successful Prime Ministers have been, like Mr. MacDonald, complex men; where, as with Mr. Baldwin, they appear simple, that is only part of their supreme virtuosity.

I believe that ten years of Mr. Snowden at the Exchequer would give him a reputation as one of the pre-eminent Chancellors in British financial history. His great qualities, integrity, sincerity, obstinacy are exactly what is needed for the post. A Prime Minister must suffer fools gladly, must enjoy analyzing the reactions of an intricate machine; he must know how to soothe and co-ordinate, how to yield with the appearance of victory, and triumph with the impression of compromise. Mr. MacDonald is leader of the party because he has the genius to play this part. It is not, I think, Mr. Snowden's role. There can be no Labor government in which he can avoid being the second man; there can hardly be a Labor government in which, as second man, he will not add to his reputation. But I think his type of mind was formed rather to galvanize subordinates into co-operation, than to drive a team of quasi-equals with tact and courtesy and discretion. His reputation will in the end be greater by filling the place he now occupies as it has not been filled since the days of Mr. Gladstone. So long as he is there, the middle class of England will feel that the Labor Party is not a danger to its existence. So long as he is there, also, business men will have confidence in the stability of the realm. Mr. Snowden is the natural anchor of the Labor ship. It is a different post from that of the captain; but the anchor makes it possible for the captain to bring his boat safely into port.

"AMERICAN CRUDE"

BY FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

OUR town is in the Middle West. In the geographic middle of these states, in fact. From any angle, north and south, east and west, draw two straight lines and they will intersect at our town. But it is not a Middle Western city. It is phantasmagoria—what gold towns were in the nineties, plus modern transportation facilities and modern opportunities for spending quick money quickly.

Our town rises abruptly from the prairies. Eight miles away the traveler is adrift on a vast plain. Cows graze on the unpromising brown grass. Gophers rise from their hind feet to gaze for a nervous moment and pop back again into their labyrinthian warrens. Frogs boom and pipe from the brackish and infrequent pools. Jack rabbits bound from scrub oak to cactus. And a haze of dust, never laid, never still, eddies over it all, scratching the skin, palpable between reluctant teeth, thrown up by the incessant wind and the vehicles in motion along the straight road (which is also a surveyor's section line) and settling impartially on the traffic which jolts along its five-inch rutted way.

A covered wagon, driven by a woman whose face has gone the yellow tan of her faded hair, whose bleached eyes squint into the endless sun, whose mouth shows only one black, broken tooth, but who must, because a baby tugs for problematic nourishment at one withered breast, and a further litter of small children lie huddled on the dirty quilts under the canvas top, be still a little young—in years. Under the wagon sway battered cooking vessels, missing the scarred head of the hound dog who pants in the footsteps of the spavined horse. The mister, two weeks' reddish stubble on his unwashed face, dangles his bare feet over the tailboard, and hangs negligently to the halter rope of a blind mule. Wagon folks, moving in the eternal round from being underpaid for cutting corn to being underpaid for picking cotton.

She jerks the horse aside a little, at the insistence of a three-note French horn. A large sky-blue Lincoln whirls by. White chauffeur, cigar atilt above a soiled livery. Osage Indian owner, flabby jaws moving his swinging black braids to the rhythm of his tobacco cud. An ill-directed attempt at expectoration fails to clear the half-lowered glass of the limousine's door. No matter. Plenty more cars to buy. He has had this one four months anyway.

The Lincoln sways a wide detour to clear a tool wagon. The chassis of an old Rolls Royce, cut away to accommodate a huge drilling bit. The driver and three passengers are giants in tight corduroy—tool pushers rushing equipment to the new well at 18-12-11.

"And, by God, if Sam cashes in on this one I'm going to borrow me the money and hire that offset piece I got off him drilled myself."

A rattling Ford filled with gangling, pomaded, wide-trousered boys and painted, shrill-voiced girls. None of them over seventeen, all of them so soon in need of the paint. The sun burns women up fast in the country around our town. Give yourself a time while

you can have it. Lots of dance halls around the new pools.

The competent chatter of a Buick roadster, on whose side is painted a company name as familiar in the Argentine or at Aden as here on this flat road. Two men, khaki-clad, putteed, brown. "Well, those two thousand shares of General Electric I have . . ."

An airplane hums a thousand feet above in the immense blue sky. "Might be Slim flying up from Cisco."

Infrequent houses. Not houses at all in the Eastern sense. Unpainted shacks, their rag-stuffed windows gazing out on the trampled earth of the "yard" where hogs root and scraggly chickens scratch.

And then—suddenly—rows on gleaming rows of great squat tanks, like so many impossible aluminum-painted turtles, sitting each in its own earthen moat, each with its padlocked ladder leading to the top beneath which lies turgid, evil-smelling, crude oil. Fifty-five thousand barrels to each tank, at a dollar seventy-five a barrel. One hundred tanks on this tank farm, and it one of a dozen within a ten-mile radius.

The tanks are the offspring of those high, pointed skeletons along the skyline—slim lacework of bleached or oil-darkened wood rising from the trampled ground where slow black liquid with iridescent lights in it collects in ruts and footprints. The derricks. Restless, vibrating without pause in the month-long effort of tapping this uncompromising bosom of dry earth. One day they hit the pay sand—drive the bit a few feet deeper. The roar of gas. Tapping her—and the rush and splash of fabulous reward, or getting a dry one, and swallowing in not too stoic silence the dustiness of another heartbreaking bad guess.

And then, all at once, the derricks are infrequent, disappear. The tank farm is behind you. Where has been only dust-veiled horizon loom shapes, spires, cones of stone—our town, pushing up from its territory like the mushroom it is.

II

In the heart of our business center you might think, we say, that you were in New York. Well—in Kansas City, at any rate. But K. C. has nothing like these five blocks of ours. Our hotel. The biggest for a thousand miles. Baths with every room. An *art moderne* ballroom, done by a firm all the way from St. Louis. An orchestra even at lunch time. White head waiters. French words on the bill of fare. And all built by one of our town's own men. He came through in a wagon in the old days, peddling medicine. And look at him now!

Our white-marble banks belong to oldtimers, too. That big one there with the searchlight to guide airplanes on top of it. The president is a man who got stranded here when the horse on which he had driven cattle up from Texas to Kansas died, and he didn't have the price to get home. He can get just about anywhere he wants to now.

Our enormous, expensive churches, and our undertaking parlors. In a new country the undertaking business is pretty brisk, and a lot came out when we opened up. But those boys graduated fast. Real estate and leases. Nevertheless, we have the largest number of "morticians" and the most elegantly equipped funeral homes in the country now. Ambulances which rush to the accidents and can just as efficiently and obligingly handle the corpses as the injured, if it turns out that way. Only they've come to driving pretty fast through the streets, racing one another for the trade.

The Watts Building. Bill Watts has a private elevator up to his apartment on the top floor. But he doesn't live there. He has just built a Spanish palace out Painted Bow Road way.

The new Calker Building. Gothic elevators in which men with field boots grin uneasily and try awkwardly to find space in which to hold their ten-quart hats. Jed Calker's father rustled cows

in the old times—and got shot for it. Jed herded, and owned half of the big discovery pool. His wife was a girl from the Red Fox bottoms. Only one gingham dress to her name. She has plenty of dresses now.

And she buys them from Madame Kate, whose new shop is in the new Calker Building. The shop is more beautiful, more exclusive than any you can find on Fifth Avenue. In point of fact, the extreme refinement which reigns within those sacrosanct walls would be the death of a shop on Fifth Avenue. But Madame Kate knows our town—to her profit. A profit which would do credit to any of our most successful men. Twenty years ago, a half sick, wholly frightened ex-elocution teacher from Ohio, Kate Leary found herself deserted by the man whom she had mistakenly married, and who had mistakenly believed that his peculiar light-heartedness with other people's money would be forgotten so far from the scene of his errors. Those whose accounts privilege them to face-to-face conversations with her sometimes call her Mrs. Leary even now, but she does not encourage it.

When she was stranded in our town it was just spreading out a little into three or four streets. A switching station on the Santa Fe which had turned out to be the nearest railroad stop to the great new oil pools. No pavements, and the streets a morass of mud, or ankle deep in dust, according to the season. Mrs. Leary rented a counter at the back of a short-order lunch room, and sold cotton house dresses and yards of flannel. In a year or two she was venturing at Christmas-time on small gifts "imported from the East." In another year or two she was established in a shop of her own. Two successive moves have culminated in this elegance of carved wood and colored glass, of Louis Seize elevators and soft-spoken salesladies, of perfume at sixty dollars the ounce, and chairs or "little gowns" at whatever the traffic will bear.

It will bear a good deal; for the traffic is of Madame Kate's making, and clings to her with a sort of pathetic insistence. She knows. She must be right about what They are wearing, using, smelling of. It was quite natural that when big Zeke Fawcett finally struck it after those eleven years of drilling dry, and came home bursting with pride and largesse, Mrs. Zeke, drying from her hands the last dish water they would ever know, turned to Madame Kate for guidance in the hasty making of a leisured lady out of someone who had never hitherto had time to wish she were a lady at all.

And Madame Kate, the illness and fright quite molded away into svelte lines, her enunciation positively frightening in its cultivation, guided her. She guides them all. Mrs. Zeke bought three fur coats that first afternoon. One for morning, one for afternoon, and one for evening. "They" always have three. The physical climate of our town does not demand fur coats, but the social exigencies do.

Through the rapid and tortuous development of our social exigencies Madame Kate has been the captain who called the step and accouterments. She has advised the women, and they in turn have advised the docile men.

"An Italian sunroom, don't you think, Mrs. McGinty? . . . I believe the next time I run over to Paris I can find you one of those perfectly lovely Normandy darned lace table cloths, to seat forty . . . from a place I know about. . . . Orange, Mrs. Swanson? Oh, I don't think you want orange. I have a little light blue in mind for you right now."

That last would be because Madame Kate had no orange in stock at the moment. But she has met more serious crises than that. There was the day when Mrs. Butch Sampson had to have mourning suddenly, her brother having succumbed to the premature explosion of a glycerine stick. Mrs. Butch thought all black. But Madame Kate personally explained to her that just a few

touches of green . . . Mrs. Butch agreed at once.

There was the year when veils were *so* smart. Mrs. Hiram Chaffee, warned not to unfasten hers from the tight little toque which Madame Kate had pressed down over her bleached and tortured head, almost starved to death through one of the six-course luncheons which are the pride of our town.

Why, in this country of fabulous tales, do we dwell so long on Madame Kate? Because of all the endless stories our town has to tell, the one of our rich (and when we say rich in our town we mean *rich*), whose æsthetic progress she has so largely controlled, is unique. Not more admirable than the others. Not as stirring by half as the saga of the well shooters, or the chantey of the roustabouts. But simply a phenomenon which America, perhaps, will never see again. Something already fading as the children of our rich begin to shade it off according to little patterns they have picked up here and there. Something whose meaty savor, whose gargantuan childishness, whose unswerving belief that if you haven't got the cash you don't exist, deserves the setting down before the anæmic good taste of the East really invades our town and rarefies our palates. At the moment our rich have not good taste. Just taste, and plenty of it.

III

From the top floor of the Calker Building our town spreads below you. Miles and miles of geometrical, treeless streets. Hundreds and hundreds of red-roofed bungalows, and some score of huge brick houses, ornamented and elaborated within an inch of their lives, crowding their "lots" within an inch of their capacity. Their builders have seen so much land in their day—aching, empty miles of it. What they want is houses—not a lot of ground around a little house, but a little ground under all the house they can buy. The exterior of the houses varies only in brick pattern—in whether there was enough ground left to plant one dozen arbor vitæ trees or eight dozen. The interior varies only in how much the owner has contrived to buy. Not what he wanted—what he could buy. You want all you can get, and if you get it it shows. Showing is the yardstick. Clem Hawks' builder put bookcases into one of the rooms in Clem's new house, so Clem had to get enough books to fill them. Red—to match the curtains. They show up fine.

Our town concedes that Clem's house is the proudest boast in dwellings. Clem has the most money. And Mrs. Clem, glorying in five years of affluence which have erased the memory of thirty years of keeping an oil-field boarding house, has had ideas. So, you may be sure, has Madame Kate.

There was the idea of ten thousand dollars' worth of gold fixtures for the bathrooms, installed during a hectic twenty-four hours preceding the visit of one of Clem's New York board members. Solid gold nymphs to turn on the shower. Solid gold fish from whose mouths our alkaline water spouts. Mrs. Clem thought the board member wouldn't have anything like that in his Park Avenue apartment. Nor has he.

Probably his wife hasn't a show case like Mrs. Clem's in her bedroom, either. Most women see these plate glass cases only in the great jewelry stores. But across one end of Mrs. Clem's boudoir her own case gleams, cunningly lighted to display a few of Mrs. Clem's more personal treasures, lying upon a mauve chiffon ground. Mrs. Clem's five-hundred-dollar Paris nightgown. Mrs. Clem's jeweled, three-inch slipper heels. Mrs. Clem's pearls—the two strings she isn't wearing. A tiny model of the corset Madame Kate has made especially for Mrs. Clem. Put away in drawers and closets, these things wouldn't show.

There was also the matter of the artist whom Madame Kate found to paint the walls of Mrs. Clem's dining room. Murial decorations, Mrs. Clem says.

Madame Kate put a good deal of time and personal thought in choosing the right man. She looked around till she found someone as good as the old Italians, and when she found him he was set to work, moving aside the dining room set—carved oak with gold-leaf inlay—to get at the walls. He wanted to paint right on the plaster. But Mrs. Clem could afford canvas, and she had it. It shows up better, she is sure. It took the man almost a month. Time to paint a dozen houses, Clem thought, but Madame Kate said that artists are slow like that.

However, when the job was done it filled Mrs. Clem with vague uneasiness and Clem with frank alarm. The nude is not a subject of detached, critical regard in our town. The approach is more robust, and hearty to a degree. And the figures in the murals were, barring a few scarves, in all truth nudes. Madame Kate and the artist were called in conference. Madame Kate was firm, the artist explosive in a subdued way. They explained that the "murial" was a classic subject—the seasons in their courses. Temporarily Clem and Mrs. Clem were quelled. But after a week or so an Old Timers' Dinner was imminent, to be held at Clem's because he was this year's holder of the Most Useful Old Timer's Cup. And Clem and Mrs. Clem, talking across the expanse of mulberry-colored velvet carpet which separates their carved and painted beds, decided definitely that the Old Timers and the seasons in their courses would be an unfortunate combination. So morning saw the artist firmly recalled, and the end of the week saw the wall scheme changed. For the four seasons now read four women of history. The ruff and velvets of Elizabeth fit smoothly and with chastity over the lissom limbs of Spring.

IV

The social diversions of our rich are largely the fact itself—the amazing, glamorous, potent business of being very rich. Of playing poker games in which the low chips cost fifty dollars. Of having more kinds of drinks, and more of each kind, than were to be had at the party last week. Of having three colored boys sit up all night and mix the drinks.

A party in our town will start, say, with dinner at Clem's, and progress all over the city. Until, about four or five in the morning, the guests and the Clems, and various other people who have been summoned by telephone or dragged bodily from their beds by hilarious delegations, and have stopped at a dozen or more hospitable houses, will all end up in the yellow dawn, eating eggs and bacon at Zeke's, sitting on Mrs. Zeke's mammoth white kitchen table, exploring her storage warehouse of an electric ice box. All more than a little drunk. Most very good-natured about it.

At these parties the singing gets pretty high and the jokes pretty low. Mrs. Clem's liquid-powdered white arms are apt to wreathe around Zeke's neck. Mrs. Zeke and Clem may sit on the doubtful Louis Quinze sofa locked in an embrace. What with one thing and another, the atmosphere is a good deal relaxed. But not so relaxed as you might think. Not so relaxed as a good many visiting gentlemen from the East, who nurse a fixed delusion that once west of the Mississippi anything goes, have thought to their cost. We are just a large, affectionate family. The bearish fondlings that go on, go on right in the limelight—and end there. Clem is given to announcing that our women are pure. And, curious as it may seem to their Park Avenue sisters, so they are.

They are still too pleased and interested to be anything else. Our rich do not read books, but if they did they would not be reading Mr. Aldous Huxley, nor the *Well of Loneliness*. A child who has suddenly been presented with a whole playroom full of toys and candy, plus Aladdin's lamp, has no need to flick his interest. His interest is enormous, just as it is. He wants to play.

It is only the bored children, who have had their toys a long time and broken most of them, who whisper in corners and take apart the mechanical doll to see what makes it get that way.

The morning after these parties sees Clem and Zeke, steady of hand and reasonably bright of eye, back in their offices or thundering out along the section lines to drilling wells. And they see Mrs. Clem being a great lady all day. Playing more with that lovely money. Buying more things and more things. Going to luncheons where all the shades are drawn down to keep out the brilliant prairie sun and enhance the effects of elaborate costumes. Playing very competent bridge, for stakes which would have paid two months' grocery bills for her not so long ago. Having expensive things rubbed and patted and steamed into her hair and skin. Getting out her car to go three blocks.

Mrs. Clem doesn't walk, just as she doesn't ride horseback. Our town tried having a riding club, largely because visitors were forever saying, "Oh, *what* riding you must have out here!" But somehow we are still too close to the time when horses were part of the necessary equipment of living for us to find these tame, fancy creatures very fascinating toys. The men tried polo, too. But they couldn't work up the proper solemn fervor for it. They whooped about on their ponies and disgusted the imported English coach (who didn't ride as well as any one of them), and gave it up. Well, it's only a *game*, isn't it? Hell!

Golf goes a little better. And Mrs. Zeke has a swimming pool. A unique stroke has been developed whereby one can swim the whole length of the thing and not wet the rouge nor smear the mascara. Mrs. Kate has provided astonishing Lido costumes. But the Bermuda grass is prickly to loll on, and the countless insects don't understand the game and bite just as fiercely as if it were a church picnic still, and not something smart.

Frankly, Mrs. Clem doesn't want to exercise. She wants to relax, and expand, and buy new things. The conglomerate traffic around our town doesn't amuse her. She doesn't consider our town quaint or astonishing. But it is the best place in the world to live. A lady novelist of considerable importance visited us not long since, in search of color for a book. She wanted cowboys, and Indians who did not ride in limousines, and she wanted Clem in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs. Clem in a house dress and lace boudoir cap. And when she didn't find them, when Mrs. Clem, aided by Madame Kate, gave her a dinner which would have done Berlin proud, the lady novelist turned nasty, and said our rich were vulgarians, and their homes monstrosities. Said so to their faces. Why couldn't they preserve their fine prairie traditions?

It was rude of the lady novelist. Would she expect Mrs. Astor to discuss the price of fox skins over her dinner table with her? And though it angered Mrs. Clem, it confused and hurt her, too. Just as she has been confused and hurt at large Eastern summer resorts. She goes to them a little wistfully, because she knows she should no longer be able to bear the burning heat of the six months' summer in our town. (Only it *is* fun in our town in the summer!) And a little excitedly, because with all that money why shouldn't she get friendly with all those Social Registerites? When she doesn't, when her three-hundred-dollar silver-sequin dress sits against the wall in the hotel ballroom and sees thirty-dollar chiffons whirling around in the arms of men whom Clem could buy out ten times over and yet somehow can't; when she sees shabby cars rumbling confidently up to houses which have ignored her special Packard with the canary-yellow body—she turns scornful, and a little bitter.

If it is envy that Mrs. Clem feels now it wasn't that to begin with. It started by being expectancy. What are these people talking about? Social position? Family? Education? All right. How

much? When evasions, instead of a good, thumping price, met the questions Mrs. Clem was bewildered. And now she is somewhat bruised, and actively antagonistic. Shoot—keep it, then! Our rich will build their own social position and traditions. They can't see that education counts much. Plenty of college fellows are working for them right now.

So our rich are forming their own colonies in Colorado and California, where the climate and manners are easier than on the chill Atlantic coast. They'll make their own society.

They will. It has been done before. Even in Virginia once.

And when they are as slavish to great Parisian couturiers as they are now to Madame Kate it will not, probably, be considered absurd, though the Parisians are simply Madame Kate with a more accepted rapacity.

Our rich are not native to our town. There was no town to be native to a generation ago. The Indians are the natives. Yet our town is no melting pot. There are literally no foreigners, bar a few furtive Mexican laborers. More truly our town is a great, live, bubbling caldron of crude oil, breaking into a dozen by-products above the heat of success, but always with honest American crude as the essential base. Clem Hawks came down from Kansas. The Wattses beat up from West Virginia. The Calkers worried it out from Ohio. Every state in the Union is represented in our town; but when the Old Timers meet, the blood relation between all these men and women strikes the eye.

They all have the flair for adventure, the courage to find out what it's like a hundred miles farther on, the ability not to care about a lean belly and calloused hands, the unvitiated, unimaginative, insensitive power to ride roughshod to money. They are the same men who froze it out along the New England coast, opened up Ohio, shot and panted their way to Oregon.

Our town is the last frontier, already fading into the pattern the earlier frontiers have hastened to set as correct. So look well at our rich. They will not happen again. And they are not a comic strip. They are America, whether you like to admit it in the Café Dôme or not. If they look absurd in their hand-painted dining rooms be sure their children won't. They have wrested the fantastic setting which is our town from the unpromising bosom of the bleakest state in the Union. And one more generation of Madame Kates will whittle them into the delicate proportions which will really fit quietly into really quiet rooms.

Whether that will be a gain or a loss we do not presume to decide. And fortunately it is a problem which does not keep Clem and Mrs. Clem awake between their colored linen sheets. They are rich and, having earned that priceless boon, they sleep well.

THE BARREN TWIG PROTESTS

ANONYMOUS

SOME years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was upbraiding the well-to-do and the relatively fit for not doing their duty by the race, he was met in some quarters by the assertion that he was judging by such exceptional cases as had come to his notice. There was really no danger of race suicide. Intelligent and successful women (and men) were having as large families as needful. We have now passed the stage of assertion and counter-assertion. The facts are already known, and they support Roosevelt's case even if, perhaps, they do not lend direct approval to his conclusions. The declining birth rate among all classes of the population has been noted, and it is most marked, as it is most important, in the prosperous urban classes.

Now there are two main grounds upon which educated women defend themselves in spinsterhood and childless marriage: the first, that they cannot afford to marry or have children, considering the low earning power of attractive men on their own mental level; the second, that their duty to the race is rather to contribute to the solution of urgent social problems. To the charge that they surrender the best chance of living a full personal life by not having children, they reply either by reliance upon the notion that their careers are a sublimation of sex or, more recently and perhaps more logically, by a denial of any inherited need for sex fulfillment, in so far as this would imply maternity and the responsibilities and sacrifices of child-care.

This latter defense is necessary, it seems, to those women who lack any definite vocation in business, social welfare, or religion. Frankly, they work for money—in the sense, of course, of its efferent satisfactions—and for money alone and, married or single, fill in their time with concerts, lectures, bridge, plays, sports, and gossip.

I am not speaking from the sidelines. I married a woman of this type, am still married to her, and shall probably remain married to her. I have spent more time in the society of women of the professional and business classes, aged seventeen to seventy, than in that of any other kind of people; and I have some basis for critical conclusions, apart from personal experience, in the fact that I am a student and teacher of the social sciences.

II

Susan and I have been married about fourteen years. During all of that time we have both worked. My occupation has varied, although for the past ten years I have been a teacher and lecturer. She has a well-paid super-clerical routine job. At any time since we were married my earnings have equalled or exceeded the mean for my age-group and education. We both know many families living without undue strain on incomes less than my sole earnings, although I do not deny that we should have to practice rigid economy to maintain two or three children. Mathematically, it can be shown that the overhead due to our habits of life exceeds Susan's salary. By this I mean that, if we were to lead a settled housekeeping life, the savings on our food bill, traveling expenses, extra

clothes, and innumerable extravagances of bachelorhood might easily exceed the two thousand dollars representing her average earnings.

For of course we live like bachelors, except that we inhabit the same apartment from midnight to eight in the morning. Our "home" costs us about a hundred dollars a month, and consists of living room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen-dinette. We eat at home very rarely. My meals cost about two dollars a day. I used to economize by patronizing cheaper places, but have no good reason for doing so any longer. Susan's meals cost considerably less than mine, but so long as I am assured that she is well fed my conscience does not trouble me on that score, as I do not censor her expenditures. We spend about all we earn, although we keep a cash reserve for emergencies and have a few minor investments. I am not heavily insured, but what I leave may enable Susan to quit her job sooner than she otherwise would. In the sense of acquiring wealth we don't seem to "get ahead."

The importance of the last observation lies in its alleged relation to our childlessness. Susan can always point to our present impecuniousness and say, "Look at what we have (or haven't) after all these years of work! Where should we be if we had children? In the poorhouse." I usually reply, as calmly as possible, that if we had children we'd lead an altogether different life and should economize in many ways. Then Susan flies to another argument: she says that the so-called extravagances are what make life worth living. This, I have come to know, is a closer reflection of her real feelings: her concerts, lectures, and bridge are the heart of her mental life, as I am the center of her emotional, or at least of her sex life. She sees in children the possibility of being deprived of these mental pleasures, and of having her relation to the second group of satisfactions radically and perhaps painfully altered.

Susan is, I am inclined to think, more morbidly afraid of childbearing than the average of her class (college women of the Northeastern States), although it is clear that most of them are afraid of life. It will help to an understanding of what I mean to explain that on the only occasion when she believed herself to be pregnant she absolutely refused to see any possibility of ultimate happiness from having a baby. She was sure she would die. If she did not, the infant would be still-born or crippled—or, if neither of these sad events transpired, we should never be able to give the youngster a decent chance in life.

The experience of the few days before her fears proved baseless made a profound and regrettable impression upon both of us. May I add that Susan has not lost a week from work in ten years on account of illness, except for a minor operation. I have not lost a day. The first statement contradicts any presumption that she is basically delicate, while the second disposes of the notion that I may be, for physical reasons, an economic uncertainty.

There was a time, approximately between 1922 and 1925, when the whole question of having children was thoroughly discussed. That is when our marriage should have been abandoned, for I listened to Susan's admission that she believes the institution of marriage, under modern conditions, is perfectly satisfactory as no more than a legalized state of cohabitation for the purpose of satisfying sexual appetite. In common with thousands of intellectual women, she regards the "maternal instinct" as a myth. Children come unwanted and because women are too ignorant to avoid them. They may be very lovable after they come; but what one has never had one cannot miss.

And in her philosophy the same reasoning applies to the idea of a family. I am simply sentimental in thinking I should be happy "in a miserable little house with babies and messes and noise." Am I not free to go and come as I please,

eat wherever I happen to be, run off to Canada or Europe in the summer? And at the same time haven't I a loving wife who simply adores me, babies me, admires me, will do anything for me—anything but spoil my life and hers with children? Or keep house. (Our apartment is always upset. Susan has no more interest in any phase of homemaking than a butcher has in Brahms.)

This debate invariably ended in Susan's wail, "Why can't you be satisfied, after all I have done for you, just to love me?" And tears, tears, tears. Finally we awoke to find ourselves in our middle thirties. She was relieved, for I began to realize that it was too late to start having children. Consequently I have dropped the subject, except for an occasional impersonal reference, made more and more infrequently. *I have reached the point where I do not wish to have children by Susan: as a mother, she does not fit the picture any longer.* She is a useful social adjunct, and I am still fond of her. That's all.

Now, I am willing to admit, tentatively, that I should never have been concerned about the matter of children if we had, at the outset of our married life, reached a frank agreement that we should never have any. No such arrangement was made. Looking back, I cannot believe that I should ever have married on such conditions. But let me also make it quite clear that I am not laying the blame for our misunderstanding and my relative unhappiness at her door: we simply failed to settle certain important matters, as thousands of other ignorant young couples have done.

On the whole, I think Susan is quite normal, or at least typical. Her attitude is identical with that of her woman friends (with exceptions, perhaps, that I do not know about). For instance, there is Grace.

Grace and Herbert are just about our age, and have been married a little longer. Both are college graduates. Grace has neither job nor calling, but has a little money. Herbert travels a good deal in connection with his profession. They have a beautiful home in a nearby suburb of our city. And no children. From as good information as one can obtain in such cases, I know that, lacking the economic excuse for childlessness, Grace has invented reasons of health. She has an obscure ailment which is always in evidence when her husband is at home, usually latent when he is absent. Specifically, she agrees heartily with certain feminists that the "maternal instinct" was an invention of men during the long ages of woman's subjection, and that it is now the latest refuge of (male) psychology as a form of social control over her sex. When Herbert comes home from a five-thousand-mile trip, she drags him to concerts, lectures, plays, cafeterias, and bridge—six nights a week. Maybe he likes it. She does, and that is the decisive factor.

And there is Clara. Clara is not married. She can, therefore, speak dispassionately on the subject, and does, indeed. In fact, lack of passion is her specialty. Clara likes men. She is neither a Narcissan nor a homosexual, I fancy. She has, report says, considered matrimony on numerous occasions, but has found two insuperable objections: she must marry a man, and she must have children. She is clear that the latter are nuisances, and that men as husbands are likely to compel the introduction of such nuisances into the house. Men are to be avoided unless they are very, very rich. Clara is thirty-five, and Crœsus has not proposed.

I speak somewhat heatedly of Clara, since she seems to be a positive influence in the lives of her married female friends, being the expert little deviser of excuses for them to go somewhere except home. Clara has a vocation: making money. It is as near an emotional interest as she seems likely to get. A few years ago she fought a moderately well-to-do fiancé to a verbal show-down on the subject of children. He yielded, until the night before the wedding, when he recanted and told her frankly that he

should expect her to have babies if he married her. As I have said, she is still single.

Again, consider the case of Madge. Refined, musical, decidedly "feminine," she is the known example of many suspected counterparts. It happens that she is not a friend of Susan, but the wife of a friend of mine. He is well able to support her, but she quite rightly desires to continue giving music lessons. The point is that she would not marry him, so great was her fear of childbearing and its consequences, unless he would consent to her having an operation making it impossible for her to conceive. After months of expostulation, he consented.

Men are blind (and "dumb" of course). I have two friends who have married women they knew to be physically incapable of being mothers, and I know of three other men who did the same thing. It is possible for me to add, from positive knowledge, that these men are all unhappy in these so-called marriages. One case is striking. I relate the main facts.

The man to whom I refer married a sterile woman as his second wife, after the death of the first. The change that took place in him thereafter was one of the most shocking things I have ever witnessed. He had three children by his first wife. While she was living, he came to his office neatly dressed, had the dignity becoming a member of a respectable calling, was interested in literature, and placed his family in the center of his scheme of life. Shortly after his remarriage I went to his office. I should hardly have known him.

He needed a shave and a haircut, to say nothing of the attentions of dentist, bootblack, and tailor. Papers littered his desk and dust gathered on his books. Clients had dwindled to a few unprofitable tag-enders. Soon afterward he closed out and recovered a certain amount of mental health by abandoning a profession requiring concentration for the absorbingly trivial pursuit of a suburban real estate business. I am not drawing upon my imagination in picturing his mental state nor its connection with his marital condition, for he put it more expressively than I have done here, in pretty strong language. No doubt the experience was spiritually more repugnant to a Roman Catholic like him than it would be to one less grounded in ideas of the sacredness of the family and of marriage. While it cannot be proven, it seems to me to be reasonable to suppose that his second wife's sexual inadequacy was the basic cause of the destruction of his home life and of his marital happiness and peace of mind.

III

Here, ladies, is the crux of the matter. What is the essence of these gorgeous dreams of social amelioration on the mystic altar of which you are willing to sacrifice the solid contentment of the fireside? There is a woman lecturing on Modern French Art . . . another on the League of Nations . . . another on Woman in Industry . . . still another on Contemporary Dramatists . . . and so on. Excellent subjects. I, a mere man, make bold to hold forth on similar subjects. Really, I do it for the sake of food-clothing-and-shelter, not as a substitute for sex nor to save the human race. I am fond of the race, for it has many excellencies. And I belong to it. And so do you women folk, though you may be surprised to hear a man admit it. How ancient and (pardon me) how silly is your delusion in believing that the easier way is the more noble! Yes, it is easier, at least for a time. The day of our damnation was the day we discovered how much more impressive the orator is than the cook.

My answer to the claim that the woman orator has as much right to her thrill as has the male offender is a waiver: a father or mother, as such, is far more useful than either, if not as ornamental. Do not be afraid of overpopulating the earth—that is a more or less fantastic

nightmare. Pray what are you going to do with the race after you have saved it? You cannot live with the whole human family without becoming a misanthrope. With a modicum of good sense and a little plain courage (such as accounts for your presence on the planet), you can live with one man and three or four children, and keep sweet. Men are not so terrible, being sons of mothers.

As for the women who do not seek careers and yet remain childless, what of them? They are social liabilities, of that there is no doubt. The work they do could be done as well, or better, by men, while their removal from an overcrowded "white collar" labor market would be a gain to many families. Their view of life (as not worth perpetuating) is a spiritual poison, a denial of all purpose or meaning except sensuous pleasure—an attitude which no philosopher, no serious person, least of all a student of human society, can accept as even personally satisfactory. It is the doctrine of negation, of futility, pessimism, despair, and suicide. It is high time somebody gave thought to this disease of the will among our educated women. The disease may make them happy; it does not make men happy. I speak for the men. We have some rights, although I am aware the assertion sounds old-fashioned and presumptuous. This is no question of bringing children into the world for the satisfaction of parents, though I can see no real objection to that. Surely parents who want children are the ones, other things being equal, who are most likely to do well by them. The bugaboo of overpopulation has been disposed of by the studies of Dublin and others.

IV

Now my readers will ask why I have not divorced Susan if I want a family as badly as I say I do. Before assuming that I am unstable and insincere, listen to one thing more.

Susan's job is not a vocation—except for the wages, it does not claim any real interest. It leads nowhere. When she is too old to work she will retire on a pension. If she loses the job she has no profession. In short, her concerts, bridge, and late hours are her means of escape from monotonous routine. Her one strong hold upon life is myself, whom, I think, she quite literally adores. I am, then, the unifying element in her emotional life. I possess power to injure her amounting, apparently, to that of life or death. Therefore, in a sense I faced this problem: my life or hers? It is clear that I decided in her favor. I am not sure that I was right in doing so.

The years ahead look black. I happen to be one of those persons, by no means rare though perhaps disappearing, to whom the diffusion of response attendant upon modern social complexity makes necessary a refuge where one can bring to bear upon life a sense of permanence, stability, and continuity. This sense cannot be obtained on the purely mental conceptual plane, as a creed or a philosophy. Ideas are themselves in a state of flux. The refuge must be a place of direct contact with reality, and I picture it as I always have, from childhood, as a "home"—complete with all the paraphernalia. Granting that a home does not necessarily include children, I can only say that to some of us their lack is a most distinct misfortune, precisely because we have founded our ideas of the family upon our own childhood experience and that of the rank and file of human beings.

I was unwilling to extinguish the torch passed to my hand by countless generations of forbears. To change the figure, it was my desire to be a fruitful branch, not a barren twig. In my old age I should have liked something more significant than a place to sit and read: I should have liked a house full of the memories of a normal family life, and a prospect of life beyond death in the lives of my descendants. Ladies, if this be romanticism, then I cast a vote for my romance and against your reality.

EDUCATION: SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

WHEN we speak of a savage community we mean one where there is hardly any progress from one generation to another, where change is looked on with more than suspicion, and all human energies are concentrated upon maintaining the *status quo*. Such communities are usually so busy defending themselves in the primeval struggle against unsubdued nature that they can do little but dig themselves in and be stubborn in the face of circumstances. A civilized community—a purely relative term—is one wherein progress and change are the life-blood of every activity, economic, æsthetic, ethical; its citizens may allow a healthy conservatism to hold a watching brief for things as they are, but they never forget that without evolution there is no life. Pericles, in summing up the whole art of being civilized, especially emphasized that the Athenians showed their civility by forever seeking after a new thing.

And so too with savage parents and civilized parents: savage parents are those who regard education as the art of making out of their children replicas of themselves; their watchword is, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my children." Civilized parents are those who use every available device and ingenuity to prevent their children being like themselves; they seek for an education which will enable the next generation to face life a few steps farther on. There are rudimentarily civilized parents in many primitive societies; civilized communities, so-called, are honeycombed with savage ones.

The task of savage parents in educating their children is far easier than that of civilized ones; for the former know precisely what they want, while the latter know only what they do not want, and have to call upon their imagination —a fatiguing exercise—for their more positive ideals. Savage parents regard education as much like the art of making boxes of toy soldiers: a dozen "useful citizens," a dozen "godfearing clean men," all neatly painted and bent into the correct, rigid, drill-like attitudes. It is an easy task for them to choose the right college for their sons: a little trouble will reveal where the most successful generals, lawyers, business men, Bible-class leaders were molded; while it is still easier to cut the knot and send the son to his father's college, which, if it has preserved itself from change, ought to turn him out better than can any other institution. It is when you look for the college which will turn out the best human being, judged by the higher standards of the unborn future, that the real difficulties begin.

All educational systems are largely concerned with the fitting of the child to become a satisfactory member of the community. This is the central problem of all education; and if we want light upon how to tackle it in our own cases we cannot do better than turn an eye to the way in which primitive communities have solved it. Our own ideas bear within them indelible traces of their lowly origin in the minds of our even more savage ancestors; and the key to many an educational difficulty has been thrown into the swamps of the Congo

or lost in the sands of Australia, where we must look for it before we can unlock the gate of truth.

Here is an interesting summary* of the means adopted by most savage communities for educating children, that is, for turning boys into men:

1. Purification by emetics, sweating, bathing, scrubbing with sand, and the making of cutaneous incisions.
2. Circumcision, incision, and subincision.
3. Physical suffering caused by a great variety of tests of endurance such as extreme fatigue in the chase, tattooing, cicatrizing, heating, cooling, knocking out teeth, immobility for long periods, and whipping.
4. Moral instruction, including tribal usages, relating to obedience, courage, truth, hospitality, sexual relationships, reticence, and perseverance.
5. Transfer of power from elders to novices through the motions of hauling a rope, blood transfer, rubbing with crystals, or blowing.
6. Isolation accompanied by a taboo of silence, disguise by paint and dress, reception of a new name, and rebirth into the social group with many formalities.
7. Training in magic of the so-called sympathetic variety whereby love is requited or an enemy injured.

We have only to read this curriculum to be struck by a very important fact: with scarcely any change it is the curriculum used to this day in our own communities as an integral part of normal orthodox education; we do not have to go to China or Peru, or the Warramunga or the Waja to find it in use; we can stop in New York or London. It is, of course, perfectly true that no public school or college prospectus mentions the contents of section three as being normally practiced within their establishments, but that proves nothing; for hardly any of the most important features of education are mentioned in these pieces of conventional hypocrisy. They deal only with that insignificant part of education which is transacted between the faculty and the students and scarcely mention the vital part, which is purely a matter between one student and another.

We can put the whole matter briefly in this way: the orthodox educational establishment is a device for carrying out two quite different forms of education at once; on the one hand, the more or less civilized or, at any rate, conventionalized form, for which the faculty are responsible; on the other the savage form, summarized above, which is in the hands of the students themselves. Since its details are such that the orthodox civilized conscience will not permit of adults openly countenancing it, it is carried on in a clandestine manner; but since the adult, being still three parts savage, heartily believes in its necessity, he gives every facility for its continuance, provided he can pretend to know nothing about it. The existence of this dual education, the civilized, or at least conventional, controlled by the faculty, and the savage, controlled by the students themselves, is of the utmost significance to the understanding of modern life; for the people who are making such a slaughter of human happiness in the world to-day are the natural product of it.

The key to the lasting effects of our orthodox educational system lies in this, that we are most influenced and shaped by what we learned from our contemporaries and that they taught us a savage code enforced by savage sanctions; or to use a synonym which may bring out the significance more forcibly, a neurotic code enforced by neurotic sanctions. What we learned about morality in the school chapel or in the headmaster's study fell off us with the greatest ease; what we learned from our fellow savages stuck; and either we spent the next ten years painfully unlearning it again or we remain savages to this day. Moreover, the adults responsible for orthodox education are in the conspiracy because, although they are compelled to a pretended acquiescence in civilization, they unconsciously believe that the savage code and method

*From W. D. Hambly: *Origins of Education among Primitive Peoples.*

are better. This tendency is made more universal by the fact that these particular adults have so often never been in the world of men at all: from seven until thirteen they went to one school, from thirteen to eighteen to another, from eighteen to twenty-two to a glorified school called a university, and then back to school again immediately as masters. No wonder the savage tradition can be maintained unbroken when those chiefly responsible have never moved among men and women of the world: the orthodox schoolmaster is a man whose whole life has been passed in the atmosphere of the neurotic race memory with not even an occasional cooling breath from the grown-up world.

II

Let us look at some details of this moral code which is never the adult code but always the neurotic savage code learned from the race memory kept alive by the group traditions of the school. As in all more primitive communities, it deals with "tribal usages relating to obedience, courage, truth, sexual relationships, reticence, and perseverance."

Obedience: "the bond of rule" and the mainspring of savage education. To savages it is always the obedience to be desired in parts of a machine; mechanical subservience all the better for being "unreasoned." When the English Workers Educational Association approached a certain manufacturer with offers of classes for his factory girls he replied, "I don't want my girls to think. If they begin thinking they will get their hands caught in the machinery. I want them as mechanical as possible." Savage education in an English Public School* teaches obedience precisely as the Warramunga teach it, as a complete sinking of the personality in the race memory or tradition and the herd mind or public opinion. That is why these schools have always been so successful as preparations for savage situations in adult life; for example, the winning of the battle of Waterloo: the posthumous winning of that battle on their playing fields is the chief business of English public schools to this day. Since civilization is largely the refusal of the individual to sink his glimmerings of common sense in the neurotic herd, it is clear what a powerful influence towards savagery an education based on this type of obedience must be.

Courage: To the savage group-mind courage boils down to the ability to endure physical pain without making a grimace. In orthodox schools arm-twisting, ear-pulling, frog-marching, and other delights, in which the race memory is rich, are used as a means to inculcate the virtue, as so often the real object is not to make the sufferer virtuous, but to give his instructors plenty of the pleasure of cruelty. In America initiations into college fraternities embrace nearly all the items included in our list of savage tortures, with the possible exception of the more difficult surgical operations such as subincision. In England I myself have seen a boy of eleven forcibly held down while some thirty or forty small boys were compelled by the presiding bullies to beat him in turn. He attended the next class in a very natural state of collapse, and when the head teacher found himself disturbed by the sobs, he said, "Really, if you can't control yourself you had better go home." There was no indiscreet delving into possible causes—the adult was too wise to risk revealing any emanation of the savage clandestine system—simply a hint that the child had failed to show "courage," just as an Australian child may scream from time to time while being circumcized with a flint knife—a rare and unfortunate lapse from virtue. Nor was the boy in question one of those "exceptional boys" who must be "expected to have a bad time": he grew up to do all the orthodox things

*When I use the term "public school" I am thinking of a school for boys of thirteen to eighteen owned by a private corporation, usually of ancient foundation, expensive, snobbish, and exclusive, like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby.

desired by the public-school system of its products, to be captain of the school, captain of the football fifteen, a scholar at Cambridge, and to be killed in the Great War. Among Australian savages an important part of the educational curriculum is the roasting of the small boy over a hot fire; the same thing was done in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and I myself have met with examples in my own school career. As for "cooling," only last year I heard of a millionaire's daughter at one of the leading American universities who was kept in a zero temperature for an hour or so at night as part of her initiation into a sorority.

Such cruelties technically forbidden by law, at least when done by adults to children, are a commonplace in orthodox education. No adults, no school authority could advocate torture as an educational weapon; torture is not so much as mentioned in any school prospectus; but subconsciously most adults believe it to be valuable and provide for its practice in secret. Thus they avoid responsibility without having to give up methods on which they rely. As adults in modern society, their bullying of children must be confined to intellectual and emotional bullying; but the necessary physical bullying is safeguarded by herding a few hundred savages together and putting them on their honor—the honor of neurotic savages—and looking the other way. In this way physical "courage," which lies at the root of all the vices, is secured in modern education in spite of the humanitarian alloy which prevents instruction in it by adults.

Truth: The orthodox savage parent values in his son nothing above truth. "If my son told a lie," he says, "I should thrash him to within an inch of his life." The very idea sends a quiver of ecstasy down his spine. I have heard precisely this sentiment expressed three times by three different "savages," all of them respected in their community. Truth as taught by one savage to another in orthodox schools is simply loyalty to the group; a blending of lies which will keep the group from being found out. It is not surprising that in adult life truth is assumed to be synonymous with propaganda. Loyalty to a neurotic group-mind is hardly likely to produce any nice distinction between the two. To thine own group be true, it then shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not help being false to other men. It is often called "learning to play for your side" and rates high in the neurotic code. Its use to the community is that it trains people to realize how wrong Nurse Edith Cavell was when she said, "Patriotism is not enough." Besides, the battle of Waterloo was won by propaganda, by that idea of truth learned on the playing fields of the public schools.

Sexual relationships: Probably not even economic injustice causes so much pain in the world of adult human beings as the sex-code learned entirely from the neurotic group-mind of childhood. Sex is always learned from the savage race memory, and the instruction of adults has hardly any influence at all. Put four hundred boys together and keep them "ignorant" of anything civilized about sex and, far from remaining in a state of frigid suspended animation, their "being's inmost cells" will boil over in response to the stimuli and reactions imparted by their fellow-savages. We do not learn the art of sexual conduct from manuals, nor from lectures given by adults, but from sexual experience. Such experience may consist only of feelings, and not at all of acts, but, nevertheless, it is authentic experience which alone teaches us how to behave sexually. Now the sexual experience of four hundred boys isolated together in a school can be only of two sorts, autoerotic and homosexual; and these two lie at the basis of all sex knowledge imbibed by those whose education has been orthodox. The attitude of English education towards homosexuality can only be described as droll. The education itself is tinged

through and through with the Greek tradition; in the classrooms we translate the Greek tragedians; on the playing fields we emulate the Discobolus; yet we are constantly guarded against the emotion which permeates everything in Greek art, literature, and history. On the one hand, we are violently punished for any homosexual lapse; on the other, we are soaked in the Greek spirit and incarcerated in barracks where heterosexual stimulus does not exist. Occasionally two boys are found to have been too far soaked in the Greek spirit, and expulsion follows. Of course, there are cases like that of Young Woodley, where a boy falls in love with one of the few women he ever sees, a housemaid, or a master's wife; but such cases are rare, largely because of the type of women schoolmasters marry and the type of women these employ as housemaids. Thus the sex education of the ordinary public-school boy consists, according to his temperament, either of messy and vulgar attempts at autoeroticism and homosexuality, or of something even more dangerous, idealistic Galahad-like attachments to women he sees in holiday time, which are complicated and usually wrecked by the loathing of sex set up in such a boy's mind by his term-time experiences. It is not surprising that such exposure to the savage neurotic group-mind during the course of orthodox education usually insures that in after life a civilized outlook on sex will not be forthcoming.

Reticence: The refusal to show any emotion of pleasure, whatever the provocation, unless the group as a whole sanctions it. Its keynote is a complete indifference to anything which is an individual pleasure rather than a group pleasure. You may enjoy football, nay, you must enjoy it, because it is a group pleasure; but all the little savages will be at your throat if you show signs of enjoying a picture, a poem, or a sunset. Here the English public-school system has certainly triumphed and produced a veritable fear of ever expressing feeling. Every boy is taught by the savage group-mind that nobody but a baby ever cries; and it is probably true that young children cry more than adults; they have more to cry for. We cry less because our reactions are blunted, not because we have greater self-control. The process of learning self-control, as it is called, the process of blunting the emotions, as it really is, is well cared for in savage education.

Perseverance: or habitual mental and physical overstraining. An essential quality in any human being is the ability to stick to something provided that something is valuable and attainable. In the savage educational code it is sticking for sticking's sake. The object is never the one for which perseverance is obviously most worth while, namely the ability to live a civilized adult life in the future; it is always some activity which leads to deformity of body or mind; a sport which will strain the heart or an examination which will warp the brain. The former is the aim more closely related to the savage group-mind, the latter appeals more to the adults; since it is the savages who rule, it is the former rather than the latter which is regarded by the school as most essential to a praiseworthy character. Hence it is "the thing" to persevere to the extent of deformity at games, but not "the thing" to persevere at work; this, seeing what the orthodox curriculum usually involves, is not altogether to the bad. The boy leaves school with a strained heart but only an empty brain, not a strained one; there is still a chance to fill it, though a very small one, it is true, seeing that the knowledge of how to fill can be acquired only in early life, when the savage domination is most complete.

III

So much for the savage, orthodox, neurotic code of education as it is to be found in English public schools and—unless I am mistaken—in certain American institutions of polite learning. It

seems to have taken a war to convince a minority of human beings that the system was not worth the candle. At least the post-war period has seen a powerful increase of the movement away from orthodox education. There are still plenty of old gentlemen who read romantic virtues into their old public school, just as they read glory into the trenches; but the younger generation of more thoughtful parents regards orthodox schools as places where their children will be surrendered to a neurotic atmosphere. Our attitude towards children has radically changed: it used to be the fashion to regard them as trailing clouds of glory from a land beyond the womb, and these clouds, we pretended, made of childhood the brightest, purest, happiest of episodes before the prison house of adult life had to be entered. This attitude was made up of hypocrisy and deliberate blindness; nobody who really remembers his childhood can pretend to believe in it; though it is true the symptoms of the disease called childhood are often not so painful to oneself as to others—a fact which sometimes obscures its nature. The man who says that there was no bullying in his school was probably the bully rather than the bullied.

Parents now frankly admit that children are sick persons to be nursed into the health and happiness of adulthood. Unfortunately, the realization of this fact does not in itself lead direct to the palace of wisdom. Savage parents do not always give place to civilized ones; a third type is very noticeable, it may be called the anti-savage type. The anti-savage parent is reacting away from the restraints and repressions of his own childhood; he is in revolt against the emptiness, emotional and intellectual, of his own life, an emptiness largely the product of orthodox education; he has read Freud or Jung or Adler. Indeed, if the anti-savage parent were a race horse, one might say that it was got by Psychoanalysis out of Post-war Disillusion. Now, whatever the breed of the sire (some suspect a mongrel strain even there), there can be no doubt that the mother had very bad blood in her veins and, therefore, their offspring is of a mongrel disposition.

The anti-savage parent can almost always be discovered by his use of the phrase "freedom in education." Freedom is considered to be as absolutely good as obedience is in the savage code. And yet we can say of it, as of all ideas in education, that it is not the thing itself which is good or bad but the motive of the adult. We must ask why the adult wants "freedom" for the child in given instances: if the motive is good, then freedom will be good for the child; but there are often bad motives. Chief of these is desire to save trouble—the parent who gives its child complete freedom is really saying, "Go to hell your own way and don't worry me"—and, second, desire to make up for the parent's slavery vicariously in the child's freedom; or, in other words, anger at savage obedience makes any form of disobedience seem a virtue.

Nor must we forget that free children require free adults, and we ask, what does freedom mean to the anti-savage parent? Often all that this type of adult means by freedom in his or her own life is the right to be free with his or her neighbor's husband or wife, which may be all very well as far as it goes, but is not a very wide philosophic basis for the use of freedom in life or in education.

Parents who are too busy to be free in their own lives are not likely to know what they mean by freedom for their children, yet these are often the very parents who talk most about freedom. Being too busy and incompetent to control their children, they make a virtue of insubordination, and try to convince us that their object in telling their children to do something is to give them the bracing experience of doing the opposite out of sheer spite. It may be imputed as a matter of pride to the anti-savage parent that he real-

izes that he has been suffocated to spiritual death by savage obedience, but that does not excuse him for drowning his children in a raging sea of freedom.

IV

Before considering the absurdity which is caused by anti-savage parents, we will set down a few examples of freedom as it may be applied to educational problems:

1. Children in savage schools are tied to a classroom, where they follow mechanically the motions and mouthings of a teacher. They must be silent and motionless. They must not answer back, nor disagree, nor question.

Freedom in education means the giving to children some project to be worked out by themselves, with the teacher in the background like a breathing book of reference, able to turn over its own pages, to answer questions, to argue.

2. Children in savage schools are faced with a curriculum: a sort of obstacle race in which you must crawl under a tarpaulin and climb over a hurdle before you can get to the end. Rewards and punishments combat the effects of boredom and mental fatigue.

Freedom in education means giving children a free choice as to what they will learn and what they will not learn. Learning is its own reward, and only in so far as the child is attracted or sees the use of a given subject, will that subject be learned.

3. Children in savage schools are taught by discipline what they may do and what they may not do. They are stopped from eating in class or between meals; they must not interrupt; they must wash their hands; they must not be late nor play truant.

Freedom in education means that by a process of trial and error children will learn by experience what is good and bad for them. They will work out a code of reasonable behavior because they are essentially reasonable beings at least in the making.

4. There is a fourth matter which is advocated by the most enthusiastic believer in freedom in education: the community of children must have freedom to learn to get on with one another without adult interference; they must settle their own private relationships.

Here we have four stages or applications of a principle, which at first sight seem to have a great deal to be said for them and nothing to be said against them. The reaction from the savage code is evident; yet instead of the result being a civilized code, it may be merely an anti-savage one. Thus the first application involves the removal of routine and order and the substitution of a daily program largely the product of will-power. Freewill to do work as one likes is obviously a blessing to many adults; to many children it is nothing but an additional burden. The young child cannot always stand freedom of choice, simply because it involves the use of more mental strength than has yet been acquired. And so we see that some children brought up in the most modern methods seem far more generally tired than their less fortunate contemporaries who are told what to do and how to do it. The anti-savage new school puts all the responsibility on the child and overtires it mentally in consequence; the civilized new school realizes that to be told what to do is often much more restful, and concentrates on seeing that the telling is done by intelligent people.

If the first example of freedom leads often to over-exercise of will, the second leads to over-emphasis of passing whim. It is anti-savage, not civilized, to suggest that children should never be bored. Boredom, suitably spaced, is in life what rests are in music; a sort of pause for breath, or a waking sleep when some of the faculties may day-dream. And it is fortunate that this is so, since certain forms of valuable human activity require a gruelling, boring training and preparation before their fruits can be enjoyed. To say that a child should

feel that learning is its own reward is to show an adult blindness to what a child can feel. To learn arithmetic is not its own reward; it leads to the understanding of God and the universe by way of the Quantum Theory and Relativity; but it is no use telling a child that either. If a third possible motive, punishment and reward, is to be ruled out as barbaric, only one motive is left for such labors, and that is the desire to please the person who sets the task. Work for work's sake is just a phrase; the value of some day understanding Einstein, or more modestly one's bank book, is hard to demonstrate; work so as not to be beaten is out of the question; but there is always left desire to please someone who is loved, as the best motive for child and adult alike. But the doctrinaire anti-savage parent will not have it so.

The third example of freedom in education brings with it still greater difficulties; yet there are anti-savage schools and parents who regard it as an unwarrantable curtailment of children's freedom that they should be forced to eat decently at fixed times, to wash decently at fixed times, and even to perform their physical functions according to rule. Naturally such parents are delightfully inconsistent; for example I have met a mother, not yet recovered from a psycho-pedagogic reading orgy, who erected an eiffel tower of aluminium around her son's thumb in the conviction that thumb-sucking would ruin his chance of a happy married life—thus curtailing his freedom of action to a considerable extent—and yet at the same time she would not curtail his freedom to perform his physical functions how and when he would, lest this should set up analerotic repressions, which also would upset his future married life. In cases such as this, common as they are to a surprising degree, the critic has to be careful. He may be painfully aware that some parents seem to be so busy cleaning and beautifying their children's unconscious that their conscious becomes atrocious and unbearable; but if he says so he will be told that it is no criterion of sound education that a child should be made pleasant and satisfactory for adult consumption. Nor is it likely to lead him far if he suggests that a great deal of this delving into the psychology of the child, of this obsession with its murky emotions and thoroughly unwashed desires is probably due to the bad condition of the parental sex-life. Nevertheless, it will be his private opinion, unwhispered to his friends, that if business men became more interested in women and wives, and less interested in business and golf, there would be an immediate slump in the sales of books on psycho-pedagogy.

Fortunately for adults, children do not love freedom so much as ritual. Ritual consists in doing things not because one consciously decides to do them rather than to do something else, nor because we have been told to do them, but because it "comes natural" to us to do them just as it came natural to our ancestors. Ritual is to sociology what reflex action is to biology. If we had freedom of choice every time our heart beat, our bowels contracted, our stomach secreted, our lungs contracted, our eyelids blinked, we should not get anywhere, for we should have no time to think about more important things. Ritual helps us to do all sorts of necessary things, which are not biologically inherited, such as dressing, washing, going to bed, getting up, without wasting time on them; for ritual is routine with frills on it. The child who at seven-thirty P.M. instinctively goes to a certain spot, takes down a tooth brush in a certain manner, puts it away again with scrupulous exactitude because it has been drilled into routine disguised as ritual by wise adults is far happier than a child whose freedom is vindicated while its teeth rot. Routine helped out by love of ritual is a valuable and necessary curtailment of freedom throughout the child's day and night.

V

But it is the fourth example of freedom in education which most clearly distinguishes the anti-savage from the civilized. At first sight it would seem incontrovertible that children must learn to get on with one another and that the less adults interfere in this the better. Further thought backed by a little observation will show to what a very limited extent it can be true. Indeed, a strict interpretation of the doctrine would be playing directly into the hands of savage education. As we have seen, the leaving of children alone to form a community of neurotic savages is the keystone of the old, bad, orthodox education from which we are all in revolt. Freedom unchecked by common sense could lead immediately back to precisely the same position, but to a position made more dangerous by each increase of freedom in other directions. For children free to do what they like or to do nothing and to go and come as they please will have increased opportunities to indulge any whim that the neurotic race memory may suggest to them. They will bully one another, interfere with one another's development, make life a burden for one another with renewed vigor. The anti-savage parent will probably say that all this is good for the child and that children must learn to get on together without adults stepping in to interfere. The civilized parent will see that necessary and valuable freedom are possible only at the price of constant and intelligent interference, supervision, watching on the part of adults for twenty-four hours in the day. Otherwise, the savage code will develop, the weakest go to the wall, and all the savage sanctions with their cruelty and stupidity be reinforced. For it is not the interference of adults which makes orthodox education so savage; it is savage because there is too little interference and because what there is is stupid. Do what we may, there always remains the savage child to be tamed to health; in the old days we pretended it was an angel but violently repressed its neuroses in order to produce an adult who was necessarily warped; civilized education does not let the little angels fight it out alone but elaborately steps in to sublimate instead of to repress.

After all, it is falling into a sort of Wordsworthian mysticism to imagine that children left to themselves can produce a new and better world. What is it that lies between them and a civilized adult? It is a thousand generations of sublimation. Left to themselves, we should not expect them to produce an airplane, Shakespeare, or modern physics; nor should we expect them to produce the manners, disciplined emotions, and attitudes to other people and the world which are an even greater part of inherited civilization. The problem here is, therefore, not to leave children alone in freedom to build Jerusalem, but to see that only civilized adults have anything to do with them; and that is why civilized education is so difficult, because civilized adults are so rare.

It has been possible here to take only one of the antitheses to the savage code of education in order to suggest that whereas "obedience" may be the basis of the old, bad outlook, the cry of freedom may not necessarily prove that its user is civilized. If the reader will consider the savage code and the reaction against it word by word, he will be able to note everywhere the existence of the merely anti-savage attitude. If he will patiently observe the product of many modern "emancipated" schools, he will note a tired look on the faces of the free children; he will discover a heavy doctor's bill lurking in the family cupboard, and he will find that many of the adults responsible seem to lack the essential of all educators, personal happiness and equilibrium. These symptoms will show him that he has stepped on a hornet's nest of anti-savagery, and he will send his children to play with animals in a field as far away from this atmosphere as possible.

Anti-savage educators are phrase-mongers first and last; at best, they treat children as proofs of a theory, at worst, they treat them as living dolls through whom they can excrete their passions. They can be welcomed as signs of revolt from the old system which I have sketched above, but they are not the final product which all good parents are demanding. That product is going to be very difficult to find; for if civilized education is needed to produce civilized adults, and civilized adults are needed to produce civilized education, where are we to begin and which are we to expect first? We need not despair; a hen is needed to produce an egg, and an egg to produce a hen, nevertheless, both hens and eggs have come into existence; so too we may hope for civilized adults and civilized education. Meanwhile any human being who happens to be free from complexes, intelligent about the world, the flesh and the devil, gifted with an ability to be friends with children, and able to explain things in words of one or two syllables, ought to be forcibly prevented by the community from doing anything but educate.

PHILADELPHIA

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

THE wind that goes through dusty streets
Still looks for what it may not find,
For when the trees are dead and gone
They leave no loveliness behind.
Hazel, Cedar, Appletree,
Are now only a memory.

The axe rang and the great trees fell,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine.
Only the wind remembers now
Buttonwood and Peach and Vine,
And men forget that Sassafras
Once shaded the bleak ways they pass.

When paths went winding under trees
And overhead bough met green bough,
The little foxes played and hid
Where stone is laid upon stone now.
Still with remembrance old and sweet
The wind goes down Spring Garden Street.

FUNNELING THE EUROPEAN NEWS

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE news from perhaps six hundred million people reaches the United States funneled through the agency of perhaps three hundred men. These three hundred American journalists, living abroad, are the direct and decisive communicants to the new world of all the lives, interests, events, and activities of Europe and the East. Perhaps one-twentieth of all the news our American newspapers print is foreign news. Who gets this news? What are its sources? And how is it controlled?

Since the time of Herodotus, foreign correspondence has existed; but it may be said to have begun in the modern sense when James Gordon Bennett assigned Stanley to find Livingstone. This was in 1870. But there was not much field for European news when it took two weeks for a dispatch to reach New York from London. Then came the cables. By the turn of the century news was crossing the Atlantic in thirty seconds; several American newspapers had comprehensive European organizations by the time the Great War came, when European news dominated all news, and were equipped to handle it. During the War and after, other newspapers built up foreign services, and form the basis of American news reporting in Europe to-day.

News from Europe includes any catastrophe, whether act of God or man; any general election or change of government in an important country; any scandal affecting prominent Americans abroad; important conferences, diplomatic or political; gossip about royalty; anything at all about the queer headline team which comprises Einstein, Mussolini, Shaw, Nancy Astor, and the Prince of Wales; anything significant or picturesque about the second team, King Alphonso, Trotsky, Lloyd George, Queen Marie, and Hindenburg; and anything even remotely suggesting a *coup d'état*, revolution, or war.

Catastrophes don't happen every day. What makes news when there is no news? The answer is that Europe is both remote and different from America. Because it is remote, the foreign correspondent is spared the necessity of covering routine scandal, murder, or politics. What is news on Halsted Street or in the Bronx is not news—to us—in Paris or Berlin. Because Europe is different from America, the foreign correspondent may discuss the points of difference, whether of silk stockings, aviation, or sociology. The exoticism of Europe gives him an enormous field. The standard definition of news in America is that it is anything new, true, and interesting. This holds for Europe if you add a fourth adjective—significant. Not because all editors have serious minds, but because cable-tolls cost money, European news is normally limited to things "important."

Two technical points must be faced. The first concerns the clock. When it is 5 P.M. in London, it is, of course, only 12 noon in New York and, therefore—a paramount item in foreign correspondence—European news may be published in the United States before it happens. This is of especial value to afternoon newspapers. Transmission

time across the Atlantic varies from a few seconds for urgent bulletins to three or four hours for long press-rate dispatches. From Cairo I have written and filed a dispatch at 12 o'clock noon; it was in London for relay at 11 A.M.; it was in Chicago, in type and on sale in the streets, by 9 A.M.—three clock hours before I wrote it. Conversely, it is obvious, Pacific countries are behind American time.

Sometimes the press of a sudden enormous story completely wrecks available means of communication. The foreign correspondent always has two jobs, first, to get and write his story, second, to see that it is promptly and efficiently transmitted by wireless or cable. If a reporter is visiting a remote country, for example the Ukraine, his line of communication is his first imperative preoccupation. Even in London or Paris cable services sometimes break down. When Colonel Lindbergh arrived at Le Bourget, for instance, the whole daily file of some newspapers arrived in America twenty-four hours late.

The second point is the cost of cables. This is the chief factor in limiting the quantity of foreign news in print. Because cables cost so heavily, even at the reduced press rate, almost all messages are skeletonized, and the curious peptonized language known as "cablese" has been evolved. This perhaps accounts for the singular similarity in style of most cable messages in most newspapers, and also the standardized dullness of that style. Literature has little chance when "Chamberlain Pariswarding" is the simple method whereby Sir Austen Chamberlain's trip to Paris is made known. In cablese a gentleman with a vandyke beard is "vandyked"; shot by a revolver, he is "revolvered"; falling into a river, he "infalls"; writing a poem, he "poetizes." And so on. But now the cable companies are stricter. Cablese is theoretically limited to dictionary words. Actual codes, by the way, are almost never used, because it takes too long to decipher them.

Also, of course, codes give rise to confusion. A famous case is in point. The Moscow correspondent of an American agency arranged with his London office the simple code "Send me forty pounds" to announce the death of Lenin, then very ill. Lenin died, and the correspondent sent off his innocent message, while all his rivals were delayed eighteen full hours by an iron censorship. But in London the manager of the bureau was absent, and his assistant had forgotten the code. "These Moscow men are too damned expensive," he said to himself—and threw the precious bulletin into the waste-basket.

Of course much news is transmitted by mail. But not "hot" news. Still, on many stories, the bulk of the facts may be sent to New York in advance by mail; then on the proper day only a single paragraph is cabled, to head the story—about an election or a holiday or anything of similar "set" nature. Many feature stories are sent by mail and then in the United States released under a faked cable "dateline." In every newspaper office in America there are thousands upon thousands of words in type describing the procession of events in England following the death of King George V. King George is not dead yet. But he was ill once. When he does die all this "advance" matter will find its "release."

II

Three American news agencies and seven American newspapers have complete news services in Europe. This is all. Expense has eliminated the rest. The *Chicago Daily News* reckons that its foreign news costs one thousand dollars per day; that of the *New York Times* probably costs a great deal more. This is because the *Times* has a pleasant bias, namely, never to print in 500 words a story that can be told just as well in 5,000. Because a foreign service is so expensive, American newspapers main-

taining them are forced to syndicate their European news to as many other papers in America as possible, in order to recoup the loss. Thus newspapers from coast to coast print identical foreign news, just, of course, as they print identical comic strips, editorial features, and "boiler plate," so that we have in the United States not only mass production of automobiles and cans of soup, but mass distribution of facts, opinions, ideas.

The three great agencies are the Associated Press, the United Press, and the Hearst services. They are occupied more or less exclusively by fact. (When they send rumor, it is rumor of a fact.) They each maintain a twenty-four hour service, concentrating their activity in minute-by-minute reporting of any "running" story going on. They send "flashes" when prominent people die; they cover great conferences speech by speech, at least in theory; they transmit important documents textually; they handle routine news. The A.P. has the bulk of tradition on its side, but lately has taken to "jazzing up" its service to meet spicy U.P. competition. The U.P. is devoted preëminently to speed; so fast is it, in fact, that once it ended the Great War four days ahead of time.

An important and interesting development has occurred recently in the work of all three agencies. Originally they existed to transmit news solely to the United States. This function is now greatly modified. The bulk, for instance, of U.P. dispatches across the Atlantic are addressed from London, not to New York, but to Buenos Aires; New York simply gets a "drop copy" of an otherwise uninterrupted South American cable. This is because the U.P. invaded South America some years ago—so successfully that now a great many South American newspapers—perhaps an actual majority of them—purchase from it their world-news service. The A.P. too has stepped into the South American field. Both organizations then set about ramifying their services throughout Europe and the East, so that, certainly as far as the U.P. is concerned, their work in Europe is almost as largely the distribution and sale of news—to European clients—as the gathering it for America. The U.P. services go to papers in Hungary, in Spain, in England, in Japan, in Germany, in a dozen other countries. The Hearst services attempt the same thing. But no other organization is half so successful at it as the U.P. All this means, in the first place, a healthy international point of view toward news; second, an enormous American influence all over the world in disseminating it.

The following are the individual newspapers maintaining a special foreign service:

The *New York Times*
The *New York Herald-Tribune*
The *New York World*
The *New York Evening Post*
The *Christian Science Monitor*
The *Chicago Tribune*
The *Chicago Daily News*

A few other newspapers do, it is true, get some exclusive European news. The *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, has correspondents in three cities; the *Detroit News* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* has each a correspondent in Paris, and the *Baltimore Sun* keeps one in London; the *Buffalo News* occasionally sends a staff man abroad. But the seven mentioned above are the only ones with complete services. The *New York Sun* has one European correspondent, in London, but until recently for other capitals it bought the service of the *Chicago Daily News*.

The work of the agency man and the special correspondent are fundamentally similar, but in technic their activities diverge. The great newspapers get at least one agency service, so that their special correspondents do not have to compete with A.P. or U.P. on routine news, and often they do not bother to compete on "spot" news. While the agency man goes after facts, the special correspondent is often free of them.

Thus we read in short bulletin fashion from U.P. or A.P. that Mussolini wants more *bambini* in Italy, or that Lady Astor tried to bite off the nose of a Labor M.P., or that hungry Signor Zappi (so the rumors went) ate Professor Malmgren. From the special correspondent, however, we get a story about the influence of Italian birthrate on Italian foreign policy, or the place of women in the new British electorate, or the international tangle behind the Nobile rescue. I don't mean to imply that agency news is trivial. (But it often is.) Or that agency men and "specials" do not often—very often—compete for news. I mean simply that agency news has to be "newsy," and agency dispatches are usually short. The special staff man, on the other hand, is often free to devote himself to the significance behind the facts. He can explore, elucidate, and editorialize. Not only facts count for him, but opinion.

III

So much for technic and personnel. The scene is set, the correspondents are ready, the cables yawn, and something happens. But only once in ten thousand times is the reporter a directly intimate witness of what he describes. In your morning paper to-day you read of a revolution (another one) in Afghanistan, or the bi-monthly derailment of the Simplon-Orient express near Belgrade, or a report of a speech by Mr. Winston Churchill. What are the sources of the correspondent? Where does he get his news, so that you read it at your breakfast table?

The major source is a pretty tame one. It is the local newspaper. There is very little original reporting in Europe. Original reporting is physically impossible when fewer than three hundred men face four continents, and when a single man may be responsible for—incredibly—England. So the foreign reporter reads all his local papers, persistently and assiduously. On the pediment which these give him he may scroll ornament and add design. But he seldom escapes from the vicious circle of news *already* in print. The American reader only rarely gets absolutely first-hand news; snapped across the cables to him, at least in agency reporting, are unabashed rewritings of news someone else is getting.

London is typical. Everything printed in every London newspaper is available to every American correspondent. It cannot be copied verbatim except by arrangement; the *New York Times* for instance co-operates with the *London Times;* the *N. Y. Evening Post* with the *Daily Chronicle;* the *Chicago Tribune* with the *Daily Telegraph;* and so on. In Paris, similarly, the *N. Y. Evening Post* ties up with the *Petit Parisien,* and the *N. Y. Times* with the *Matin.* There is nothing reprehensible in this. The arrangements serve to pool facts, and they give the American reporters "protection." Meantime, aside from verbatim copy, all the papers are used by all the correspondents, clipped to tatters by them, used to suggest mail articles, to furnish background, to supply basic or additional facts for cables.

Then, too, many correspondents subscribe to a ticker service. These "backstop" him on facts; also they are a convenient and often indispensable source for financial news, for news from provincial towns, and for parliamentary reports. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred if you read in New York of a debate in the House of Commons you are reading, not direct reporting by an American correspondent, but a scissors-and-paste compilation of English ticker-tape. In Paris, however, there is no good ticker service, and important sessions of the *Chambre des Députés* are often covered directly.

Often news "breaks" elsewhere than in the great capitals. What then? In the secondary and tertiary capitals most newspapers maintain a picket-line of local correspondents, usually natives of their various countries; these local corre-

spondents, "string men," report to the nearest regular bureau of the paper by telephone or telegraph, adding, by reading their own local newspapers, their grist of fact, rumor, lie, to the world's news. Usually their stuff is awful. Beyond this picket-line everything is haphazard. Luck and ingenuity count high. The U.P., for instance, has performed miracles of complex and agile news-getting from, say, Afghanistan, or from points in Africa like Tanganyika, when the Prince of Wales was rushing home.

One of the results of this system of local correspondents is an unavoidable concentration of news-gathering in the minor capitals. In Bucharest, for instance, or Helsingfors, only very rarely can an honest journalist be found, who speaks and writes English (the first qualification), who knows what news is and can go after it, who, in a word, is any good at all. As a result many newspapers and agencies are forced to hire the same man. Frequently he keeps secret from one newspaper his connection with another.

I know, for instance, in Jerusalem, a reporter who works for seven different newspapers, American and English—at the same time! One man, in effect, and a competent man, an American, controls a very fair share of the news the world gets about Jerusalem. Cities like Jerusalem are known as "joy-shops," since competition hardly exists and scoops are almost unknown. Tokio is a famous case in point. Three or four men, all on the staff of the local Japan *Advertiser*, "cover" Japan for the *New York Times*, the *London Times*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York World*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and half a dozen other newspapers.

In remoter capitals it is very difficult to get anybody at all. The A.P. does pretty well. Yet consider its men in southeastern Europe. It has its own exclusive staff correspondent in Vienna. After Vienna—what? The A.P. man in Belgrade is a clerk in an American engineering firm; in Sofia a minor official in the Bulgarian foreign office; in Bucharest a clerk in one of the legations; in Athens a professional historian; in Constantinople a young lady missionary. "Journalists" who are not even journalists, in other words, give to five hundred or six hundred American newspapers the bulk of the agency news which reaches the United States from these half-dozen often important capitals.

I should interpolate a detail here, which is that the A.P. has an important news source not available to its competitors—the official government news of various countries. The Stefani agency in Italy, Havas in France, Reuters in England, Avala in Yugoslavia, Tass in Russia, officially and exclusively dispense news (and propaganda) to the A.P. Sometimes these foreign agencies let the A.P. down badly on important stories. Havas "landed" Commander Byrd near Paris some ten hours before his plane did actually crack up on the French coast, and the A.P., by its Havas arrangement, got this beautiful scoop and shot it to America—exclusively. On the other hand the tie-up with these agencies is often inestimably valuable. The A.P. usually gets first peep at official news.

When the riots broke out in Jerusalem in August my friend there who commanded the press of the world was unfortunately absent on holiday in London. The story was of enormous interest to the United States; the *N. Y. Times*, for instance, the Tuesday following the outbreak, printed over fifteen solid columns on Palestine, and the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* twelve. The *Times* had a resident staff man on the spot, though his value was diminished because, Jewish but not a Zionist, it was hard for him to get about during the first few days. When his dispatches were late his boss in London wired him, "Hire an Arab messenger!" Where the *Herald-Tribune* got its twelve columns from heaven only knows. There was no reg-

ular *Herald-Tribune* man in Jerusalem, nor did one arrive. Only two American newspapers (as against seven British) sent out special correspondents from western Europe, the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune*. All the agencies, caught sadly dozing, illustrated equally the extreme fortuitousness of news covering in the minor capitals. The A.P. was at first represented by a local correspondent who spent some days in a cellar and then, emerging, immediately took an automobile in Richard Harding Davis fashion to the Syrian frontier, there to smuggle his cables out (although there was no censorship); then—tragi-comic climax!—he was not permitted to reenter Palestine! The U.P. had no one in Jerusalem at all, but by providential mercy picked up excellent protection from a clerk in one of the consulates. An able and experienced (but occasional) correspondent for a third agency happened to be on the spot, with a great exclusive story under his hat; but when he telegraphed his organization, asking the usual credit privilege for his cables, the reply came—with Jerusalem all but in flames—"Can't You Send It by Mail?" As to the Hearst services, and all the New York papers except the *Times*, they must have got their Palestine news from Kamchatka or Zanzibar. (The Jewish Telegraph Agency, which links up with the A.P., covered the story, but with natural bias.) In contrast, seven British papers dispatched experienced correspondents to Jerusalem all the way from London.

The second great source of news is outright purchase. In general, for example, interviews with famous personages in Europe are not free, as in America, but must be bought and paid for. As a result, agencies and newspapers compete to buy exclusive rights to such personages, for their interviews and articles; during the Scopes trial, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw was the property of Mr. Hearst, and the U.P., having "owned" Mr. Lloyd George for many years, sometimes buys Mussolini. The *New York Times* by its brilliant seizure of Colonel Lindbergh gained practically a monopoly of exclusive aviation news. The Graf Zeppelin, however, has been Hearst property, and one of the Amundsen expeditions belonged to the North American Newspaper Alliance, as did the American tour of Queen Marie. The Byrd expedition belongs to the *N. Y. Times* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. When Trotsky arrived in Constantinople a syndicate promptly bought him. Anyone who reads credit-lines on newspaper stories can duplicate these instances almost unendingly. As a result, personal initiative by an individual correspondent on many big stories has all but disappeared; "reporting" is a matter of executive financial arrangement long before the "story" happens.

Much news, naturally, still exists which must be handled originally. The illness of King George was an example; the quarrel in Manchuria another; the London Naval Conference a third. In such cases the reporter's value is largely dependent, as in America, on his background, his judgment, his celerity, and his wits. The agency men can really go out and get news on stories like these, and the "special" can bring into play his various personal sources. But in Europe "open" stories of this type seem to be dwindling; more and more, news gathering is being systematized into something like a universal ticker-tape to which everyone contributes, and which some people buy.

The third great source of the foreign correspondent is personal friendship. The higher journalism goes in Europe the more personal it becomes. If the correspondent is a good correspondent, either in London or Paris or out somewhere on assignment, he knows personally someone who can tell him quickly and authoritatively what he wants, whether it concerns steel cartels, Baltic frontiers, or fashions for men. The correspondent builds up a precious circle

of personal sources of news—people who give news to him and to whom in return he passes on what he knows. Good journalism in Europe is a process of reciprocal barter between friends. The good reporter hoards his funds of personal information; he never goes to a tea party without thought of picking up some new "source"; he knows (and sends Christmas cards to) barmen, chauffeurs, missionaries, diplomats, policemen, bankers, and small fry in foreign offices.

Often, as his friends ramify, as his sources are irrigated by new friends, the correspondent becomes a source himself. A good foreign news man has to be something more than a good police reporter. Usually he is. Men like Edwin L. James and Paul Scott Mowrer and Raymond Gram Swing and Junius B. Wood and Walter Duranty are personages of real importance in the political life of Europe. It is no secret that a group of newspaper men first cogently presented the notion of the Kellogg Pact to M. Briand. Or that an American reporter himself performed all the early negotiations to bring about Mr. MacDonald's trip to Washington. Or that three American newspaper men got to Abdel Krim in the Riff before the French army did.

Finally, there is another source. Perhaps it is greater than all the others. It is what is in the correspondent's head.

IV

The American newspaper man in Europe not only represents a country to his newspaper, he also represents his newspaper to that country; he is a servant, in an intimate sense, both of his publisher and the government under which he works: because obviously his work would become impossible if he found he could not live at his post without serious friction with the government. Out of this duality arise most of the peculiar problems of the foreign correspondent. Also arises an important factor in European journalism, one which is partly a source of news, partly something which controls it.

I refer to the press departments now maintained by the Foreign Offices (the equivalents of our Department of State) in most European countries. The press department is something of a novelty; it may have existed before the War, but not importantly. During the War the intense value of news—and propaganda—became manifest even to the more stupid chancellories. The job of the press department to-day is simple. It maintains "good relations" with the foreign correspondents, especially the Americans. It acts as a liaison between press and government; issues statements and compiles statistics; assembles information, arranges interviews, circulates documents; in a word, is the official press-agent of the country.

The influence of the men who head these press departments is not yet really profound, but it is considerable. Almost as important in England as Stanley Baldwin or Ramsay MacDonald, one might argue, is an all but anonymous civil servant named Sir Arthur Willert. Year in and year out this capable official controls, or at least directs the relations of the British government and the press of the world. The most important man in Rome, so far as American journalists are concerned, is not, alas, Mussolini, but his foreign office press *attaché*, Count Capasso-Torré.

These press departments differ. Some are good, some worse than useless. The press *attaché* at Constantinople speaks neither French, English, or German, but only Turkish! In Yugoslavia the press department of the Foreign Office, like everything else in Belgrade, is at the mercy of Serbian politicians; one never knows how long Mr. X is going to hold his job as press *attaché*, nor does Mr. X; one can go to his office time and time again, throttled in red tape, and ask him for statistical matter on a non-controversial topic, in order to write news certainly not unfavorable to Yugo-

slavia—and have the request sneered at.

Both Italy and France have still to learn some of the nicer details of press technic. In Rome the press department has a thankless job, and it has never been actually famous for the help it gives to independent correspondents. In Paris, at the Quai d'Orsay, there is, it hardly need be said, no hostility. The officials are well-informed, courteous, and prompt. But, a minor point perhaps, no one in the press department speaks English in official contact even with American journalists. (In England, by the way, *au contraire*, an English official who speaks French deals with the French correspondents, one fluent in German sees the Germans, and so on.)

In most other countries in Europe the press departments are alert, useful, and almost embarrassingly friendly. In Helsingfors the press *attaché* gives the visiting correspondent a magnificent series of books, available in French, English, or German, containing anything conceivably useful about Finland; in Greece Mr. Kalopothakes, a Harvard graduate, will do for you anything it is possible to do in Greece (though he will ask for a carbon of your dispatches too); in Stockholm, Madrid, Bucharest the press departments are friendly and efficient; in Sofia Mr. Popoff, though he speaks no English, is responsible for a handy daily newspaper in French; in Poland the press department people turn chauvinistic somersaults from railway station to your hotel in almost egregious welcome.

The British press department is probably the most efficient of all. Sir Arthur Willert and his assistants are admirably informed, always accessible, and very frank; they are forthright on the subject of what you may or may not print. What is more, they will actually give news over the telephone. In Berlin, too, the press department is admirably alert and friendly; Herr Stresemann himself, the foreign minister, used to meet the foreign correspondents regularly at informal conferences. Ramsay MacDonald did this too, for a time, but no other foreign minister I ever heard of.

The press department in Moscow works under great difficulties, partly because it is also entrusted with the censorship. Censorship aside, most correspondents in Russia think that the organization is helpful, and, for Russia, efficient. Mr. Rothstein and his assistants, speaking French, German, and English, are quite aggressively willing to arrange interviews and present information, but unfortunately they have very little actual power when it comes to something important, because in Russia the government's suspicion of all foreigners is so great. Twice, however, Mr. Rothstein has interceded successfully for correspondents whom the G.P.U., the political police, wished to expel. And the Russian press department is the only one in Europe which telephones every foreign correspondent to advise him every time a big story "breaks."

I do not want to labor the point that these officials are of paramount importance to the reporter. Rather, they are simply a convenience. But I do suggest the importance of the reporter to the various governments, and the growing realization throughout Europe of this importance. Almost every chancellory has come to accept the vital necessity of good relations with the American press, *i.e.*, the American people. The British realized this first. It is not generally known that the Association of American Correspondents in London was founded, not on purely American initiative, but with the "advice" of a British cabinet minister. Other countries, following this lead, have stepped farther, jumping the gap of journalism and proceeding directly to forthright propaganda. For instance, Greece maintains an information bureau in Washington, represented by a prominent American—not a Greek—in Athens. And Poland is in the hands of Mr. Ivy Lee.

V

The question now arises of propaganda. The range of propaganda is, of course, enormous. At one extreme is the formal or informal assistance given by the press departments just discussed; at the other perhaps is the small red ribbon of the Legion of Honor (or some similar order) in the correspondent's buttonhole. In between are the "handouts" of any number of European organizations; statistics of bankers negotiating international loans; friendly tea parties with members of the government or imposing buffet suppers given by the great embassies; the plausible conversations of military experts; information sheets, economic surveys, industrial charts, maps—even whole newspapers. My notion, in short, is that any bit of news issued by anybody is, *ipso facto*, propaganda; and every government worth a pinch of salt on its tail admits it.

Now of course the bulk of this propaganda is perfectly legitimate. From one point of view the sole question to arise is whether it is good or bad propaganda. If good, it gets into the papers; if bad, it does not. Pragmatically, the test of propaganda is just that. Someone in Bucharest, for instance, is doing a beautiful job getting stories of the young King into the news; but after all news of a boy king undeniably is interesting to most American readers. Maybe this proves that any editor will print propaganda, even if he concedes it to be propaganda, provided it hurts no one and is yet interesting enough.

The business of the good foreign correspondent climbing the incessant wall of propaganda is not so simple. Propaganda is undeniably a menace to the careless correspondent. It is more of a menace than censorship, partly because it is more common, partly because it is persuasive, whereas censorship is necessarily minatory. The job of the good correspondent is selective. He knows that propaganda exists everywhere, and must be faced; it is one of his inevitable controls; he knows, too, that all governments by this time have sense enough to keep their facts straight. The basis, indeed, of successful propaganda is understatement; the cleverest propagandists do not exaggerate. Instead they are truthful, but they—omit. But the good correspondent must be well-informed enough to know *all* the facts. Having first discarded outright a great mass of material, he then winnows the rest, out of his experience and judgment taking note of the facts remaining, weighing, discounting, checking, and finally selecting them.

Suppose Mr. Lee issues a new brochure about Poland. An extremely interesting one appeared some months ago. (The title page contained no hint, however, of the source.) I was in Warsaw at the time, and I used carefully a considerable number of statistics from it. In this I feel sure I was perfectly correct. But if I had reproduced all the statistics, or had quoted *in toto* the textual matter, which, obviously, was designed to give the best possible color to the figures, then I should have been an idiot.

Another example is any session of any council or assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. Here functions one of the best information services in Europe. At the regular sessions, verbatim reports of the proceedings are ready in two languages within an hour or so of each speech. At big conferences a special daily newspaper is issued. Summaries of points at issue, schedules of impending events, abstracts of speeches slide hour by hour from the mimeograph machines. Now an enemy of the League would call this propaganda. And doubtless it is propaganda. But does any correspondent working against time at Geneva fail to make use of it?

As to the overt propagandist, he who draws fake maps, who deliberately distorts figures, who consciously stirs up ill feeling, he is, certainly, a different sort of menace. But usually he defeats himself by his own excesses. The case of Mr. Shearer at Geneva is in point.

Mr. Shearer had really very little to do with the break-up of the naval conference. He strongly influenced two American correspondents there; the others, thirty or forty, gave him wide clearance. At first they may have used his convenient statistics, but later, even knowing that the statistics, *per se*, were correct, they dropped them; simply because his own attitude would have made suspicious quotations from the World Almanac or Holy Writ. As to the two men who did use his stuff, one, shortly after the Senate Shearer investigation, was fired.

I should mention, finally, one other item, but a rare one. For some time in Italy an arrangement was suggested to certain correspondents whereby the cable company handling their dispatches would secretly refund each month a large proportion of the bill for tolls. One or two correspondents may have accepted this bribe. There was no direct implication of the government in the scheme, which, shortly, was dropped, and, except for the smell, buried. In one other country in Europe, Yugoslavia, I have come across traces of a similar practice.

VI

At the antipodal pole to propaganda stands censorship. Propaganda is persuasion; censorship is prohibition. Censorship is still a serious problem for the foreign correspondent, though less serious than it once was; my notion is that, save in occasional circumstances of military censorship, it is diminishing as a really critical force; but it does still exist, and in three different forms.

The first is purely sporadic. There is a revolution in Warsaw; for twenty-four hours the telegraph office shuts down. There is a *coup d'état* in Bucharest; for a few days or, annoyingly, for a few weeks, the censor functions. This type of censorship may exist occasionally without any apparent pressure of external circumstance. There is certainly no censorship in France; yet during the crisis with Italy in 1927 an important American correspondent found his dispatches held up—they related to French army movements—and the police were mildly unpleasant for half an hour.

The second type is furtive. It exists in Italy, in Japan, and probably in other countries. Officially, no censorship exists. Any message is theoretically free. And the vast majority of messages are free. Yet they are watched, not officially by the foreign office, but by an agent posted at the cable company, who reads every message handed in. Then occasionally a dispatch is returned by the cable company in Rome to the correspondent—twenty-four hours after it was filed, so that its value is gone—with the polite regrets of the company that a word, for instance, was found "illegible." Or some similar trumpery technical excuse is adduced for the delay. But officially there is "no censorship."

The third system is forthright. It existed until very recently in Spain, and for extended periods it has operated in Poland and in Greece. But it is most manifest, of course, in Russia. The Russian system has at least the dubious merit that it works openly. There is no false-face about it. Every press message that leaves the Soviet Union must first bear the stamp of Mr. Podolsky, the censor. Mail copy is theoretically free, but actually is liable to casual interception.

When I was in Moscow in 1928 I found the censorship annoying and stupid in itself, but fairly liberal in application. There were at that time three subjects absolutely barred: import of grain, praise of Trotsky, and mention of the G.P.U. As to the rest, the censor often argued about words, and occasionally deleted phrases which he thought "misleading"; but, I found, if you phrased your message carefully enough, there was really very little you could not get through. The G.P.U. building was bombed one summer evening, and no mention of this was permitted for five days; but the news was in Warsaw the morning after.

There is an old saying among explorers that the really competent adventurer does not have adventures. Similarly, in all except extreme cases, the good correspondent does not often suffer by censorship. He avoids it first by astute phrasing of his dispatch, second, if necessary, by mechanical means. One can usually find a friendly embassy the outgoing diplomatic pouch of which is handy; or, if the trains are running, some porter or conductor may serve as courier; or, if everything else fails, the correspondent can hire an automobile or airplane to the nearest frontier. Nowhere in Europe is this more than a day's journey. One verity exists about news, as about murder—that it will out.

Occasionally correspondents are subject to expulsion, as my friend George Seldes found out. But I think one should mention that Mr. Seldes left Russia in 1922, and was expelled from Italy in 1925; and things are a good deal quieter now. I can think of only two other *bona fide* American newspaper men who have been expelled from a European country in the past five years. One was a *New York Times* man in Rumania who was chucked over the frontier for a story unwelcome (and with a reason!) to Queen Marie. The other was Mr. Horan of the Hearst service in Paris, who bought a pact, left Paris, and earned a good promotion.

VII

Now there is a second phase to censorship, which—a final item in the control of news—brings up the issue of the ethical relation of the reporter to his newspaper. I mean censorship by the newspaper itself. Perhaps censorship is too strong a word. Perhaps I should say editorial bias. In any case, I will bet Mr. Seldes the nice hat I saw him wear in Syria that his paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, cut more out of his dispatches than Lenin, Bratianu, and Mussolini rolled into one. Moreover, I will bet my own hat that his own valuable and important book, *You Can't Print That*, which was about censorship, was censored by its publisher.

No newspaper, obviously, goes to the expense of training and commissioning a correspondent only to cut his stuff deliberately or offensively when he writes it. Nor do I mean the inevitable loss which many cables suffer either in expansion from "cablese" or at the hands of the malefic Procrustes in the composing room.

What I do mean is the perfectly obvious but seldom recognized fact that it takes two to make a censorship. Suppression of the news of the murder of Matteotti was effective first because Mussolini held down the news at one end, but second only because American editors didn't show much zest for printing it at the other.

I might interpolate here that it is the rarest of rare occasions for a newspaper to dictate to an experienced correspondent what he should print. Very little perversion of news by correspondents exists. There are overt fakes —of course. But almost all correspondents, fakers or not, write what they genuinely believe. How irritated and bored every newspaper man is, as F.P.A. pointed out, when his friends say, after he has written a story, "Now tell me what you *really* thought!" He has written what he has thought. When a reporter writes something ridiculous, whether about Primo de Rivera or the price of pigs, the chances are at least twenty to one that he believes he has written the truth. The *Chicago Tribune* does not maliciously invent its Russian policy, any more than its Russian correspondent, outside Russia in Riga, knows how foolish his stuff sounds to someone who is in Moscow; both, unbelievably enough, believe in what they print. And most newspapers in regard to foreign news (possibly because foreign news is pretty far away) give the good correspondent as much freedom as he can ever use.

All news, let me say on the other hand,

is biased. No two people ever see the identical event identically. Some news is more biased than the rest. But even the correspondent of the most glittering integrity has some dull spots in him somewhere. He may be pro-French; he may be an irremediable Anglophobe; he may even think that Egyptian politics are honest, or Greek wine drinkable. These are extreme cases. Various subtle attenuations are more common. A correspondent may be constitutionally incapable of sympathy with socialism; he may be afraid of airplanes; he may dislike French beer; perhaps in Poland once a barber shaved him badly. All these details color news.

Now, further, every newspaper has bias. Every correspondent, early in his career, performs an adjustment between his private opinions about life and politics and those of his newspaper, and if the adjustment is successful, he is happy at his job and keeps it. Inevitably the correspondent comes to associate himself with the character of his newspaper. Perhaps the adjustment is conscious, more often not. In almost every case of a successful journalist the coalescence does take place; and it is effective, of course, both ways. The correspondent gives the paper bias, and the paper gives bias to him.

These biases must be obvious to every attentive reader of American newspapers. The *N. Y. Times* is extremely fair, very thorough, and usually on the side of the angels. Once it fell for a fake about a revolution in the Ukraine, but it retracted the next day. It was annoying, however, to know that the retraction was written by the same correspondent who filed the fake, while his name was acknowledged only on the second dispatch. The *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* is pro-English and conservative. The *N. Y. World* is traditionally liberal, sometimes mildly anti-French, usually aggressively anti-Fascist. The *Chicago Daily News* is independent and conservative. The *Chicago Tribune*, the most irresponsible of American newspapers, is anti-Russian, anti-English, and anti-League. The *N. Y. Evening Post* is isolationist. The editorial policy of most other papers consists of the phrase "on the other hand."

The great agencies have their editorial leanings too. The A.P. tries to be strictly non-partisan, but was born conservative. The Hearst services change policy frequently; but they have a fairly permanent isolationist bias. Witness the Hearst campaign against the World Court. The U.P. is aggressive, independent, and, as are the Scripps-Howard papers at home, definitely liberal. I do not think that employees of agencies ever get instructions to editorialize; their headquarters in New York keep them far too busy chasing facts. Just the same, witness the staunch old A.P. handling the Soviet disarmament proposals at Geneva, and describing their rejection as the defeat of a nefarious plot, actually as if M. Litvinoff had suggested cutting the ears off all the babies in the world, instead of having had the temerity to come to a disarmament conference and suggest disarmament.

VIII

News, then, among the six hundred million odd people who ever get into it, exists, and a small group of Americans, beset by many devils, nurses it into print. The general trend is manifest. Transmission of news is seldom perfectly objective. Four groups of circumstances affect it. First there is genesis—very seldom witnessed at first hand by American correspondents. Next it may be disclosed by a foreign news source, colored by foreign propaganda or diverted by a foreign censor. Next it is salted by the correspondent's own personality, and dyed with his bias. Finally it is influenced, and has been influenced all along, by the character of the newspaper. Of course one might add a further item—it reaches eventually the private bias of the reader. Thus is the foreign policy of the breakfast table determined.

The miracle is that so much sound journalism from Europe does manage to appear. The organization is slipshod, the personnel is miscellaneous, and the technic extremely helterskelter. So many correspondents think in rubber-stamps; so many are careless of their sources; so many, for want of enterprise, dust off, year after year, the same old features. I have read at least a dozen different times of the entire village in the middle of Poland found frozen to death after a severe, protracted storm, and of the cannibal gypsies of Czecho-slovakia, who, hungry, set upon and gobbled a whole schoolroom full of golden-haired children.

Yet news comes, and news is printed, and much of it—a very great deal of it—is good news. More and more, correspondents in Europe are doing better work—and against what obstacles! More and more American reporters are pasting into their hats the old dictum of Wickham Steed's—"The value of a foreign correspondent is based solely on the proved accuracy of his information and his judgment over a long period"—and trying to make the others, and their editors, understand that it is true.

THIS RAINY DAY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

BY EVERY law of strict inheritance
I should have saved against this rainy day;
Bonded my youth to age; in thrifty gray
That will not soil nor fade, have met each chance.
But though they died more rich in circumstance,
Were they not also wastrels in their way?
Was not lost loveliness the piper's pay
Of those who met in April the advance
Of winter's duns. Now settling down to rain,
It pours in torrents. Yet with naught to show
Save rags that match these dismal clouds, I go
Persuaded still of reason to be vain
If I have lived exultantly as one
Who, in her best apparel, braved the sun.

The Lion's Mouth

THE HEROIC CUSTOMS MEN

BY FILLMORE HYDE

O agents of a land benign,
O caste of Irishmen divine,
O duty levyers and fine
  Collectors;
Alert as Rome's historic geese,
'Tis yours to open every piece;
Hail to you, baggage and valise
  Inspectors!

New York's constructed marvels soar
A half a thousand feet or more
Above the big White Starer or
  Cunardian;
And what in that stupendous view
Of what prosperity can do
Is more magnificent than you,
  Its guardian?

Of course some naughty people state
That "money doth alleviate"—
That yours is not an armor-plate
  Acumen;
But it's a shame, it seems to me,
To undermine with calumny
Such pillars of Democracy
  As you men.

Your dominating zealotry
Inspires you, it seems to me,
To heights of the unmannerly
  Observant;
And indicate how well you can
Forget that you're a public man
And less the public's master than
  Its servant.

How pitilessly do you come
Our personal effects to plumb
With a not over-cleanly thumb
  Or finger;
Or watch us languishing in queues
To pay our penny-pinching dues
While you majestically choose
  To linger!

This fabulously wealthy land
That stretches its protecting hand
To Philippines, the Indies, and
  The Isthmus,
At any cost of pride intends
To learn what everybody spends
On little things to give their friends
  For Christmas.

And you, selected by the laws
As watchman at the golden doors,
Must tabulate our underdrawers
  And collars;
And plague us with official duns
Though Mr. Mellon's surplus runs
To many hundred millions
  Of dollars.

O noble object of abuse,
Until salubrious time shall loose
The spells which common sense reduce
  To zero;
So long as tariff walls sustain
A world commercially insane
You are and always will remain
  Our hero.

WELCOME TO OUR COUNTRY

BY GEORGE S. DALGETY

A FEW months ago I had to take my wife to the Federal Building, have her forswear allegiance to King George and all his works, and take the oath of allegiance that would make her a citizen of this great and glorious republic, although she was born in Iowa, of American parents, and had

never been out of the United States. You see, she married a foreigner.

I was born in Canada. My parents came to Buffalo when I was less than ten years old. My father took out his first papers, and we believed that he had taken out his second. At any rate, he voted and even held office.

During the War my sister was accepted for overseas service and went to New York ready to sail. Everything had been cared for except the little matter of a passport. She applied for a passport and was asked, "Where were you born?" and answered, "Canada." "Was your father a citizen?" She answered, "Yes." "You must have a copy of his naturalization certificate." Then the fun began.

I was working away from New York at the time. She got in touch with me. I chased down to Buffalo. My first inquiry was at the Federal Building. The clerk could find no record but said that the papers themselves might be found "over there," pointing to a table on which rested an open box. I pawed through these dust-covered relics of the past seventy years. There was nothing in that mess, but the clerk referred me to the County Clerk.

Here I had a measure of success. A competent clerk looked up the records and found entries of my father's application for citizenship in 1894. But there the record stopped. This seemed conclusive that either father had never completed his application, or that possibly because of the efficient methods of the Federal Department those papers had been lost.

It seemed, then, that technically my sister and I were aliens. We got the best legal advice to be had and learned that we should avoid a good deal of future difficulty if we went through the form of naturalization; so, we started. We found that under the law of 1906 one who had been in this country a sufficient time and had voted under the impression that one was a citizen, could achieve citizenship by filing the proper affidavit before the Clerk of the Federal District Court, and that at the first session of the Court, held ninety days after filing the application, one might appear and be sworn in by the Judge of the District Federal Court.

So far, so good. But we had not allowed for local ordinances or for the personal idiosyncrasies of minor officials who took their badge of office too seriously.

My sister had served several winters as a volunteer instructor in the evening Americanization School. Now she learned that before she could complete her naturalization she had to attend this same school a full term as a student! She went to school.

Encouraged by her success, I thought I should have little difficulty. I had graduated from two institutions of higher learning and taught in three others before going into business.

I knew that when I made application I had to be accompanied by two citizens of the United States who had known me continuously for five years previously. That sounds simple, but I had come to New York City so recently that there were fewer than half a dozen in New York who could qualify. However, I found two witnesses. We three trekked down to the Naturalization Department to get the blanks and fill them out, so that nothing more would be needed before the final appearance ninety days later.

This was somewhat optimistic, for a very courteous clerk in the office said, "Your story is very clear, but we want to make sure that it is necessary for you to go to all this trouble, so we will check up on the investigation which you conducted in Buffalo, then notify you, and if possible save you the trouble and embarrassment which would be entailed."

Two or three months later word came from the Naturalization Department that the facts were exactly as stated, and for me to bring my two witnesses. I was on the road at this time and only reached New York once a month and

then for only a day at a time. However, a month or two later I was in the city, hunted up my witnesses, found the same courteous clerk, got the necessary blanks, filled them out, and was told to take them over to the Clerk of the Federal District Court. My witnesses and I did this.

Mr. W., the clerk, said, "This is the wrong place. Go over to the City Hall and file your application."

Over at the City Hall at the proper department the application blank was looked at, and in a tone of little less than tolerance and contempt at the ignorance of the invading alien, they said, "We handle only cases south of the Bronx. You are north of that. Go back to the Clerk of the Federal Court." It was then four o'clock, too late to go back that day.

A couple of months later the three of us were able to get together again and went down to see the clerk of the Federal District Court a second time. Mr. W. growled, "My stenographer hurt her finger and has gone home. I can't do anything with this until she gets back." Again a couple of months later we came down to the clerk, who with impatience and contempt which there was no effort to conceal said, "We have changed the whole system now. You get here at nine o'clock in the morning and you get a number and stick around until your number is called—if it is. If it isn't called before eleven, you come again the next day at nine." Again we tried to crash the line—arrived, got our number, waited, but the number wasn't reached.

Then I was called to Chicago permanently and had to pass up my acquaintanceship with the clerk of the New York area.

When I got to Chicago I hunted up two old friends and went down to the Federal Building Naturalization Department. The clerk looked at my application and said, "How long have you been in this State?" My answer was, "About a month." He said, "Come back again after you have been here a year, for you have to be a year in the State before you make application."

A year later the three of us went down to the Federal Building and stated the case all over again. The clerk looked at the application blank and said, "Why, this thing is three years old. You have been neglecting it. If you are not sufficiently interested to follow through a simple proposition like this you are not entitled to this ninety-day provision. It is too late to do anything now. You will have to become naturalized in the regular course without the benefit of this ninety-day section." I explained carefully the circumstances that had led to this delay and tried to show that it was due to no neglect on my part. The clerk overruled the defense. Then I blew up.

I said in effect that if I were a more or less illiterate alien with the backing of a ward politician who wanted a vote I could probably get by without trouble. I suggested bringing in some prominent legal friends to check him up. He understood this language, excused himself, and evidently talked with one of his superiors. He came back and conducted us to this superior—a suave, polished, efficient gentleman. He courteously and with a kindly twinkle asked the circumstances. These were explained and he said, "Well, we can fix that without difficulty."

He penned a little note and sent us to a department where the clerical records were. Certain entries were made in the books, and we were told that it was all done except to appear ninety days later to take the oath of allegiance. Incidentally, the names of the two witnesses were placed in the record and the names of two alternate witnesses were asked for in case either of the two present were not available. Everybody was happy.

About four months later the summons came: "Bring your witnesses and appear before Judge Blank of the Federal Court."

One of the original witnesses was out of the city for thirty days on a business trip, but I went down with the other

witness and one of the alternates, waited until twelve o'clock, and then appeared before the Judge and the Clerk. The Judge took the testimony of one of the witnesses. He turned to the other witness and called him by the name of the missing witness. I explained that my original witness was out of the city, and that I had brought one of the alternates. The Judge accepted this, but the Clerk of the Court said, "Your Honor, that won't do, for under the legislation the original witnesses must be present unless they have died or permanently left the jurisdiction, and then substitutes' names will have to be advertised as were the original." I said, "Why then take the trouble to ask for alternates if they are no use?" The Clerk answered that he was following the custom and that because of the expense of advertising so many thousand alternates each year it was not done; therefore, they could not legally appear. The Judge asked the Clerk, "Isn't there some way that this can be fixed and avoid the necessity of this man coming back again when he has complied with all that was asked of him?" The Clerk said, "I'm sorry, your Honor, but there isn't. The law is specific, and we observe the practice that is general of not advertising the names of the alternates." The Judge then did the best he could. He accepted the testimony of the first witness and excused him from coming back, and told me that it would be necessary for me to return with the second witness when he returned to the city.

A month or so later this second witness was in the city and we went back to the Federal Building to finish it up. The clerk greeted us with the information, "Can't do anything now—you are within thirty days of an election and no one can be naturalized thirty days prior to an election."

By this time I began to doubt whether or not I had any distinct contribution to make to the country's good. However, this friend came in a few days after election and said, "Come on, we are going to see this thing through if it takes another three years." So we went down, appeared before the same Judge, who took the testimony of the witness. A few days later—five years after we started—I received a document stating that I was a citizen of this great and glorious republic and entitled to all of its rights and privileges including, I hope, the benefit of clergy.

My wife went down one day last fall to act as a witness for another woman who wanted the responsibilities of citizenship. The examining clerk checked up on my wife. He said, "Born here?" "Yes." "Married?" "Yes." "Husband born here?" "No." "Is he a citizen?" "Yes." "When was he naturalized?" "1923." "When were you married?" "1916." "Then, my dear lady, you are not a citizen yourself, for legislation was passed in 1922 by which a wife neither gains nor loses citizenship by reason of marriage. You lost your citizenship when you married him, but inasmuch as he was naturalized a year after this legislation was passed to protect you, you are a subject of King George the Fifth."

I wish you could have heard my wife sputter. I have had a lot of fun priming the children to ask her to sing "God Save the King" and explaining to her the forms and functions of our Government. My humor really was not appreciated.

There was only one thing to do—my wife must be naturalized. I might want to leave the country sometime and be old-fashioned enough to want to take her with me. She might be able to get out of the country but might have to stay out until there was an opening in her national quota.

She started under the same enabling legislation as I did—ninety days, Federal District Court, and all—and it worked. Possibly if I had been an attractive lady I might have been naturalized without difficulty. Officials made everything as simple and as pleasant for her as possible.

However, she got quite a jolt when she read the questions in her application blank. They certainly were not designed for one born in this country. Imagine her trying to answer some of these questions:

4. (a) The place where I took ship or train which landed me in the United States was.....
   (c) The name of the ship or railroad on which I came was.....
   (e) I arrived as (passenger, stowaway, deserting seaman, or otherwise)....
   (h) The names of some of the persons or passengers I traveled with were....
8. I can speak English.

Anyway she took her place before the Judge along with all her foreign brothers and sisters, swore to uphold the constitution of this her adopted country, and once more we are a united family in so far as national affiliations are concerned.

But still there was one more cracker. On July Fourth I found an imposing looking Government envelope in the mail. Here on the glorious Fourth of July—the anniversary of the nation's birth—my wife received her certificate of citizenship, and from henceforth we can celebrate the emancipation of our country and my wife from their respective King Georges on the Fourth of July.

A lot of acrid criticism of foreign red tape and bumptiousness has been voiced by irate Americans. A lot of it can be excused because of a difference in customs and language. I doubt, however, if our foreign cousins could act with as great a degree of pigheadedness and as little sense as has been described. What impression must it make on outsiders when they meet with such treatment?

These are questions which naturally arise in the mind of a person going through such experiences. I have been in touch with the manners of political appointees long enough and closely enough to know that it must be expected and endured. It is a part of the system and undoubtedly will continue to be as long as appointments are the rewards of political services rendered.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE WANING FAITH IN FORCE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MISS WHITMAN remarks in *Scribner's* anent the efforts of Christian Scientists officially and individually to suppress Mr. Dakin's book about Mrs. Eddy: "If the method seems peculiar it must be remembered that Christian Science headquarters are in Boston, where an elementary law of pneumatics dealing with the relation between pressure and expansion seems generally misunderstood."

But even outside of Boston that elementary law is not so well understood as it should be. In New York the other day (late in January) some communists undertook without a permit to hold an outdoor meeting on the City Hall steps and were banged about by the police, and some of them hurt, and got right into all the headlines and picture departments of all the papers for the next week. So their meeting was a success, all contributed by the one-hundred-percent-American fervor of the police and whoever set them on.

Not that the police were wrong, except in their manners. The Reds did not have a permit and, to that extent, were outside of the law; but it was a pity to be so rough with them and give their vagaries so much advertisement.

Ordinarily explosion depends upon compression. Indeed, it always does, though some things burn so quickly that a sufficient compression is afforded by the atmosphere or the bare ground. Somehow connected with these facts is the great, perplexing doctrine of non-resistance, which seems to say to us, "Your efforts to suppress evil by force usually increase it. There is a better way, and you should find it."

In London the agents of the Western nations are trying to devise an international Sullivan Law by arranging for the nations to do with less and smaller guns and fewer gunships. That is a great recognition that force in human affairs is getting out of date. It went out of date in theology some time since, after a most thorough and widespread trial that lasted for centuries. It was an appalling failure in theology. It is not quite demonstrated yet that it is so in international matters, but things are fairly going that way. We are trying a great experiment in the use of it to improve our national drinking habits. Some persons think the experiment is going well; others think the bad of it far outweighs the good, and that it is not going well at all. Mr. Towner, who wrote *The Philosophy of Civilization*, argued that the main trouble with rum was the attempt to suppress it, and he even thought the same about narcotics, which last seems extravagant when one considers the harm that narcotics can do. But Towner believed if you kept hands off them for a century, there would be no more trouble about them. What seems to support his theory is that we have lots of strict narcotic laws and all the enforcement that can be provided, and practically everybody in favor of that enforcement, and yet the

supply of narcotics still seems to be fairly ample. Were things so much worse a generation or two ago when you could go down to the drug store and get half a pint of laudanum at any time and no questions asked and not very much to pay? De Quincey used to drink it and write about it and say what a fine drink it was. But, as I remember, it was not then looked upon as one of the great international problems.

We have had so much experience with bad drinks and dear, that it is getting to be almost safe to say in public that the cure for the rum evil is good drinks and cheap. But don't base public revenues on things that do mischief when used in excess, unless, perhaps, the government itself undertakes to sell them! If you put a high tax on drinks and sell licenses to sell them they will naturally be oversold because the owner of the license must get back his tax money. That is the way to stimulate the drink traffic, which is something that no true temperance advocate wants to do.

The trouble about narcotics seems to be bootleggers. The desire for narcotics by their victims is so intense as to produce concentration in many unscrupulous people to provide them for customers and collect a fabulous profit in doing so. Moreover, the narcotic victims are in a sad case, since when they cannot get dope they suffer intensely for lack of it. Very intelligent people, however, have the narcotic job in hand; they have all the support that public opinion can give them, and they ought to be able somehow to work the problem out.

THE truth is that we had such an overdose of force in the War and such a penetrating exposition of its drawbacks, that it has made the Sermon on the Mount seem quite plausible; and what remains to be done in that same line is being accomplished in this country with fair speed and reasonable efficiency by Prohibition enforcement. Mr. Mitchell, the Attorney General, is out just at this writing with the declaration that enforcement of the rum laws should not be trusted to persons who are not in favor of it and of the laws behind it. He makes an exception of these laws and calls for measures to enforce them that do not apply to other laws. Because of the great number of cases under them and their unpopularity, he aims to do away as far as possible with jury trials in rum cases. Now Mr. Mitchell is really a lawyer and ought to know and probably does know that when a law cannot be enforced in the ordinary way there is something the matter with it. For all laws rest finally on public opinion, and when there is sufficient public opinion against any law to make its enforcement impossible by the usual methods of administering justice, Mr. Mitchell must know where the real trouble lies. And that leaves doubt in some minds whether he really himself approves of the present rum laws and, under the rules that he has himself suggested, is a fit person to enforce them.

But it will not make much difference about enforcement even if Mr. Mitchell can find enforcers enough who like the law. Enforcers of these laws have to be not only rum proof but money proof. From the start it has been found difficult to find snoopers and other enforcement officers who can really qualify as fit. The Baumes Law and the Jones Law, exaggerating penalties, are merely new forms of an experiment that has been tried over and over again and discarded. They merely say: When force won't do the job, use more force! That was done, of course, in the War, and it is not a principle for the reclamation of society that is at present in good standing. It has been succeeded by the suggestion: When force won't do it, try something else and arrange for it by general agreement.

CONSIDER our troubles in the prisons. When there was a blowout in Auburn it was said in some quarters, "The Warden is a softy.

What they need is discipline." So they got some discipline. There must doubtless be discipline in prisons, as there is outside of them, but it has been easy to see and the prevailing opinion has been that prisons cannot be kept orderly by mere severity. There was a cry from California in the morning paper that the bane of prisons out that way is idleness. Of course it is. Few things are so unwholesome as idleness. But the whole job of prison management seems to be in process of reconstruction, and that is because of repeated and resounding advertisement of its defects.

At the recent opening of the Tom Brown House in New York Senator Cutting said we only tolerate prisons to-day because we have not thought of anything better; imprisonment as we know it is merely an outgrowth of the ancient detention of men and women charged with crime until they were convicted or acquitted; incarceration achieves none of the four purposes for which it is maintained: the punishment of criminals, their reformation, the deterrence of crime, and the protection of society. Sooner or later, he thought, somebody is going to submit a new plan, doing away with so much imprisonment as is not connected with hospitals and asylums. Meanwhile, the statutes that govern imprisonment are based, not on the theory of protecting society, but on the theory of punishment. Except in details as to proper punishment they have not been changed, he said, since the 15th century.

That throws some light on the origin of prisons as we know them. Maybe, sometime, human intelligence will develop to the extent of realizing that punishment is not our job and that we shall do better to concentrate more on prevention and cure. When the skull of an Australian murderer was examined the other day after his execution, scientific gentlemen reported it as typical of prehistoric man of the most primitive type known to science. Their verdict was that he was probably incapable of retaining moral precepts and was little more than a dangerous animal.

One cause of prison riots has been overcrowding, but the most significant cause of all seems to have been that the Baumes and the Jones Laws, providing excessively severe sentences for moderate offenses, have shut the door of hope on their victims and made them desperate and indifferent to the consequences of what they do.

That is a bad case. The fact that in New York State the program calls for an expenditure of $38,000,000 for new prisons and about $50,000,000 for a better line of insane asylums suggests with a good deal of emphasis that there is something the matter with the regulation of human life in that state. Vast expenditures for convicts and insane people mean taxes; and taxes as a means of making an impression are apt to beat exhortation.

Then there is the matter of marriage and morals, which have been affected by the immense increase of national wealth. In the good old Colony days, so-called, and in the later times of the 18th and 19th centuries down to and after the rise of Darwin, marriages seemed to hold better than they do now. Most married people could not afford to quit even if they wanted to. Also they had more children, and childbearing was less expensive than now, and it was easier to start the children once they were born. The great flood of immigration from 1840 on produced a competition with the older American stock which had the result of reducing the size of their families. That was bad for marriage, because children commonly, when there are enough of them, keep their parents too busy to separate. Then in this century, as said, has come a great flood of money which has enabled more people than before to do what they thought they liked, and has resulted in an increase of divorce which neither Church nor secular law has been able to control. So it seems to be coming about that more and more

people are being left to arrange and rearrange their marital adventures to suit themselves; and certainly as divorce has increased, the old-time stigma that was attached to it has grown fainter.

This is the greatest time for spending money that ever was. Money spent as we spend it does a lot of things, some good, some bad. It is profusely disbursed for what is called education; the churches get a lot of it; charities a lot of it; education enormous sums; war preparation a huge lot, and roads some more. Maybe in the end it will do us some good, but so far domestic life in the Colonial times has little to lose by comparison with domestic life in the 20th century.

BUT let us take courage, for human life generally seems in process of reconstruction. A visitor from England said the other day, "Has the world ever been so interesting as it is to-day—Lenin, Gandhi, science, the reconstruction of religion, the unity of the human family, all stirring in human consciousness? I think a tremendous lot of rubbish is coming to the surface, thanks to such agencies as Katherine Mayo, Chicago gangs, and wars, and gradually people are getting rid of a lot of nonsense and becoming more sensible. People complain of the world becoming Americanized (mechanized), but the human type is becoming more efficient, more clean, more energetic, instead of immersed in dreams, sex, and idleness, as too much of Southern Europe and Asia has been so far. I think Russia has let loose ideas, as did the French Revolution, which will profoundly affect the whole world, but it will not be by a repetition of Communism."

Miss Mayo, whom he speaks of, has survived criticism and is credited pretty generally with a useful performance, whatever its defects. If the world was ever more interesting than it is now, at least it can be said that never before was the news of it so well distributed. When all the lies have been told and the false news has been printed and the various propaganda have done their various turns, we still do know more or less of what is going on, and there are far more of us who know that much than ever knew it before. What you can't print in one place you can print in another. If the papers and periodicals and books that you read seem not to tell you what you want to know, there are other papers and other books and other periodicals to turn to; and just the common news of the day, if it comes to a tolerably alert mind, says a great deal more than is contained in its printed words. One of the scientific gentlemen lately remarked that nothing is incredible any more. No, nothing! And all the time new vistas are opening, more light is coming, more knowledge is accumulating, and if one can keep an open mind he can refill it once a week.

Possibly in the course of time humanity will develop intelligence enough to comprehend the principle that underlies that remarkable maxim: "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good!"

Obviously that does not prohibit us from resisting the evil in ourselves but only that in other people. All the same it is one of the great fundamentals of Christ's teaching. The Quakers seem to beat us to understanding of it.

Non-resistance does not mean lying down on the job and letting things slide. It means a resort to something stronger than force. Perhaps it means an appeal to what we call public opinion, but not to that alone. At any rate compulsion as a cure-all is losing authority. Revelations of what war really is are turning men away from it. Disclosure of the minds of militant teetotalers make observers think better of drink. Vast appropriations for new insane asylums make us wonder whether our marriage laws are as good as they should be, and big appropriations for new prisons make us think we are not intelligent in our handling of convicts. So perhaps we are getting on.

Personal and Otherwise

ONE of the characteristics of the really valuable magazine article is that it suggests more than it says. ***James Truslow Adams's*** reminder of the inexorable workings of the law of diminishing returns seems to us to do this. For example, last month Mr. Tunis described the destruction of the old Bermuda by the American invasion; this month Mr. Chase describes the uglification of the American scene by those who forget that there are no longer fresh fields to move on to: does not Mr. Adams offer a clue to both phenomena? Look at our present day problems, whether of industrial over-production or of overgrown colleges or of overgrown cities: does not Mr. Adams throw light on them? His article is timely in the broadest sense: he suggests a principle which has never needed to be borne in mind by Americans as much as it does to-day. Mr. Adams is known to readers through previous articles such as "The Mucker Pose," "The High Cost of Prosperity," and "A Business Man's Civilization." After several years with a New York Stock Exchange house, he turned to the writing of history and produced *The Founding of New England* and several other volumes on our American beginnings. He has recently been living in London, dividing his time between historical work and magazine writing.

Libbian Benedict is a young New York writer who contributed two stories ("Engaged" and "The Apartment") to the Magazine in 1927, and whom we are glad to welcome back to our pages.

Joseph M. Proskauer's paper on "Dissenting Opinions" makes especially interesting reading in connection with Mr. Laski's portrait of Mr. Justice Holmes in our last issue. Judge Proskauer was Associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York until his resignation a few months ago. He was one of Governor Smith's closest and ablest advisers during the latter's term of service in Albany. He has appeared once before in HARPER'S, with an article entitled "How Shall We Deal with Crime?" (published last September).

As a demonstration of versatility, we call attention to ***Elmer Davis's*** production, in two successive months, of "God Without Religion" and "The Jinx and Phyllis." That Mr. Davis can write farce is no surprise, however, to those who have read *I'll Show You the Town*, *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, and his other agreeable novels.

Few writers could be as well fitted as ***Mary Borden*** to compare American customs and codes with those of Europe; for not only has she the novelist's understanding of character and motives (witness *Jane*, *Our Stranger*, *Flamingo*, and her other novels) but she is an American by birth (she comes of a well-known Chicago family), an Englishwoman by her marriage to Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C.B., and a cosmopolite by reason of travel and association with the people of many countries. Last December she compared English and American manners; now she explains why it is that the French, whose morals have shocked Americans for generations, are in turn shocked by American ideas of marriage.

If you think that the machine is making robots of all American workingmen, read ***C. J. Freund's*** account of his apprenticeship in a steel foundry. Mr. Freund is with the Falk Corporation of Milwaukee. This is his first appearance in HARPER'S.

Those who feel strongly about the littering of the American landscape with junk will read ***Stuart Chase's*** blast with sympathetic indignation. Mr. Chase is the author of *Your Money's Worth*, *Men and Machines*, and *Prosperity, Fact or Myth?* He is also the president of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

His latest HARPER article was "The Future of the Great City" (published last December).

After contributing two amusing articles based on her experiences as a mining engineer's wife in the Bolivian Andes, ***Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck*** recently returned to her native Baltimore for a brief visit and brought with her the manuscript of "Encarnación." Though we have classed this narrative as fiction, we understand that it is based on fact throughout.

Business is behind the prohibition law, it is said; but as ***Jesse Rainsford Sprague*** indicates, its championship of the noble experiment would appear to be undertaken with generous reservations. This is not the first time that Mr. Sprague has pointed out curious contrasts between the resounding protestations of big business and some of its actual practices; many a reader will recall such previous articles of his as "The Confessions of a Ford Agent," "Religion in Business," "The Chain-Store Mind," etc. He had many years of practical experience in retail business before he retired to give his time to writing; and since then he has not ceased to study business methods.

Harold J. Laski, author of several important books on the theory of government, is professor of political science in the University of London; he has recently been chosen by Ramsay MacDonald to lead in an investigation of the administrative machinery of the English government. Having eloquently portrayed an American Supreme Court Justice in our March issue, he now sketches one of the most striking figures in British politics, the Chancellor of the Exchequer who, after having long been a target for denunciation among the propertied classes, came back from The Hague last summer to find himself the idol of Tories as well as of Laborites. Incidentally, a volume of Mr. Laski's essays will be published shortly with the title, *The Dangers of Obedience.*

It is always entertaining to hear how people behave when they become millionaires overnight. ***Frances Woodward Prentice,*** who describes the manners and customs of the new rich of the oil belt, came originally from Buffalo but is now living in Philadelphia; she has had newspaper experience but has been writing for the magazines only a year and a half. This is her first appearance in HARPER'S.

It would obviously be improper for us to divulge the authorship of "The Barren Twig Protests."

Many readers will probably point out that the barbaric customs in school life of which ***John Langdon-Davies*** speaks are less prevalent in this country than in his native England, where flogging, for example, is still very common. His criticism of such customs seems to us, however, to be pertinent here as well as abroad—and his criticism of schools which would substitute for barbarian discipline no discipline at all is perhaps of wider application here. Mr. Langdon-Davies is the author of *The New Age of Faith, A Short History of Women,* and several HARPER articles, the latest of which have been on Spanish women and "The Loves of Orchids." A new book of his, *Man and His Universe,* will appear shortly.

John Gunther is the man whose article (last October) on "The High Cost of Hoodlums" described the actual workings of "rackets" in Chicago and elsewhere. He is a European correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*—which accounts for his knowledge of the processes by which the news from across the ocean is filtered through to the American press.

* * *

It again happens, as it did last month, that ***Samuel Hoffenstein*** is the sole representative of his sex among the poets. Mr. Hoffenstein was chiefly known as the resourceful press-agent for Al Woods, the theatrical producer, until he captured the public two years ago with *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing;* he has a new volume of verse coming out this spring. The other poets are ***Katherine Garrison Chapin*** (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, who has appeared in our last two issues with "Ice Storm in Spring" and "Heloïse in Brittany"; ***Mary Brent Whiteside,*** a leading member of the Atlanta group of poets; and ***Louise Driscoll,*** an occasional contributor, whose

poem comes to us not from Philadelphia but from Catskill, New York.

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The Lion's Mouth is devoted this month exclusively to the manners and practices of officialdom. ***Fillmore Hyde,*** a New York writer who used to be on the staff of the *New Yorker* and was recently squash-tennis champion of the United States, puts in a word for the Customs Service; while ***George S. Dalgety,*** assistant business manager of Northwestern University, describes his experiences with our mysterious processes of naturalization.

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Louis Lozowick, graduate of Ohio State University, who studied art at the National Academy of Design and in Berlin and Paris, is not only an etcher but a painter and scene-designer; but his growing reputation is based largely on his etchings which make decorative use of bridges, skyscrapers, engines, and other phenomena of the machine age. Last May we reproduced his "Under the Elevated"; now we present his "Hell Gate Bridge" as the frontispiece of this issue.

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A correspondent writes to Mrs. Banning that she overlooked a point in her recent article on feminine drinking:

I have just finished "Lit Ladies." Why, oh, why did you fail to emphasize the most important phase of women's drinking, the excitation of the sexual impulse? Surely you know your Freud, Forel, Ellis, Krafft-Ebing. Surely you know that alcohol has always been the first aid to man in the pursuit (sexual) of the female. Furthermore, you must be aware of the fact that, particularly in the smaller communities, alcoholic parties have resulted in greater promiscuity, in extra-marital relations based not on intellectual conviction but on excitation by booze.

I can visualize the type of woman you write of—most of them bourgeois, vain, superficial, with interests that are of no importance. (You of course include some who are not in this category.) I have known during the past twenty-five years many women in the radical and especially the Socialist movement and assure you they do not fit into your picture. Not all of those of whom I speak are working women or wives of workingmen. Some of them, economically, belong to the middle class. The point is, they have *interests* and *ideals* and do not need the spur of alcohol as do the women of whom you write.

So, I repeat, I wish you had made more of this aspect of the matter.

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A comment from Indiana on the midwives' superstitions described by Miss Van Blarcom:

Is the state of ignorance depicted in "Rat Pie" confined to negroes in the South? I doubt it. Last fall we had an experience that rather shook my faith in our modern "educated" era.

A young woman was visiting here from a neighboring town. We had known her, casually, for several years and had regarded her as a rather bright, interesting specimen of her generation. We had known that for some time she had been bothered with a slight skin infection on one of her hands.

My wife asked her how the trouble was getting along.

"Oh," she answered, "it's completely gone—I had it charmed."

Explanations brought out the fact that a "charmer" in the neighborhood of the young woman's home was gaining a wide following by "charming away" all sorts of disorders.

Now, don't get the idea that this girl was of our hill natives. She was not. She was a graduate of a small-town high school and had had a year or so at Indiana University. Further, I find that a good many people of her class take this sort of thing just as seriously as the negro women took the rat pie.

I'm wondering if careful investigation would not bring out some mighty interesting stuff along this line. We know, of course, about the York, Pennsylvania, "witches." Just how widespread is this modern American witchcraft?

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Here is part of a belated letter from an Australian reader who takes issue with Professor Gilbert Murray's article on "The Crisis in Morals." It is only fair to the author of the letter to say that elsewhere in it he explains that he is not trying to justify promiscuity or free love, but simply to explain the revolt in recent years—especially in the countries which suffered most from the war—against the code which claims that "all sex relations within marriage are right, and all without it are wrong."

There is no "crisis in morals"; there is rather a new valuation of social codes displacing a decayed and immoral morality. The moderns are not compelled by uncontrollable physical desires, profligacy, laxity, or libertinism. They have no desire to gain something for nothing, despite some measure of heroics and recklessness. The moderns' code is their answer to the economic evils, rotten sophistries, and hypocrisy of their elders who imposed, or seek to impose, upon posterity the burdens of their own stupidity in the form of increased cost of living, decreased earning power, increased taxation, and deferred happiness. The elders widened the years of repression and yet expect the maturing youth to meet their special formulæ on sexual intercourse, especially the outward profession of chastity with its poorly concealed evasions.

At the behest of Church and State our forbears overpopulated the world. They inspired marriage, forbade divorce except upon drastic terms, inculcated fruitfulness, and forbade birth control. They punished illegal sex and put a stigma upon its offspring. And now that the world is slowly recovering from the shock of nine million deaths they once more would seek to impose their conventional rules of chastity upon the surplus womanhood. The young men who would have become the mates of this womanhood were killed in the war, or else, if they survived, have found their places in the economic scheme filled by younger and less disillusioned youth

These are perhaps the principal root causes of the transition in morals. Critics rarely analyze its component parts. There are, for instance, the young men supporting widowed mothers with money which should be supporting a wife; there are daughters supporting fatherless and brotherless families; there are daughters supporting themselves, hence the mass entry of women into business fields; and there are millions of surplus women of all classes. None of them has more than a very remote chance of normally completing the cycle of existence, or attaining to the happiness associated with regulated marriage. And this brief category leaves out of our reckoning the hasty, ill-assorted marriages of war years, which have since ended disastrously, the maimed and incapable husbands who still live, and the women whose husbands have been forced overseas, by industrial stagnation and unemployment, to earn a living.

All these are individual units of the modern generation which receives so much ill-tempered criticism. I grant that in the United States they do not exist in appreciable numbers, but I still believe that what is happening in America is similar to that in Europe, revealing that the transition in morals is world-wide. America escaped many after-effects of the war, but she by no means escaped the equally provocative effects of Victorian hypocrisy which saddled on her the attempted legislation of morality.

If my arguments would seem to savor too strongly of *tu quoque* I would at once acknowledge that certain groups of our immediate ancesters did provide, and do provide us with an admirable conformation to their accepted moral principles. But if we analyze their individual lives we will find that they were seldom faced with the choice of repression or illegal love. The maiden's dream of romantic fruition in marriage was always near enough in prospect to keep her absorbed in its golden aura, while the young male's hope of leading "the only girl in the world" to the altar was not as a rule deferred too far ahead to make the glory worth waiting for.

And if it is thus impossible to deny that these unfortunate groups conscientiously lived up to their ethical standards and found beauty and spirituality in doing so, it is also equally impossible to deny that there are similar groups in the present rebellious generations who also find beauty and spirituality in following the only course left open to them by hard, economic facts. As for the libertine and the lewd, with whom undiscriminating critics carelessly class all the rest, they have never been absent from any generation past or present. And if we hear too often of their unchaste behavior it is more because the morbid taste for press sensationalism brings them frequently into the limelight, than because they exist in greater numbers.

Although I am not one who holds current drama as an infallible mirror of society, I still am tempted to end this reply with a quotation from the recent American production, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." In response to a question, put in the midst of a vigorous cross-examination by the prosecuting attorney, as to whether Mary Dugan could claim that an unlegalized relationship such as hers with the dead man could be real love, the girl replied, "Yes, it is, so long as you're honest."

That, I believe, is the keynote of the new morality.

If we do not want this type of moral behavior, if we prefer rather to retain the ethics of our own immediate past, then the Church and State will have to set about the task of recreating the civilization in which they were nurtured. Either that or admit the conclusion that our present "progressive" civilization is a failure upon clearly circumstantial evidence.

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Utilities Big Factor in Community and Industrial Development

Large Outlays for Expansion—Utility Services As Community Assets —Power Advantages

By DON E. MOWRY

THE annual financial outlays by the utilities of this country for expansion are most significant. These expenditures have an important bearing upon the community and industrial life of our people.

The electric light and power, the natural and manufactured gas, and the electric railway utilities disclosed at the Hoover conferences, during the closing days of 1929, that their estimated expansion and construction budgets for 1930, plus regular maintenance expenditure, aggregate nearly two billion dollars. The exact figure given at the time was $1,810,000,000. This total was considerably larger than that given for any other industry.

If our American communities that are advertising and conducting promotional efforts realized the immense value in this 1930 expansion and construction program, as now being launched by the utilities of the country, more effort would be made to localize and capitalize upon these utility activities.

There must be a growing recognition and understanding of why and how the utility services are determining factors in community and industrial development. Relations and negotiations between communities and utilities companies, with respect to franchises, industrial expansion, increasing power facilities, and other related matters, now must be considered on a somewhat different basis than heretofore because these projects are now closely inter-related.

We can recall when utility companies of every kind figured in public opinion as parasites on the community. They were thought of as agencies for getting money from somebody without rendering adequate service in return. This point of view is now mostly archaic. Whatever traces of it remain in the popular mind are manifested, in many instances, in relation to transportation facilities.

Much of the former antagonism, and most of what now remains, has been fostered, to a degree at least, by the acquiescence of the public utilities in having themselves tagged as "monopolies." The word "monopoly" is surrounded by unfavorable suggestions, connotations and implications. The word does not mean anything, as applied to public utilities, except in the very restricted academic sense that more than one electric, gas, or local transportation company, in a given community, is an economic waste. An electric, gas, or local transportation company is of course a "natural monopoly" in the economic text-book sense.

People did not stop to differentiate between this significance of the word "monopoly" and the commonly accepted and dictionary meaning of it until many communities all over this country began to advertise their assets. They soon came to realize that the so-called monopoly was worth keeping and employing to help bring in more and profitable patrons for the community that was advertising for people and for industry. In this new understanding of the close relationship between the utilities and the communities, wise publicity and advertising committees advertised the utilities and urged the utilities to advertise the communities. This definite tie-up aided in the expansion of these communities and of the utilities themselves.

Some investigations were made and it was found that the electric light and power business, for example, got its first foothold when it took the lighting business away from gas in the freest and fiercest sort of competition. The power load was won and held in competition with every other known source of power. This particular kind of utility has waxed great as a business because it supplies light on one hand and power on the other of a character and on a basis that is distinctly advantageous to the user in comparison with other sources of light and power. The amazing growth of the light and power companies has meant progress for every community in America.

The utilities have an important advertising bill each year. This bill is not large — only about two-thirds of 1 per cent of the industry's gross income. And what does this amount to? Approximately $13,044,143 in 1928, according to figures submitted to the Federal Trade Commission.

Utilities expand with expanding America. Utilities serve enterprising communities that are planning ahead. The utilities are a big factor in community and industrial development, and some communities have already realized this fact and are governing themselves accordingly in their promotional activities.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

The Advantages of Capital

By PAUL TOMLINSON

TWO men were discussing a mutual friend. "What do you think his income is?" said one.

The other named a certain sum. "Well," said the one who had asked the question, "that's not bad for a man without capital."

THERE is no doubt about it, the material rewards in this life go to the man with capital. Money talks. Money also attracts money; the possessor of capital has countless opportunities for its profitable employment, and resulting augmentation. The man without capital will never hear of these opportunities, or if he does, is unable to take advantage of them, and in the race for riches or financial independence he labors under an insuperable handicap.

BUSINESS to be successful needs capital just as badly as the individual. It has been said that ninety per cent of all business problems are financial, and whether this estimate is too high or not, the fact remains that the business suffering from lack of capital is at a tremendous disadvantage in trying to keep pace with rivals who have capital, or who can secure it on favorable terms. One American corporation is planning to spend $700,000,000 on improvements and expansion in this current year of 1930. Think of it. This staggering sum of money to be expended by a single corporation in a single year represents an unprecedented demand for capital, but an expenditure necessary if the corporation is to keep pace with the demand for its service. Naturally the corporation has not got such an amount of cash on hand, and new financing must be done, and new securities offered to the investing public. Those members of the investing public who have capital and are in a position to supply a portion of this money will share in the profits it will earn.

SUPPOSE this corporation were not in a position to secure this new capital. Its progress would be retarded, its service would be impaired, its profits would be cut down, and instead of new wealth being created the supply of wealth would actually diminish. Seven hundred million dollars of new capital

invested in a sound business enterprise, on the other hand, will not only create new wealth, but place the corporation expending it in an impregnable position so far as competition is concerned. The business able to command capital can outstrip its less fortunate rivals to such an extent that rivalry disappears. The elimination of competition, however, does not mean a slackening of effort on the part of industry nowadays; a real spirit of service to the public, to employees, and to stockholders is an integral part of the best and most intelligently conducted modern business, and the successful present day executives are those who bear this constantly in mind.

WE hear a great deal about the advances in science, and yet the scientists in their efforts to discover the secrets of nature must have capital to back their researches. Capital is necessary to turn these discoveries to practical use. Throughout all industry new products are constantly being created and old products are being improved; new wants are being stimulated in our people; machines, and processes, and methods are constantly being revamped and revised. Is there any successful industry which has not found it necessary to adopt new methods in its manufacturing processes, methods which call for the expenditure of capital? The way modern machinery and electric power have increased the output of the American workman has been the wonder of the world, but lacking capital America could never have made her unexampled industrial progress of the past ten years, which, it should not be forgotten, has created capital for future progress. Of what use are natural resources to a nation that lacks capital to exploit them? Many of the

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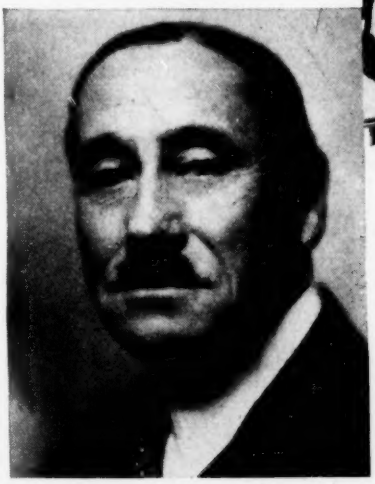
"He threw wisdom to the winds and plunged into speculation."



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so-called backward countries of the world are backward because they are poor; although they may be rich potentially they cannot progress if they lack capital, and if foreign capital is supplied it is the foreigner who reaps the rewards.

IN business also it is the man supplying the capital who reaps the largest rewards. Many people consider this unfair. Not long ago we talked with a man who had invented an appliance for motor cars and, like all inventors, he was certain that this child of his brain was capable of revolutionizing the particular industry for which it was designed. The inventor wanted to manufacture and market his product, but in order to do this he needed capital and he had none. He tried to get others to supply what was required, but considered the terms on which they would do this prohibitive. "They want all the profits," he complained, "and the idea is mine, not theirs." True enough, but the capital was theirs, and without capital he was helpless; the owners of the capital, therefore, were in a position to dictate their own terms. As always, capital wins. Look at the matter from the point of view of capital, however. Suppose I come to you with an idea, and ask you to back me with your money. I contribute my idea and my time, but you risk your dollars, and though time is said to be money most people would a good deal rather lose their time. Can I find fault with you if in consideration of your agreeing to run the chance of losing your money you demand a large share of the profits—if any? And of course the amount of risk involved largely determines the rate of return capital expects; the sounder and more profitable a business is the less it has to pay for its capital.

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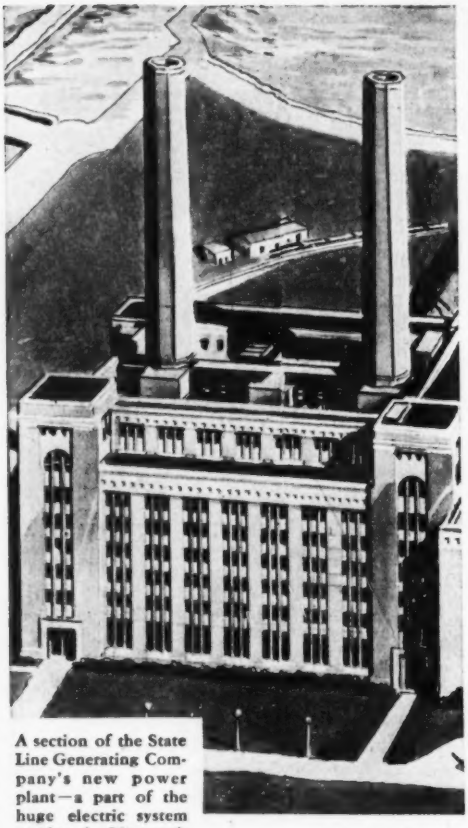

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THE possessor of capital always holds the whip hand, because capital is always in urgent demand, and the demand exceeds the supply. The capitalist, therefore, can not only select the cause he wishes to aid, but can dictate the terms on which his aid will be forthcoming. One of the problems of business is to accumulate capital out of earnings, to save part of the profits each year so that expansion and growth may be financed without recourse to outside borrowing; in fact one test of the soundness of a corporation is the extent to which it is able to operate on its own capital. Obviously a company able to spend ten millions of its own money in enlarging its facilities is better off than one obliged to borrow this sum; if ten per cent is earned on the investment the corporation can keep this million dollars while if the money had been borrowed probably sixty per cent of the earnings would have to be paid out in interest—to say nothing of providing for the repayment of the principal. The expense of issuing securities, paying legal and underwriting fees, is considerable, and if it can be saved so much the better for the corporation and its stockholders.

NO industrial enterprise would be possible without capital, but it must not be supposed that the providers of capital—even though their share of the profits is the largest—are the only ones to benefit. One man borrows, another man loans, and with the money so obtained industries are started and carried on, and advantages accrue to thousands of people, many of them entirely unaware of where these advantages come from and ignorant of the processes by which they have been made possible. The borrower and the loaner are indispensable to each other in this modern world. Without borrowers initiative and enterprise would disappear, and if

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there were no people with money to loan, and willing to loan it, there would be no business. Because people are coming more and more to recognize this fact, capital is being regarded as less and less of a menace. Further, all intelligent people, seeing the rewards earned by capital, are endeavoring to become capitalists themselves; it is because we have such a large percentage of capitalists in this country that the United States is the most prosperous nation in the world to-day, with a standard of living unequalled on the face of the earth. The existence of large amounts of capital here has benefited everyone who has come in contact with it; it has provided profitable employment for millions of people, enabled us to maintain production at a rate hitherto undreamed of, and permitted the mass of our citizens to enjoy luxuries which only a few years ago seemed beyond their wildest hopes.

IT is true of course that certain individuals have reaped the largest share of the rewards. On the other hand, it is not true that our industrial system has made one class rich at the expense of others; every class has benefited, and while the rich may have grown richer, the poor have grown more prosperous too. Great individual fortunes have been made, but most of the men who have accumulated these fortunes have made a good deal more money for the country generally in the process of accumulation than they have ever made for themselves. You who read these words have yourselves reaped your own reward from the enterprise, initiative, and business acumen of our industrial leaders. Their intelligent em-

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1928	66,000
1929	186,000
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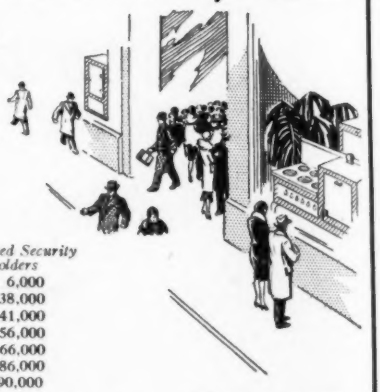

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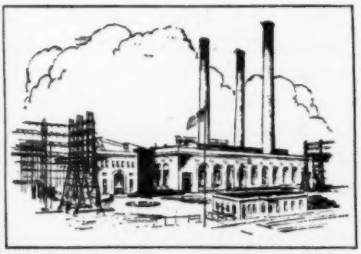

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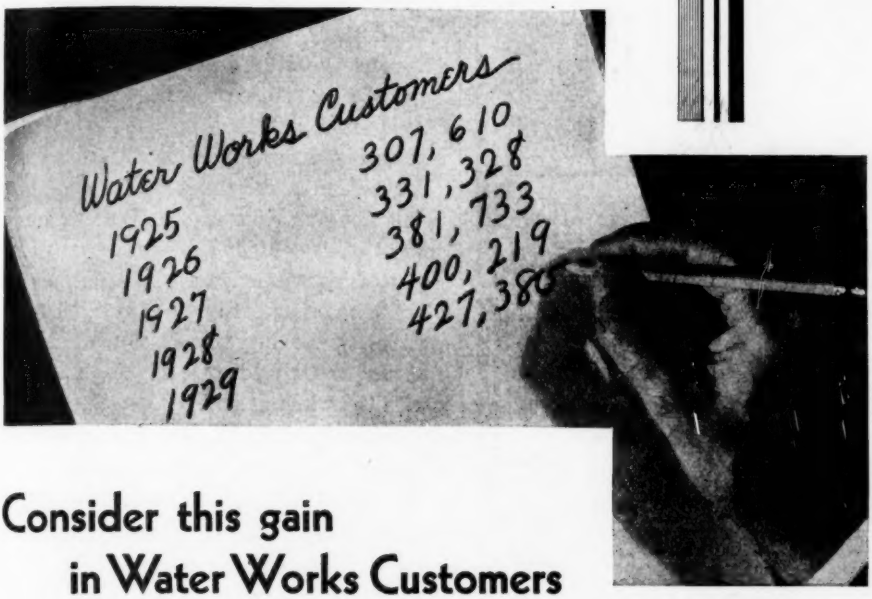
OBVIOUSLY it is to everyone's advantage to become a capitalist. The start is not easy, and involves self-denial and self-discipline. Few people have made money easily, their first money anyway; as time goes on, however, and the amount saved and available for investment increases, the accumulation of capital becomes progressively simpler. More opportunities for profit present themselves, a wider choice of investments is offered, and the more money a man has the better position he is in to select those promising the largest returns. In addition to the

How to Figure the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



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claims the world's finest palace of sport—Chicago Stadium. This vast indoor amphitheater cost $7,000,000, and gives 25,000 people an unobstructed view of circus, rodeo, ice skating, bicycle racing, boxing and track events. *Edison Service* provides unfailing light and power for all provisions for comfort and enjoyment.

Commonwealth Edison Company

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Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 181 consecutive quarterly dividends. Send for Year Book. Stock listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

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This is only one of the unpleasant thoughts endured by thousands of invalids unable to use the stairs. A Sedgwick Invalid Elevator can be installed at a cost very moderate in contrast with the happiness and comfort afforded. Write to the Sedgwick Machine Works, 148 West 15th Street, New York, for Booklet A.

SEDGWICK
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FOR ALL PURPOSES

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

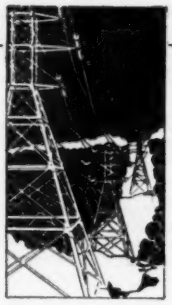
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At all Drug Stores.

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company Service — see list in this issue.

fact that capital makes capital, money, represented by sound investments, is splendid insurance for its possessor. An assured income for old age gives a man as much satisfaction as anything he can have in this life, and great peace of mind goes with the knowledge that one's dependents will be taken care of, come what may. Another point, not always considered, is that as we grow older we become more and more dependent upon the things that money will buy, not only for our amusements, but for our necessities. It is also wise, in this connection, to remember that declining years are frequently accompanied by declining earning power, so that it is never too early to start aligning oneself with the winning side.

THE possession of capital carries with it, of course, a certain public responsibility, and be it said that few large capitalists nowadays fail to acknowledge this fact. Capital in the first instance, however, and from the individual's point of view, is not something to be used philanthropically; it belongs to the individual and should be cherished and employed for his own use and protection and that of his dependents. Nine times out of ten capital originates from thrift and hard work; hard work and intelligent investment augment it. The individual investor must do the work, but the investment is best accomplished by the co-operation of the individual with an investment banker. The advantages of such co-operation are many, one of the principal ones being that in this way capital is most likely to be increased, and with increased capital go countless advantages to its possessor.



Bringing the SMALL TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE *into step with American Progress*

THE smaller communities of America have in recent years made vast strides in all the things that indicate richer lives. In better schools, in new highways, in the nearly universal family ownership of the automobile, the most remarkable gains have occurred outside the great metropolitan centers. In many cases states with a preponderant rural population are at the head of the procession.

This is a new thing in our history. Americans have long been used to such progress in metropolitan centers and in newly opened lands in younger states of the Union, where we are still carrying on with modern facilities the work of the first settler and covered wagon. But the renaissance of the "open spaces" is now as characteristic of the older settled Atlantic seaboard as of the youngest commonwealths of the Union.

This diffusion of wealth and more generous life is directly related to the widespread diffusion of electric power.

The universal availability of ample ever-ready electric power, so flexible that it can be instantly applied to any task, from cleaning a rug to energizing an entire factory, has brought into the small towns and the countryside the most productive force of our times. Accustomed as we are to measure higher living standards in dollars and cents or in visible things—like motor cars, telephones, buildings and miles of highways—the very cheapness of power tends to conceal its importance as an asset to these towns. Yet the revival of the small town is based squarely on the industrial activity which has followed the construction of widespread electric power systems over the countryside.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

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"The Longest Gangplank in the World"

Main Foyer "Ile de France"

"Paris"
April 11-May 2
• • •
"Ile de France"
April 18-May 15
• • •
"France"
Mediterranean-Carthage Cruise
April 25
• •
"De Grasse"
April 23
• • •
"Rochambeau"
June 7
• • •
"Lafayette"
May 31

FRANCE, in miniature, given wings below the waterline . . . that's every French Line ship..the chic of the boulevards, the gayety of the cafés and dance places, the thrill of the shops, the elegance of the *ancien régime*, the electric modernity that sets a pace for the world..all here, in the stately salons, the broad white decks, the marvellous suites and cabins ••• The cuisine is Paris, too, in flavor as in name..the service anticipates every wish..Breton seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic in the fifteenth century swing their modern miracles of speed and luxury from New York to Plymouth and Le Havre.

French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or write to 19 State St., N.Y.

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE OF TOMORROW: An economic study of the new Hudson River Bridge in its relation to the communities served. The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

"OUR INSTITUTION," an illustrated booklet describing the various types of securities and the varied services available to investors, is offered by Peabody and Company, 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet containing information on Public Utilities Securities of special interest to all investors is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 230 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will gladly furnish complete information of the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY is the title of a booklet that gives complete information of guaranteed investments; it may be obtained by addressing General Surety Company, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

INFORMATION ABOUT NEW ENGLAND will be gladly furnished to those interested by the First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

(*Continued on second page following*)

Chimney sweeps, employed by the town, constituted the first organized fire prevention effort.

A War That Never Ends

IN the war against fire loss, mutual fire insurance management and the army of mutual policyholders working together have won many a notable campaign.

This war will never end, for mutual fire companies operate not for profit, but for saving—for the direct benefit of policyholders, the owners of the business under the mutual plan.

The mutual ideal of conservation and its practical expression in fire prevention has reduced fire insurance rates in many fields as much as 50%. Yet mutual management has been able year after year to return substantial dividends to policyholders—in total an amount so vast as to constitute a public benefaction.

The mutual plan of insurance and the principles upon which it is based are older than any other form of insurance—older indeed than the nation itself. The 177 year record of mutual fire insurance is an epic of stability and service.

A booklet outlining the history, aims, principles and operation of mutual fire insurance will be sent on request. You may write for it with the surety that there will be no follow-up literature and no solicitation. Mutual Fire Insurance, Room 2204-E, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

An Unparalleled Record

75 leading, legal reserve companies under State supervision constitute the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The oldest Federation company was founded in 1752. Five others are more than 100 years old. Of the remaining companies—

9 are between 75 and 100 years old
10 are between 50 and 75 years old
30 are between 25 and 50 years old
20 are between 10 and 25 years old

Mutual Fire Insurance

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Cason's "Alabama Goes Industrial"
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Mumford Jones on the Southern Renaissance
Louis Fischer's "The End of Enver Pasha"
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University, Virginia

To + + + Manufacturers

The Community and Industrial Department will act as a clearing house of information for any manufacturer who is contemplating a change of locality in the interests of lower distribution and production costs.

Any manufacturer can write to this bureau in the full confidence that his name will not be revealed without his permission, and will be given full information concerning the advantages offered for his particular business by cities, towns and localities in any part of the United States. Write to

Community and Industrial Department
HARPERS MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street New York City

Investment Information

(Continued from second preceding page)

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Founders Corporation for the fiscal year ended November 29th, 1929, may be had by addressing Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, 1904–1929. A brief, conclusive survey of recent business history is offered by Hornblower & Weeks.

SAFETY AND STEADY INCOME is the title of an informative Booklet on Investments offered by R. H. Arnold & Co., 1009 Graybar Bldg., New York City.

FOR INCOME BUILDERS: This booklet describes a practical Partial Payment Plan, whereby sound securities may be purchased through monthly payments of as little as $10. Shows how a permanent, independent income may be built through the systematic investing of small sums set aside from current earnings. Offered by Henry Doherty, 60 Wall St., New York City.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

WATER SERVICE—THE ARISTOCRAT OF UTILITIES is an interesting booklet describing water bonds as a sound form of investment offered by P. W. Chapman & Company, Inc., 170 West Monroe Street, Chicago, or 42 Cedar Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS: Secured by real estate first mortgages that bear a $40,000,000 guarantee, are described in a circular which J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to send to you upon request.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY is the title of a new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

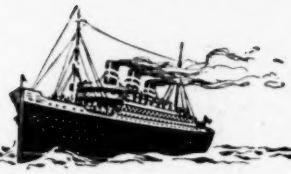
STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

EXPERT COUNSEL both to industry requiring new capital and to those seeking sound investments in securities of the Middle West is offered by Keane, Higbie & Company, 535 Griswold St., Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT IS THE CLASS A STOCK?: This booklet gives specific facts regarding the Class A Stock and a brief analysis of the company. For copy address Associated Gas & Electric Securities Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. Offered by American Water Works and Electric Co., 50 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES: Definite investment recommendations offered by Cochran, Hay & Co., Ltd., Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Canada.



STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Round the World. Fortnightly Sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B. C., on Saturdays

PRES. MADISON	Apr. 5
PRES. JACKSON	Apr. 19

American Merchant Line — **45 Broadway**
New York to London

AMERICAN TRADER	Mar. 27
AMERICAN MERCHANT	Apr. 3
AMERICAN BANKER	Apr. 10
AMERICAN SHIPPER	Apr. 17
AMERICAN FARMER	Apr. 24

Anchor Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to Londonderry and Glasgow

CAMERONIA	Apr. 9	†May 10
TRANSYLVANIA	Apr. 12	May 17

†via Boston

Atlantic Transport — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

*MINNETONKA	‡Mar. 23	‡Apr. 26
MINNEKAHDA	†Apr. 5	†May 3
*MINNEWASKA	‡Apr. 12	‡May 10

†Via Plymouth and Boulogne ‡Via Cherbourg

Canadian Pacific — **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**
St. John to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast

MONTROSE	Mar. 27	Apr. 23
DUCHESS OF ATHOL	Mar. 28	Apr. 25
*MONTCLARE	†Apr. 2	†May 1
*MINNEDOSA	Apr. 5	May 3
MONTCALM	†Apr. 16	†May 15
*MELITA	Apr. 17	May 17
DUCHESS OF YORK	Apr. 18	May 16

†To Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg or Antwerp
Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton

EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	May 7	May 28
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	May 21	June 11

Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Honolulu, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF ASIA	Mar. 29	May 29
EMPRESS OF CANADA	Apr. 17	June 12
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	May 8	June 26

Clyde-Mallory Lines
New York to Miami

SHAWNEE	Apr. 2	Apr. 9

N. Y. to Charleston, Jacksonville

CHEROKEE	Mar. 27
MOHAWK	Mar. 29

N. Y. to Miami and Galveston

HENRY R. MALLORY	Apr. 5

Cosulich Line — **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cannes, Naples, Greece and Trieste

VULCANIA	Apr. 10	May 15
SATURNIA	Apr. 26	May 30

Cunard Line — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Apr. 2	Apr. 22
MAURETANIA	Apr. 9	Apr. 30
AQUITANIA	Apr. 16	May 7

N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre and London

ALAUNIA	Apr. 5	
AUSONIA	Apr. 12	
*TUSCANIA	Apr. 19	May 15
LANCASTRIA	May 2	

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) Liverpool

ANTONIA	Mar. 29	
*SCYTHIA	Apr. 19	May 15
ANDANIA	May 9	

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow

ANDANIA	Apr. 26	
ATHENIA	May 2	

St. Johns to Londonderry and Glasgow

LETITIA	Apr. 12	

Montreal to Plymouth, Havre and London

ASCANIA	May 2	
ALAUNIA	May 9	

Dollar Steamship Line — **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
N. Y. to California via Panama. Around the World Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. ADAMS	Mar. 27
PRES. HARRISON	Apr. 10

Los Angeles and San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

PRES. CLEVELAND	Mar. 28
PRES. POLK	Apr. 4

Eastern S. S. Lines — **Pier 25, No. River N. Y.**
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings daily except Sunday, in each direction
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth
Regular Sailings ..... Mondays and Thursdays

French Line — **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

ILE DE FRANCE	Mar. 28	Apr. 18
PARIS	Apr. 11	May 2
FRANCE	Apr. 25	May 30

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

*DE GRASSE	Apr. 23	May 22
*ROCHAMBEAU	June 7	July 5

New York-Vigo-Bordeaux

*ROUSSILLON	Apr. 10	May 17
LA BOURDONNAIS	Apr. 26	May 30

Furness Bermuda Line — **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Furness Prince Line
New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires

EASTERN PRINCE	Mar. 29	May 24
SOUTHERN PRINCE	Apr. 12	June 7
WESTERN PRINCE	Apr. 26	June 21
NORTHERN PRINCE		May 10

Grace Line — **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line, 39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

HAMBURG		Mar. 27
ALBERT BALLIN		Apr. 3
DEUTSCHLAND	June 12	July 10

N. Y. to Cobh, Hamburg

ST. LOUIS		†Apr. 12
†MILWAUKEE		Apr. 19
CLEVELAND		‡Apr. 29

†Calls at Cherbourg
‡Calls at Boston, Galway and Cherbourg

Holland-America Line — **24 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

VOLENDAM	Mar. 29	May 10
NEW AMSTERDAM	Apr. 5	May 15
STATENDAM	Apr. 26	May 24
ROTTERDAM	May 3	May 31

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — **1 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

AUGUSTUS	Mar. 29	May 3
ROMA	Apr. 9	May 17

Lloyd Sabaudo Line — **3 State St., N. Y.**
New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	Apr. 5	May 10
CONTE GRANDE	Apr. 19	May 24

Lamport & Holt Line — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Barbados-Pernambuco-Rio de Janeiro Santos-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VOLTAIRE	Mar. 27	June 5
VAUBAN	Apr. 10	June 19
VANDYCK	May 8	July 17

*One class cabin steamer

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

EUROPE

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A vacation that ends in time only, but which will live on and on in your memory! Europe—make it your playground this Summer! An old world to explore . . . fascinating sights . . . healthful, joyous recreation . . . altogether a wonderful vacation at moderate cost. Where shall you go?—How shall you go?—The answer is—confer with Cook's; their 89 years of travel experience is at your service.

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

Los Angeles S.S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu

CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Apr. 5	May 3
CALAWAII	Apr. 12	May 10
CITY OF HONOLULU	Apr. 19	May 17

Matson Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia.
San Francisco to Honolulu Service

MAUI	Mar. 26	Apr. 23
†SIERRA	Mar. 27	May 29
MALOLO		Apr. 5
MATSONIA	Apr. 9	May 7
†VENTURA		May 8
MANOA	Apr. 16	May 14
†SONOMA	Apr. 17	June 19

†Australian Boats

Morgan Line
Southern Pacific Steamship Lines
Sailing every Saturday from New York to New Orleans

Munson S. S. Lines 67 Wall St., N. Y.
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service . . . Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Bahamas
Weekly Service . . . Sailing Fridays

New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

COAMO	Mar. 27
SAN LORENZO	Apr. 3

Nippon Yusen Kaisha—(N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki Shanghai and Hongkong

SHIDZUOKAMARU	Apr. 5
YOKOHAMAMARU	Apr. 19

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong

ASAMA MARU	Mar. 29
TAIYO MARU	Apr. 10
CHICHIBUMARU	Apr. 26

North German Lloyd 57 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cobh, Galway, Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Bremen

BERLIN	Mar. 27	Apr. 24
EUROPA	Mar. 29	Apr. 26
*DRESDEN	Apr. 3	May 1
BREMEN	Apr. 12	May 3
COLUMBUS	May 7	June 3

Norwegian-America Line 22 Whitehall St.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

STAVANGERFJORD	Mar. 29	May 2
BERGENSFJORD	Apr. 12	May 16

Pacific Steam Nav. Co. 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings . . . Every Four Weeks

Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
2 Pine St., San Francisco
N. Y. to San Francisco and return via Panama Canal and Spanish Americas

Sailings from New York	Mar. 29	Apr. 12
Sailings from San Francisco	Apr. 5	Apr. 19

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to California and return via Havana and Panama Canal

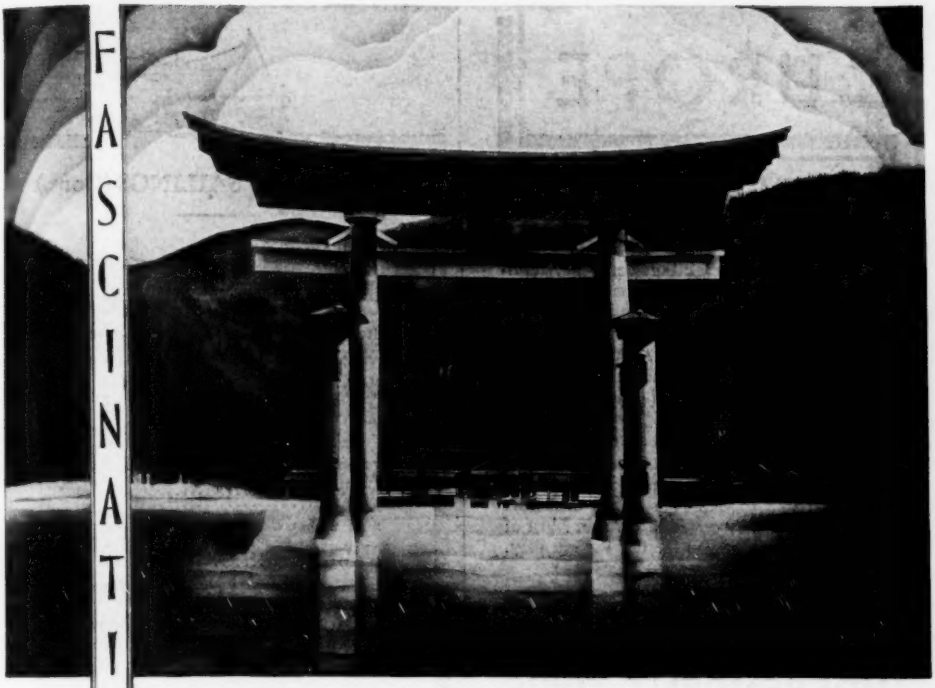
From New York		From San Francisco	
PENNSYLVANIA	Apr. 5	CALIFORNIA	Mar. 29
CALIFORNIA	Apr. 19	VIRGINIA	Apr. 12
VIRGINIA	May 3	PENNSYLVANIA	Apr. 26

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

WESTERNLAND	Mar. 28	Apr. 25
PENNLAND	Apr. 11	May 9
LAPLAND	Apr. 18	May 16
BELGENLAND	May 3	May 31

Royal Mail 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Bermuda
S.S. ARCADIAN . . . Sails Every Thursday

FASCINATING JAPAN



FASCINATING Japan . . . land of colour, charm and courtesy, where the East blends with the West and the past with the present . . .

Everywhere is the scenic majesty that inspires a worship of Nature. Everywhere blossom-framed shrines, temples and pagodas preserve the traditions of the centuries. Everywhere a gentle culture is seen in the festivals of the seasons, the Tea Ceremony, the "Ikebana" or flower arrangement, in the undying art symbolized by the Momoyama screens and the Ukiyoye scrolls.

And everywhere in Japan are the modern luxuries of great railroads, hotels and motor highways as well as facilities for all the smart sports.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau.

JAPAN
TOURIST BUREAU
c/o Japanese Gov't Rys., 1 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.
c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

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EUROPE

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✡The easiest way to see Europe. ✡ Raymond-Whitcomb have arranged tours that are comprehensive, thorough and easy to make. You have only to select one . . . secure your passport and pack your trunks. From the day you sail until you land in America again, everything that enters into foreign travel will be provided—railroad tickets, hotel rooms, automobiles for sight-seeing, guides. A Tour Manager will attend to every detail.

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✡This is individualized travel. Instead of taking an escorted tour, planned and run by a travel company, you will make a trip which is planned especially for you. It is your own idea of where you want to go and how long you want to stay made into a feasible program of travel.

✡Your railroad tickets are secured, your hotel rooms are engaged, and everything that can be done in advance is attended to. ✡ A chain of Raymond-Whitcomb representatives in European cities and resorts will help you as you travel along.

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New York, 225 Fifth Ave.
Boston, 165 Tremont St.
Philadelphia
1601 Walnut St.
Chicago
176 N. Michigan Ave.
Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.
Los Angeles, 423 W. Fifth St.
San Francisco, 230 Post St.

Agents in the principal cities

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB CRUISES

North Cape and Russia Cruise
June 24, 1930

Round the World Cruise
January 21, 1931
on the
S. S. "Columbus"

Mediterranean Cruise
January 31, 1931
on the
S. S. "Carinthia

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

Swedish American Line
N. Y. to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Baltic States

GRIPSHOLM	Apr. 4	May 2
KUNGSHOLM	Apr. 12	May 10
*DROTTNINGHOLM	Apr. 26	May 24

United Fruit Line **17 Battery Place**
N. Y. to Havana, Cuba; Port Antonio, Kingston, Jamaica, Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone and Port Limon, Costa Rica

ULUA	Mar. 29	Apr. 26
TOLOA	Apr. 5	May 10
CALAMARES	Apr. 11	May 3
PASTORES	Apr. 19	May 17

N. Y. to Kingston, Jamaica; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Cartagena, Puerto Colombia and Santa Marta, Colombia

SIXAOLA	Apr. 2	Apr. 30
ZACAPA	Apr. 9	May 7
SANTA MARTA	Apr. 16	May 14
METAPAN	Apr. 23	May 21

N. Y. to Santiago, Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Puerto, Castilla and Tela, Honduras; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala

TIVIVES	Apr. 12	May 10
CARRILLO	Apr. 26	May 24

United States Lines **45 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	Apr. 12	May 3

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Hamburg

GEORGE WASHINGTON	Mar. 29	Apr. 23
PRES. ROOSEVELT	Apr. 2	Apr. 30
AMERICA	Apr. 9	May 7
PRES. HARDING	Apr. 16	May 14

Ward Line
New York to Havana

ORIZABA	Mar. 29
SIBONEY	Apr. 5

New York to Havana and Mexican Ports

SAN JACINTO	Mar. 27
MONTEREY	Apr. 3

White Star Line **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

OLYMPIC	Mar. 28	Apr. 18
MAJESTIC	Apr. 4	Apr. 25
HOMERIC	Apr. 11	May 2

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)-Liverpool

BALTIC	xMar. 29	May 3
DORIC		†Apr. 5
CEDRIC	xApr. 12	xMay 10
ALBERTIC		‡Apr. 19
BRITANNIC	*Apr. 26	xMay 24

†Calls at Halifax ‡Via Halifax, Glasgow, and Belfast
xVia Boston *Via Boston and Belfast

Montreal, Quebec to Liverpool via Glasgow and Belfast

LAURENTIC	May 3
DORIC	May 10
ARABIC	May 17
ALBERTIC	May 24

TOURS and CRUISES

Mediterranean

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric ..... Feb. 14, 1931
Cunard Line
S.S. Carinthia ..... Apr. 8
Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia ..... Apr. 8

West Indies

Cunard Line
S.S. Samaria ..... Apr. 12

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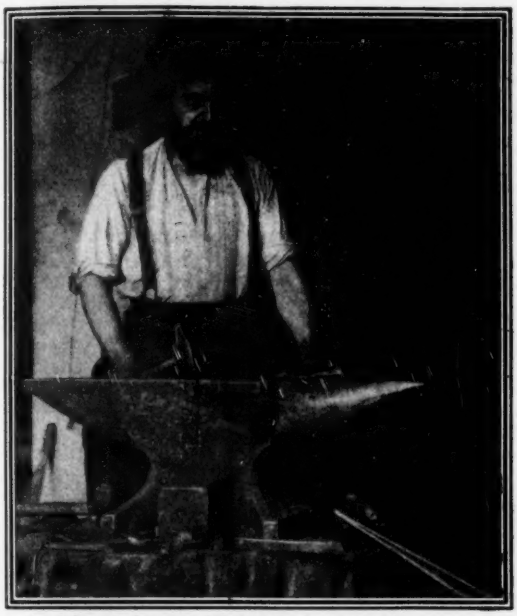

One of the great characters of the 1930 Passion Play at Oberammergau, Kaiphas, the High Priest, is the village blacksmith, Hugo Rutz.

Below, a group study from the Passion Play scene, "The Last Supper."

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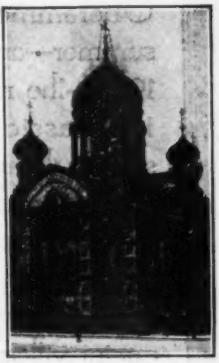

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Furness Bermuda Line
S.S. Nerissa ..... Apr. 3
S.S. Dominica ..... Apr. 18

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance ..... Mar. 26

Holland-America Line
S.S. Veendam ..... Apr. 9

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.
S. S. Araguaya ..... Mar. 27 Apr. 12

Ward Line
Regular Sailings

Mediterranean and Norway

Frank C. Clark
S.S. Lancastria ..... June 28

Midnight Sun-North Cape-Europe

James Boring's Travel Service
S.S. Calgaric ..... June 28

North Cape-Russia

Raymond-Whitcomb
S.S. Carinthia ..... June 24

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. Reliance ..... June 28

South American Cruise

Los Angeles S.S. Co.
City of Los Angeles ..... Oct. 8